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THE TRAGIC MUSE.

VI.

[Continued.]

MRS. DALLOW leaned back against the lighted glass of the *café*, comfortable and beguiled, watching the passers, the opposite shops, the movement of the square in front of them. She talked about London, about the news written to her in her absence, about Cannes and the people she had seen there, about her poor sister-in-law and her numerous progeny, and two or three droll things that had happened at Versailles. She discoursed considerably about herself, mentioning certain things she meant to do on her return to town, her plans for the rest of the season. Her carriage came and stood there, and Nick asked if he should send it away; to which she said, "No, let it stand a bit." She let it stand a long time, and then she told him to dismiss it; they would walk home. She took his arm and they went along the boulevard, on the right hand side, to the Rue de la Paix, saying little to each other during the transit; and then they passed into the hotel and up to her rooms. All she had said on the way was that she was very tired of Paris. There was a shaded lamp in her *salon*, but the windows were open, and the light of the street, with its undisturbing murmur, as if everything ran on india-rubber, came up through the interstices of the balcony and made a vague glow and a fitting of shadows on the ceiling.

Her maid appeared, busying herself a moment; and when she had gone out Julia said suddenly to her companion, "Should you mind telling me what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?"

"Don't you want to stand?"

"I'll do anything to oblige you."

"Why should you oblige me?"

"Why, is n't that the way people treat you?" asked Nick.

"They treat me best when they are a little serious."

"My dear Julia, it seems to me I'm serious enough. Surely it is n't an occasion to be so very solemn, the idea of going down into a stodgy little country town and talking a lot of rot."

"Why do you call it 'rot'?"

"Because I can think of no other name that, on the whole, describes it so well. You know the sort of thing. Come! you've listened to enough of it, first and last. One blushes for it when one sees it in print, in the local papers. The local papers — ah, the thought of them makes me want to stay in Paris."

"If you don't speak well, it's your own fault: you know how to, perfectly. And you usually do."

"I always do, and that's what I'm ashamed of. I've got the cursed hum-bugging trick of it. I can turn it on, a fine flood of it, at the shortest notice. The better it is the worse it is, the kind is so inferior. It has nothing to do with the truth or the search for it; nothing

to do with intelligence, or candor, or honor. It's an appeal to everything that, for one's self, one despises," the young man went on — "to stupidity, to ignorance, to density, to the love of names and phrases, the love of hollow, idiotic words, of shutting the eyes tight and making a noise. Do men who respect each other, or themselves, talk to each other that way? They know they would deserve kicking if they were to attempt it. A man would blush to say to himself, in the darkness of the night, the things he stands up on a platform, in the garish light of day, to stuff into the ears of a multitude whose intelligence he pretends that he esteems." Nick Dormer stood at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets. He had been looking out, but as his words followed each other faster he turned toward Mrs. Dallow, who had dropped upon a sofa, with her face to the window. She had given her jacket and gloves to her maid, but had kept on her bonnet; and she leaned forward a little as she sat, with her hands clasped together in her lap and her eyes upon her companion. The lamp, in a corner, was so thickly veiled that the room was in tempered obscurity, lighted almost equally from the street, from the brilliant shop-fronts opposite. "Therefore, why be sapient and solemn about it, like an editorial in a newspaper?" Nick added, with a smile.

She continued to look at him for a moment after he had spoken; then she said, "If you don't want to stand, you have only to say so. You need n't give your reasons."

"It's too kind of you to let me off that! And then I'm a tremendous fellow for reasons; that's my strong point, don't you know? I've a lot more besides those I've mentioned, done up and ready for delivery. The odd thing is that they don't always govern my behavior. I rather think I do want to stand."

"Then what you said just now was a speech," Mrs. Dallow rejoined.

"A speech?"

"The 'rot,' the humbug of the hustings."

"No, those great truths remain, and a good many others. But an inner voice tells me I'm in for it. And it will be much more graceful to embrace this opportunity, accepting your coöperation, than to wait for some other and forfeit that advantage."

"I shall be very glad to help you, anywhere," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Thanks, awfully," murmured the young man, still standing there with his hands in his pockets. "You would do it best in your own place, and I have no right to deny myself such a help."

Julia smiled at him for an instant. "I don't do it badly."

"Ah, you're so political!"

"Of course I am; it's the only decent thing to be. But I can only help you if you'll help yourself. I can do a good deal, but I can't do everything. If you'll work, I'll work with you; but if you are going into it with your hands in your pockets, I'll have nothing to do with you." Nick instantly changed the position of these members and sank into a seat, with his elbows on his knees. "You're very clever, but you must really take a little trouble. Things don't drop into people's mouths."

"I'll try — I'll try. I have a great incentive," Nick said.

"Of course you have."

"My mother, my poor mother." Mrs. Dallow made a slight exclamation, and he went on: "And of course, always, my father, dear man. My mother's even more political than you."

"I dare say she is, and quite right!" said Mrs. Dallow.

"And she can't tell me a bit more than you can what she thinks, what she believes, what she desires."

"Excuse me, I can tell you perfectly."

There's one thing I always desire — to keep out a Tory."

"I see; that's a great philosophy."

"It will do very well. And I desire the good of the country. I'm not ashamed of that."

"And can you give me an idea of what it is — the good of the country?"

"I know perfectly what it is n't. It is n't what the Tories want to do."

"What do they want to do?"

"Oh, it would take me long to tell you. All sorts of trash."

"It would take you long, and it would take them longer! All they want to do is to prevent *us* from doing. On our side, we want to prevent them from preventing us. That's about as clearly as we see it. So, on one side and the other, it's a beautiful, lucid, inspiring programme."

"I don't believe in you," Mrs. Dallow replied to this, leaning back on her sofa.

"I hope not, Julia, indeed!" He paused a moment, still with his face toward her and his elbows on his knees; then he pursued: "You are a very accomplished woman and a very zealous one; but you have n't an idea, you know — to call an idea. What you mainly want is to be at the head of a political salon; to start one, to keep it up, to make it a success."

"Much you know me!" Julia exclaimed; but he could see, through the dimness, that she had colored a little.

"You'll have it, in time, but I won't come to it," Nick went on.

"You can't come less than you do."

"When I say you'll have it, I mean you've already got it. That's why I don't come."

"I don't think you know what you mean," said Mrs. Dallow. "I have an idea that's as good as any of yours, any of those you have treated me to this evening, it seems to me — the simple idea that one ought to do something for one's country."

"Something, yes, but not anything, and then on two very particular conditions: one being that the country wants it, and the other that she isn't a fool for wanting it — because countries *are* sometimes fools. However, there is one thing one can always do for them, which is not to be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

Nick Dormer hesitated a moment, laughing; then he said, "I'll tell you another time. It's very well to talk so glibly of standing," he added; "but it is n't absolutely foreign to the question that I have n't got any money."

"What did you do before?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"The first time, my father paid."

"And the other time?"

"Oh, Mr. Carteret."

"Your expenses won't be at all large; on the contrary," said Julia.

"They sha'n't be; I shall look out sharp for that. I shall have the great Tomlins."

"Of course; but, you know, I want you to do it well." She paused an instant, and then: "Of course you can send the bill to me."

"Thanks, awfully; you're tremendously kind. I should n't think of that." Nick Dormer got up as he said these words, and walked to the window again, his companion's eyes resting upon him as he stood for a moment with his back to her. "I shall manage it somehow," he went on.

"Mr. Carteret will be delighted," said Julia.

"I dare say, but I hate taking people's money."

"That's nonsense, when it's for the country. Is n't it for *them*?"

"When they get it back!" Nick replied, turning round and looking for his hat. "It's startlingly late; you must be tired." Mrs. Dallow made no response to this, and he pursued his quest, successful only when he reached a duskier corner of the room, to which the

hat had been relegated by his cousin's maid. "Mr. Carteret will expect so much, if he pays. And so would you."

"Yes, I'm bound to say I should!" And Mrs. Dallow emphasized this assertion by the way she rose erect. "If you're only going in to lose it, you had better stay out."

"How can I lose it, with you?" the young man asked, smiling. She uttered a word, impatiently but indistinguishably, and he continued: "And even if I do, it will have been immense fun."

"It is immense fun," said Julia. "But the best fun is to win. If you don't—"

"If I don't?" he repeated, as she hesitated.

"I'll never speak to you again."

"How much you expect, even when you don't pay!"

Mrs. Dallow's rejoinder was a justification of this remark, embodying as it did the fact that if they should receive on the morrow certain information on which she believed herself entitled to count, information tending to show that the Tories meant to fight the seat hard, not to lose it again, she should look to him to be in the field as early as herself. Sunday was a lost day; she should leave Paris on Monday.

"Oh, they'll fight it hard; they'll put up Trevanion," said Nick, smoothing his hat. "They'll all come down—all that can get away. And Trevanion has a very handsome wife."

"She is not so handsome as your cousin," Mrs. Dallow hazarded.

"Oh dear, no—a cousin sooner than a wife, any day!" Nick laughed as soon as he had said this, as if the speech had an awkward side; but the reparation, perhaps, scarcely mended it, the exaggerated mock-meekness with which he added, "I'll do any blessed thing you tell me."

"Come here to-morrow, then, as early as ten." She turned round, moving to the door with him; but before they

reached it she demanded, abruptly, "Pray, is n't a gentleman to do anything, to be anything?"

"To be anything?"

"If he does n't aspire to serve the state."

"To make his political fortune, do you mean? Oh, bless me, yes, there are other things."

"What other things, that can compare with that?"

"Well, I, for instance, I'm very fond of the arts."

"Of the arts?"

"Did you never hear of them? I'm awfully fond of painting."

At this Mrs. Dallow stopped short, and her fine gray eyes had for a moment the air of being set further forward in her head. "Don't be odious! Good-night," she said, turning away and leaving him to go.

VII.

Peter Sherringham, the next day, reminded Nick that he had promised to be present with him at Madame Carré's interview with the ladies introduced to her by Gabriel Nash; and in the afternoon, in accordance with this arrangement, the two men took their way to the Rue de Constantinople. They found Mr. Nash and his friends in the small beflounced drawing-room of the old actress, who, as they learned, had sent in a request for ten minutes' grace, having been detained at a lesson—a rehearsal of a *comédie de salon*, to be given, for a charity, by a fine lady, at which she had consented to be present as an adviser. Mrs. Rooth sat on a black satin sofa, with her daughter beside her, and Gabriel Nash wandered about the room, looking at the votive offerings which converted the little paneled box, decorated in sallow white and gold, into a theatrical museum: the presents, the portraits, the wreaths, the diadems, the

letters, framed and glazed, the trophies and tributes and relics collected by Madame Carré during half a century of renown. The profusion of this testimony was hardly more striking than the confession of something missed, something hushed, which seemed to rise from it all and make it melancholy, like a reference to clappings which, in the nature of things, could now only be present as a silence; so that if the place was full of history, it was the form without the fact, or at the most a redundancy of the one to a pinch of the other — the history of a mask, of a squeak, a record of movements in the air.

Some of the objects exhibited by the distinguished artist, her early portraits, in lithograph or miniature, represented the costume and embodied the manner of a period so remote that Nick Dormer, as he glanced at them, felt a quickened curiosity to look at the woman who reconciled being alive to-day with having been alive so long ago. Peter Sherringham already knew how she managed this miracle, but every visit he paid to her added to his amused, charmed sense that it *was* a miracle, that his extraordinary old friend had seen things that he should never, never see. Those were just the things he wanted to see most, and her duration, her survival, cheated him agreeably and helped him a little to guess them. His appreciation of the actor's art was so systematic that it had an antiquarian side, and at the risk of representing him as attached to a futility it must be said that he had, as yet, hardly known a keener regret for anything than for the loss of that antecedent world, and, in particular, for his having come too late for the great *comédienne*, the light of the French stage in the early years of the century, of whose example and instruction Madame Carré had had the inestimable benefit. She had often described to him her rare predecessor, straight from whose hands she had received her most celebrated parts, and

of whom her own manner was often a religious imitation; but her descriptions troubled him more than they consoled, only confirming his theory, to which so much of his observation had already ministered, that the actor's art, in general, is going down and down, descending a slope with abysses of vulgarity at its foot, after having reached its perfection, more than fifty years ago, in the talent of the lady in question. He would have liked to dwell for an hour beneath the meridian.

Gabriel Nash introduced the newcomers to his companions; but the younger of the two ladies gave no sign of lending herself to this transaction. The girl was very white; she huddled there, silent and rigid, frightened to death, staring, expressionless. If Bridget Dormer had seen her at this moment, she might have felt avenged for the discomfiture she had suffered the day before, at the Salon, under the challenging eyes of Maud Vavasour. It was plain at the present hour, that Miss Rooth would have run away, had she not felt that the persons present would prevent her escape. Her aspect made Nick Dormer feel as if the little temple of art in which they were collected had been the waiting-room of a dentist. Sherringham had seen a great many nervous girls, trembling before the same ordeal, and he liked to be kind to them, to say things that would help them to do themselves justice. The probability, in a given case, was almost overwhelmingly in favor of their having any other talent one could think of in a higher degree than the dramatic; but he could rarely forbear to interpose, even as against his conscience, to keep the occasion from being too cruel. There were occasions indeed that could scarcely be too cruel to punish properly certain examples of presumptuous ineptitude. He remembered what Mr. Nash had said about this poor creature, and perceived that though she might be inept she was now

anything but presumptuous. Gabriel fell to talking with Nick Dormer, and Peter addressed himself to Mrs. Rooth. There was no use, as yet, in saying anything to the girl; she was too scared even to hear. Mrs. Rooth, with her shawl off her back, nestled against her daughter, putting out her hand to take one of Miriam's, soothingly. She had pretty, silly, near-sighted eyes, a long, thin nose and an upper lip which projected over the under as an ornamental cornice rests on its support. "So much depends — really everything!" she said in answer to some sociable observation of Sherringham's. "It's either this," and she rolled her eyes expressively about the room, "or it's — I don't know what!"

"Perhaps we're too many," Peter hazarded, to her daughter. "But really, you'll find, after you fairly begin, that you'll do better for four or five."

Before she answered she turned her head and lifted her fine eyes. The next instant he saw they were full of tears. The word she spoke, however, though uttered in a deep, serious tone, had not the note of sensibility: "Oh, I don't care for *you*!" He laughed, at this, declared it was very well said, and that if she could give Madame Carré such a specimen as that — The actress came in before he had finished his phrase, and he observed the way the girl slowly got up to meet her, hanging her head a little and looking at her from under her brows. There was no expression in her face — only a kind of vacancy of terror, which had not even the merit of being fine of its kind, for it seemed stupid and superstitious. Yet the head was good, he perceived at the same moment; it was strong and salient and made to tell at a distance. Madame Carré scarcely noticed her at first, greeting her only in her order, with the others, and pointing to seats, composing the circle with smiles and gestures, as if they were all before the prompter's box. The old actress presented herself to a casual glance

as a red-faced woman in a wig, with beady eyes, a hooked nose and pretty hands; but Nick Dormer, who had a perception of physiognomy, speedily observed that these free characteristics included a great deal of delicate detail — an eyebrow, a nostril, a flitting of expressions, as if a multitude of little facial wires were pulled from within. This accomplished artist had in particular a mouth which was visibly a rare instrument, a pair of lips whose curves and fine corners spoke of a lifetime of "points" unerringly made and verses exquisitely spoken, helping to explain the purity of the sound that issued from them. Her whole countenance had the look of long service — of a thing infinitely worn and used, drawn and stretched to excess, with its elasticity overdone and its springs relaxed, yet religiously preserved and kept in repair, like an old valuable time-piece, which might have quivered and rumbled, but could be trusted to strike the hour. At the first words she spoke Gabriel Nash exclaimed, endearingly, "*Ah, la voix de Célimène!*" Célimène, who wore a big red flower on the summit of her crisp wig, had a very grand air, a toss of the head and sundry little majesties of manner; in addition to which she was strange, almost grotesque, and to some people would have been even terrifying, capable of reappearing, with her hard eyes, as a queer vision in the darkness. She excused herself for having made the company wait, and mouthed and mimicked, in the drollest way, with intonations as fine as a flute, the performance and the pretensions of the *belles dames* to whom she had just been endeavoring to communicate a few of the rudiments. "*Mais celles-là, c'est une plaisanterie,*" she went on, to Mrs. Rooth; "whereas you and your daughter, *chère madame* — I am sure that you are quite another matter."

The girl had got rid of her tears, and was gazing at her, and Mrs. Rooth

leaned forward and said, insinuatingly, "She knows four languages."

Madame Carré gave one of her histrionic stares, throwing back her head. "That's three too many. The thing is to do something with one of them."

"We are very much in earnest," continued Mrs. Rooth, who spoke excellent French.

"I'm glad to hear it — *il n'y a que ça*. *La tête est bien* — the head is very good," she said, looking at the girl. "But let us see, my dear child, what you've got in it!" The young lady was still powerless to speak; she opened her lips, but nothing came. With the failure of this effort she turned her deep, sombre eyes upon the three men. "*Un beau regard* — it carries well," Madame Carré hinted. But even as she spoke Miss Rooth's fine gaze was suffused again, and the next moment she had begun to weep. Nick Dormer sprang up; he felt embarrassed and intrusive — there was such an indelicacy in sitting there to watch a poor girl's struggle with timidity. There was a momentary confusion; Mrs. Rooth's tears began also to flow; Gabriel Nash began to laugh, addressing, however, at the same time, the friendliest, most familiar encouragement to his companions, and Peter Sherringham offered to retire with Nick on the spot, if their presence was oppressive to the young lady. But the agitation was over in a minute; Madame Carré motioned Mrs. Rooth out of her seat, and took her place beside the girl, and Gabriel Nash explained judiciously to the other men that she would be worse if they were to go away. Her mother begged them to remain, "so that there should be some English;" she spoke as if the old actress were an army of Frenchwomen. The girl was quickly better, and Madame Carré, on the sofa beside her, held her hand and emitted a perfect music of reassurance. "The nerves, the nerves — they are half of our trade. Have as many as you like, if you've got some-

thing else too. *Voyons* — do you know anything?"

"I know some pieces."

"Some pieces of the *répertoire*?"

Miriam Rooth stared, as if she did n't understand. "I know some poetry."

"English, French, Italian, German," said her mother.

Madame Carré gave Mrs. Rooth a look which expressed irritation at the recurrence of this announcement. "Does she wish to act in all those tongues? I don't know any polyglot parts."

"It is only to show you how she has been educated."

"Ah, chère madame, there is no education that matters! I mean save the right one. Your daughter must have a language, like me, like *ces messieurs*."

"You see if I can speak French," said the girl, smiling at her hostess. She appeared now almost to have collected herself.

"You speak it in perfection."

"And English just as well," said Miss Rooth.

"You ought n't to be an actress; you ought to be a governess."

"Oh, don't tell us that: it's to escape from that!" pleaded Mrs. Rooth.

"I'm very sure your daughter will escape from that," Peter Sherringham remarked, benevolently.

"Oh, if *you* could help her!" the lady exclaimed, pathetically.

"She is richly endowed with the qualities that strike the eye," said Peter.

"You are *most* kind, sir!" Mrs. Rooth declared, gathering up her shawl.

"She knows Célimène; I have heard her do Célimène," Gabriel Nash said to Madame Carré.

"And she knows Juliet, and Lady Macbeth, and Cleopatra," added Mrs. Rooth.

"Voyons, my dear child, do you wish to work for the French stage or for the English?" the old actress demanded.

"Ours would have sore need of you,

Miss Rooth," Sherringham gallantly interposed.

"Could you speak to any one in London — could you introduce her?" her mother eagerly asked.

"Dear madam, I must hear her first, and hear what Madame Carré says."

"She has a voice of rare beauty, and I understand voices," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Ah, then, if she has intelligence, she has every gift."

"She has a most poetic mind," the old lady went on.

"I should like to paint her portrait; she's made for that," Nick Dormer ventured to observe to Mrs. Rooth; partly because he was struck with the girl's capacity as a model, partly to mitigate the crudity of inexpressive spectatorship.

"So all the artists say. I have had three or four heads of her, if you would like to see them: she has been done in several styles. If you were to do her I am sure it would make her celebrated."

"And me too," said Nick, laughing.

"It would indeed, a member of Parliament!" Nash declared.

"Ah, I have the honor—?" murmured Mrs. Rooth, looking gratified and mystified.

Nick explained that she had no honor at all, and meanwhile Madame Carré had been questioning the girl. "Chère madame, I can do nothing with your daughter; she knows too much!" she broke out. "It's a pity, because I like to catch them wild."

"Oh, she's wild enough, if that's all! And that's the very point, the question of where to try," Mrs. Rooth went on. "Into what do I launch her — upon what stormy sea? I've thought of it so anxiously."

"Try here — try the French public: they're the most serious," said Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, no, try the English: there's such an opening!" Sherringham exclaimed, in quick opposition.

"Ah, it is n't the public, dear gentlemen. It's the other people — it's the life — it's the moral atmosphere."

"*Je ne connais qu'une scène — la nôtre*," Madame Carré remarked. "I have been informed there is no other."

"And very correctly," said Gabriel Nash. "The theatre in our countries is puerile and barbarous."

"There is something to be done for it, and perhaps mademoiselle is the person to do it," Sherringham suggested, contentiously.

"Ah, but, *en attendant*, what can it do for her?" Madame Carré asked.

"Well, anything that I can help it to do," said Peter Sherringham, who was more and more struck with the girl's rich type. Miriam Rooth sat in silence, while this discussion went on, looking from one speaker to the other with a suspended, literal air.

"Ah, if your part is marked out, I congratulate you, mademoiselle!" said the old actress, underlining the words as she had often underlined such words on the stage. She smiled with large permissiveness on the young aspirant, who appeared not to understand her. Her tone penetrated, however, to certain depths in the mother's nature, adding another stir to agitated waters.

"I feel the responsibility of what she shall find in the life, the standards, of the theatre," Mrs. Rooth explained. "Where is the best tone — where are the highest standards? that's what I ask," the good lady continued, with a persistent candor which elicited a peal of unceremonious but sociable laughter from Gabriel Nash.

"The best tone — *qu'est-ce-que-c'est que ça?*" Madame Carré demanded, in the finest manner of modern comedy.

"We are very, *very* respectable," Mrs. Rooth went on, smiling and achieving lightness, too. "What I want to do is to place my daughter where the conduct — and the picture of conduct, in which she should take part — would n't

be absolutely dreadful. Now, *chère madame*, how about all that ; how about the conduct in the French theatre — the things she should see, the things she should hear ? ”

“ I don’t think I know what you are talking about. They are the things she may see and hear everywhere ; only they are better done, they are better said. The only conduct that concerns an actress, it seems to me, is her own, and the only way for her to behave herself is not to be a stick. I know no other conduct. ”

“ But there are characters, there are situations, which I don’t think I should like to see *her* undertake. ”

“ There are many, no doubt, which she would do well to leave alone ! ” laughed the Frenchwoman.

“ I shouldn’t like to see her represent a very bad woman — a *really* bad one,” Mrs. Rooth serenely pursued.

“ Ah, in England, then, and in your theatre, every one is good ? Your plays must be ingenious ! ”

“ We haven’t any plays,” said Gabriel Nash.

“ People will write them for Miss Rooth — it will be a new era,” Peter Sherringham rejoined, with wanton, or at any rate combative optimism.

“ Will *you*, sir — will you do something ? A sketch of some truly noble heroine ? ” the old lady asked, engagingly.

“ Oh, I know what you do with our pieces — to show your superior virtue ! ” Madame Carré broke in, before he had time to reply that he wrote nothing but diplomatic memoranda. “ Bad women ? *Je n’ai joué que ça*, madame. ‘ Really ’ bad ? I tried to make them real ! ”

“ I can say *L’Aventurière*,” Miriam interrupted, in a cold voice which seemed to hint at a want of participation in the maternal solitudes.

“ Confer on us the pleasure of hearing you, then. Madame Carré will give you the *réplique*,” said Peter Sherringham.

“ Certainly, my child ; I can say it without the book,” Madame Carré responded. “ Put yourself there — move that chair a little away. ” She patted her young visitor, encouraging her to rise, and settled with her the scene they should take, while the three men sprang up to arrange a place for the performance. Miriam left her seat, and looked vaguely round her ; then, having taken off her hat and given it to her mother, she stood on the designated spot, with her eyes on the ground. Abruptly, however, instead of beginning the scene, Madame Carré turned to the elder lady, with an air which showed that a rejoinder to this visitor’s remarks of a moment before had been gathering force in her breast.

“ You mix things up, *chère madame*, and I have it on my heart to tell you so. I believe it’s rather the case with you other English, and I have never been able to learn that either your morality or your talent is the gainer by it. To be too respectable to go where things are done best is, in my opinion, to be very vicious indeed ; and to do them badly in order to preserve your virtue is to fall into a grossness more shocking than any other. To do them well is virtue enough, and not to make a mess of it the only respectability. That’s hard enough to merit Paradise. Everything else is base humbug ! Voilà, *chère madame*, the answer I have for your scruples ! ”

“ It’s admirable — admirable ; and I am glad my friend Dormier here has had the great advantage of hearing you utter it ! ” Gabriel Nash exclaimed, looking at Nick.

Nick thought it, in effect, a speech denoting an intelligence of the question, but he rather resented the idea that Nash should assume that it would strike him as a revelation ; and to show his familiarity with the line of thought it indicated, as well as to play his part appreciatively in the little circle, he re-

marked to Mrs. Rooth, as if they might take many things for granted, "In other words, your daughter must find her safeguard in the artistic conscience." But he had no sooner spoken than he was struck with the oddity of their discussing so publicly, and under the poor girl's nose, the conditions which Miss Rooth might find the best for the preservation of her personal fame. However, the anomaly was light and unoppressive — the echoes of a public discussion of delicate questions seemed to linger so familiarly in the egotistical little room. Moreover, the heroine of the occasion evidently, now, was losing her embarrassment; she was the priestess on the tripod, awaiting the afflatus and thinking only of that. Her bared head, of which she had changed the position, holding it erect, while her arms hung at her sides, was admirable; and her eyes gazed straight out of the window, at the houses on the opposite side of the Rue de Constantinople.

Mrs. Rooth had listened to Madame Carré with startled, respectful attention, but Nick, observing her, was very sure that she had not understood her hostess's little lesson. Yet this did not prevent her from exclaiming, in answer to him, "Oh, a fine artistic life — what indeed is more beautiful?"

Peter Sherringham had said nothing; he was watching Miriam and her attitude. She wore a black dress, which fell in straight folds; her face, under her level brows, was pale and regular, with a strange, strong, tragic beauty. "I don't know what's in her," he said to himself; "nothing, it would seem, from her persistent vacancy. But such a face as that, such a head, is a fortune!" Madame Carré made her commence, giving her the first line of the speech of Clorinde: "*Vous ne me fuyez pas, mon enfant, aujourd'hui.*" But still the girl hesitated, and for an instant she appeared to make a vain, convulsive effort. In this effort she frowned

portentously; her low forehead overhung her eyes; the eyes themselves, in shadow, stared, splendid and cold, and her hands clinched themselves at her sides. She looked austere and terrible, and during this moment she was an incarnation the vividness of which drew from Sherringham a stifled cry. "*Elle est bien belle — ah, ça!*" murmured the old actress; and in the pause which still preceded the issue of sound from the girl's lips Peter turned to his kinsman, and said in a low tone, —

"You must paint her just like that."

"Like that?"

"As the Tragic Muse."

She began to speak; a long, strong, colorless voice came quivering from her young throat. She delivered the lines of Clorinde, in the fine interview with Célie, in the third act of the play, with a rude monotony, and then, gaining confidence, with an effort at modulation which was not altogether successful, and which, evidently, she felt not to be so. Madame Carré sent back the ball without raising her hand, repeating the speeches of Célie, which her memory possessed from their having so often been addressed to her, and uttering the verses with soft, communicative art. So they went on through the scene, and when it was over it had not precisely been a triumph for Miriam Rooth. Sherringham forbore to look at Gabriel Nash, and Madame Carré said, "I think you have a voice, *ma fille*, somewhere or other. We must try and put our hand on it." Then she asked her what instruction she had had, and the girl, lifting her eyebrows, looked at her mother, while her mother prompted her.

"Mrs. Delamere, in London; she was once an ornament of the English stage. She gives lessons just to a very few; it's a great favor. Such a very nice person! But above all, Signor Ruggieri — I think he taught us most." Mrs. Rooth explained that this gentleman was an Italian tragedian, in Rome, who

instructed Miriam in the proper manner of pronouncing his language, and also in the art of declaiming and gesticulating.

"Gesticulating, I'll warrant!" said their hostess. "Mrs. Delamere is doubtless an epitome of all the virtues, but I never heard of her. You travel too much," Madame Carré went on; "that's very amusing, but the way to study is to stay at home, to shut yourself up and play your scales." Mrs. Rooth complained that they had no home to stay at; in rejoinder to which the old actress exclaimed, "Oh, you English, you are *d'une légèreté à faire rougir*. If you have n't a home, you must make one. In our profession it's the first requisite."

"But where? That's what I ask!" said Mrs. Rooth.

"Why not here?" Sherringham inquired.

"Oh, here!" And the good lady shook her head, with a world of suggestions.

"Come and live in London, and then I shall be able to paint your daughter," Nick Dormer interposed.

"Is that all that it will take, my dear fellow?" asked Gabriel Nash.

"Ah, London — it's full of memories," Mrs. Rooth went on. "My father had a great house there — we always came up. But all that's over."

"Study here, and go to London to appear," said Peter Sherringham, feeling frivolous even as he spoke.

"To appear in French?"

"No, in the language of Shakespeare."

"But we can't study that here."

"M. Sherringham means that he will give you lessons," Madame Carré explained. "Let me not fail to say it — he's an excellent critic."

"How do you know that — you who are perfect?" asked Sherringham: an inquiry to which the answer was forestalled by the girl's rousing herself to

make it public that she could recite the *Nights of Alfred de Musset*.

"Diable!" said the actress, "that's more than I can! But by all means give us a specimen."

The girl again placed herself in position and rolled out a fragment of one of the splendid conversations of Musset's poet with his muse — rolled it loudly and proudly, distributing it into very broad masses indeed. Madame Carré watched her at first, but after a few moments she shut her eyes, though the best part of the business was to look. Sherringham had supposed Miriam was abashed by the flatness of her first performance, but now he perceived that she could not have been conscious of this; she was, much rather, exhilarated and emboldened. She made, as he mentally phrased it, a hash of the divine verses, which, in spite of certain sonorities and cadences, an evident effort to imitate a celebrated actress, a comrade of Madame Carré, whom she had heard declaim them, she produced as if she had but a dim idea of their meaning. When she had finished, Madame Carré passed no judgment; she only said, "Perhaps you had better say something English." She suggested some little piece of verse — some fable, if there were fables in English. She appeared but scantily surprised to hear that there were not — it was a language of which she expected so little. Mrs. Rooth said, "She knows her Tennyson by heart. I think he is more beautiful than *La Fontaine*;" and after some deliberation and delay Miriam broke into *The Lotos-Eaters*, from which she passed directly, almost breathlessly, to *Edward Gray*. Sherringham had by this time heard her make four different attempts, and the only generalization which could be very present to him was that she uttered these various compositions in exactly the same tone — a solemn, droning, dragging measure, adopted with an intention of pathos, a crude idea of

"style." It was funereal, and at the same time it was rough and childish. Sherringham thought her English performance less futile than her French, but he could see that Madame Carré listened to it with even less pleasure. In the way the girl wailed forth some of her Tennysonian lines he detected a possibility of a thrill. But the further she went, the more violently she acted on the nerves of Mr. Gabriel Nash: that also he could discover, from the way this gentleman ended by slipping discreetly to the window, and leaning there, with his head out and his back to the exhibition. He had the art of mute expression; his attitude said, as clearly as possible, "No, no, you can't call me either ill-mannered or ill-natured. I'm the showman of the occasion, moreover, and I avert myself, leaving you to judge. If there's a thing in life I hate, it's this idiotic new fashion of the drawing-room recitation, and the insufferable creatures who practice it, who prevent conversation, and whom, as they are beneath it, you can't punish by criticism. Therefore what I am is only too magnanimous — bringing these benighted women here, paying with my person, stifling my just repugnance."

At the same time that Sherringham pronounced privately that the manner in which Miss Rooth had acquitted herself offered no element of interest, he remained conscious that something surmounted and survived her failure, something that would perhaps be worth taking hold of. It was the element of outline and attitude, the way she stood, the way she turned her eyes, her head, and moved her limbs. These things held the attention; they had a natural felicity and, in spite of their suggesting too much the school-girl in the *tableau-vivant*, a sort of grandeur. Her face, moreover, grew as he watched it; something delicate dawned in it, a dim promise of variety and a touching plea for patience, as if it were conscious of being

able to show in time more expressions than the simple and striking gloom which, as yet, had mainly graced it. In short, the plastic quality of her person was the only definite sign of a vocation. He almost hated to have to recognize this; he had seen that quality so often when it meant nothing at all that he had come at last to regard it as almost a guarantee of incompetence. He knew Madame Carré valued it, by itself, so little that she counted it out in measuring an histrionic nature; when it was not accompanied with other properties which helped and completed it, she was near considering it as a positive hindrance to success — success of the only kind that she esteemed. Far oftener than he, she had sat in judgment on young women for whom hair and eyebrows and a disposition for the statuesque would have worked the miracle of attenuating their stupidity if the miracle were workable. But that particular miracle never was. The qualities she deemed most interesting were not the gifts, but the conquests — the effects the actor had worked hard for, had wrested by unwearying study. Sherringham remembered to have had, in the early part of their acquaintance, a friendly dispute with her on this subject; he having been moved at that time to defend the cause of the gifts. She had gone so far as to say that a serious comedian ought to be ashamed of them — ashamed of resting his case on them; and when Sherringham had cited Mademoiselle Rachel as a great artist whose natural endowment was rich and who had owed her highest triumphs to it, she had declared that Rachel was the very instance that proved her point — a talent embodying one or two primary aids, a voice and an eye, but essentially formed by work, unrelenting and ferocious work. "I don't care a straw for your handsome girls," she said; "but bring me one who is ready to drudge the tenth part of the way Rachel drudged, and I'll forgive

her her beauty. Of course, *notez bien*, Rachel was n't *bête*: that's a gift, if you like!"

Mrs. Rooth, who was evidently very proud of the figure her daughter had made, appealed to Madame Carré, rashly and serenely, for a verdict; but fortunately this lady's voluble *bonne* came rattling in at the same moment with the tea-tray. The old actress busied herself in dispensing this refreshment, an hospitable attention to her English visitors, and under cover of the diversion thus obtained, while the others talked together, Sherringham said to his hostess, "Well, is there anything in her?"

"Nothing that I can see. She's loud and coarse."

"She's very much afraid; you must allow for that."

"Afraid of me, immensely, but not a bit afraid of her authors — nor of you!" added Madame Carré, smiling.

"Are n't you prejudiced by what Mr. Nash has told you?"

"Why prejudiced? He only told me she was very handsome."

"And don't you think she is?"

"Admirable. But I'm not a photographer nor a dressmaker. I can't do anything with that."

"The head is very noble," said Peter Sherringham. "And the voice, when she spoke English, had some sweet tones."

"Ah, your English — possibly! All I can say is that I listened to her conscientiously, and I did n't perceive in what she did a single *nuance*, a single inflection or intention. But not one, *mon cher*. I don't think she's intelligent."

"But don't they often seem stupid at first?"

"Say always!"

"Then don't some succeed — even when they are handsome."

"When they are handsome they always succeed — in one way or another."

"You don't understand us English," said Peter Sherringham.

Madame Carré drank her tea; then she replied, "Marry her, my son, and give her diamonds. Make her an ambassador; she will look very well."

"She interests you so little that you don't care to do anything for her?"

"To do anything?"

"To give her a few lessons."

The old actress looked at him a moment; after which, rising from her place near the table on which the tea had been served, she said to Miriam Rooth, "My dear child, I give my voice for the *scène anglaise*. You did the English things best."

"Did I do them well?" asked the girl.

"You have a great deal to learn; but you have force. The principal things *sont encore à dégager*, but they will come. You must work."

"I think she has ideas," said Mrs. Rooth.

"She gets them from you," Madame Carré replied.

"I must say, if it's to be *our* theatre I'm relieved. I think it's safer," the good lady continued.

"Ours is dangerous, no doubt."

"You mean you are more severe," said the girl.

"Your mother is right," the actress smiled; "you have ideas."

"But what shall we do then — how shall we proceed?" Mrs. Rooth inquired.

She made this appeal, plaintively and vaguely, to the three gentlemen; but they had collected, a few steps off, and were talking together, so that it failed to reach them.

"Work — work — work!" exclaimed the actress.

"In English I can play Shakespeare. I want to play Shakespeare," Miriam remarked.

"That's fortunate, as, in English, you have n't any one else to play."

"But he's so great — and he's so pure!" said Mrs. Rooth.

"That also seems very fortunate for you," Madame Carré phrased.

"You think me actually pretty bad, don't you?" the girl demanded, with her serious face.

"*Mon Dieu, que vous dirai-je?* Of course you are rough; but so was I, at your age. And if you find your voice, it may carry you far. Besides, what does it matter what I think? How can I judge for your English public?"

"How shall I find my voice?" asked Miriam Rooth.

"By trying. *Il n'y a que ça*. Work like a horse, night and day. Besides, M. Sherringham, as he says, will help you."

Sherringham, hearing his name, turned round, and the girl appealed to him. "Will you help me, really?"

"To find her voice," Madame Carré interposed.

"The voice, when it's worth anything, comes from the heart; so I suppose that's where to look for it," Gabriel Nash suggested.

"Much you know; you have n't got any!" Miriam retorted, with the first scintillation of gayety she had shown on this occasion.

"Any voice, my child?" Mr. Nash inquired.

"Any heart, or any manners!"

Peter Sherringham made the secret reflection that he liked her better when she was lugubrious; for the note of pertness was not totally absent from her mode of emitting these few words. He was irritated, moreover, for in the brief conference he had just had with the young lady's introducer he had had to face the necessity of saying something optimistic about her, which was not particularly easy. Mr. Nash had said with his bland smile, "And what impression does my young friend make?" to which it appeared to Sherringham that an uncomfortable consistency compelled him

to reply that there was evidently a good deal in her. He was far from being sure of that; at the same time, the young lady, both with the exaggerated "points" of her person and the poverty of her instinct of expression, constituted a kind of challenge — presented herself to him as a subject for inquiry, a problem, a piece of work, an explorable country. She was too bad to jump at, and yet she was too individual to overlook, especially when she rested her tragic eyes on him with the appeal of her deep "Really?" This appeal sounded as if it were in a certain way to his honor, giving him a chance to brave verisimilitude, to brave ridicule even, a little, in order to show, in a special case, what he had always maintained in general, that the direction of a young person's studies for the stage may be an interest of as high an order as any other artistic consideration.

"Mr. Nash has rendered us the great service of introducing us to Madame Carré, and I'm sure we're immensely indebted to him," Mrs. Rooth said to her daughter, with an air affectionately corrective.

"But what good does that do us?" the girl asked, smiling at the actress and gently laying her finger-tips upon her hand. "Madame Carré listens to me with adorable patience, and then sends me about my business — in the prettiest way in the world."

"Mademoiselle, you are not so rough; the tone of that is very *juste*. *A la bonne heure*; work — work!" the actress exclaimed. "There was an inflection there, or very nearly. Practice it till you've got it."

"Come and practice it to me, if your mother will be so kind as to bring you," said Peter Sherringham.

"Do you give lessons — do you understand?" Miriam asked.

"I'm an old play-goer, and I have an unbounded belief in my own judgment."

"'Old,' sir, is too much to say," Mrs. Rooth remonstrated. "My daughter knows your high position, but she is very direct. You will always find her so. Perhaps you'll say there are less honorable faults. We'll come to see you with pleasure. Oh, I've been at the embassy, when I was her age. Therefore why should n't she go to-day? That was in Lord Davenant's time."

"A few people are coming to tea with me to-morrow. Perhaps you'll come then, at five o'clock."

"It will remind me of the dear old times," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Thank you; I'll try and do better to-morrow," Miriam remarked, very sweetly.

"You do better every minute!" Sherringham exclaimed, looking at Madame Carré in emphasis of this declaration.

"She is finding her voice," the actress responded.

"She is finding a friend!" Mrs. Rooth amended.

"And don't forget, when you come to London, my hope that you'll come and see me," Nick Dormer said to the girl. "To try and paint you — that would do me good!"

"She is finding even two," said Madame Carré.

"It's to make up for one I've lost!" And Miriam looked with very good stage-scorn at Gabriel Nash. "It's he that thinks I'm bad."

"You say that to make me drive you home; you know it will," Nash returned.

"We'll all take you home; why not?" Sherringham asked.

Madame Carré looked at the handsome girl, handsomer than ever at this moment, and at the three young men who had taken their hats and stood ready to accompany her. A deeper expression came for an instant into her hard, bright eyes, while she sighed. "*Ah, la jeunesse!* you'd always have that, my child, if you were the greatest goose on earth!"

VIII.

At Peter Sherringham's, the next day, Miriam Rooth had so evidently come with the expectation of "saying" something that it was impossible the second secretary should forbear to invite her, little as the exhibition at Madame Carré's could have contributed to render the invitation prompt. His curiosity had been more appeased than stimulated, but he felt none the less that he had "taken up" the dark-browed girl and her reminiscential mother, and must face the immediate consequences of the act. This responsibility weighed upon him during the twenty-four hours that followed the ultimate dispersal of the little party at the door of the Hôtel de la Mayenne.

On quitting Madame Carré's the two ladies had gracefully declined Mr. Nash's offered cab, and had taken their way homeward on foot, with the gentlemen in attendance. The streets of Paris at that hour were bright and episodical, and Sherringham trod them good-humoredly enough, and not too fast, leaning a little to talk to the young lady as he went. Their pace was regulated by her mother's, who walked in advance, on the arm of Gabriel Nash (Nick Dormer was on her other side), in refined deprecation. Her sloping back was before them, exempt from retentive stiffness in spite of her rigid principles, with the little drama of her lost and recovered shawl perpetually going on.

Sherringham said nothing to the girl about her performance or her powers; their talk was only of her manner of life with her mother — their travels, their *pensions*, their economies, their want of a home, the many cities she knew well, the foreign tongues and the wide view of the world she had acquired. He guessed easily enough the dolorous type of exile of the two ladies, wanderers in search of Continental cheapness, inured

to queer contacts and compromises, "remarkably well connected" in England, but going out for their meals. The girl was but indirectly communicative, not, apparently, from any intention of concealment, but from the habit of associating with people whom she did n't honor with her confidence. She was fragmentary and abrupt, and not in the least shy, subdued to dread of Madame Carré as she had been for the time. She gave Sherringham a reason for this fear, and he thought her reason innocently pretentious. "She admired a great artist more than anything in the world; and in the presence of art, of *great* art, her heart beat so fast." Her manners were not perfect, and the friction of a varied experience had rather roughened than smoothed her. She said nothing that showed that she was clever, though he guessed that this was the intention of two or three of her remarks; but he parted from her with the suspicion that she was, according to the contemporary French phrase, a "nature."

The Hôtel de la Mayenne was in a small, unrenovated street, in which the cobble-stones of old Paris still flourished, lying between the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Place de la Bourse. Sherringham had occasionally passed through this dim by-way, but he had never noticed the tall, stale *maison meublée*, whose aspect, that of a third-rate provincial inn, was an illustration of Mrs. Rooth's shrunken standard.

"We would ask you to come up, but it's quite at the top, and we have n't a sitting-room," the poor lady bravely explained. "We had to receive Mr. Nash at a café."

Nick Dormer declared that he liked cafés, and Miriam, looking at his cousin, dropped, with a flash of passion, the demand, "Do you wonder that I should want to do something, so that we can stop living like pigs?"

Sherringham recognized eventually, the next day, that though it might be

rather painful to listen to her it was better to make her recite than to let her do nothing, so effectually did the presence of his sister and that of Lady Agnes, and even of Grace and Biddy, appear, by a sort of tacit opposition, to deprive hers, ornamental as it was, of a reason. He had only to see them all together to perceive that she could n't pass for having come to "meet" them—even her mother's insinuating gentility failed to put the occasion on *that* footing—and that she must therefore be assumed to have been brought to show them something. She was not subdued, not colorless enough to sit there for nothing, or even for conversation (the sort of conversation that was likely to come off), so that it was inevitable to treat her position as connected with the principal place on the carpet, with silence and attention and the pulling together of chairs. Even when so established it struck him at first as precarious, in the light of the inexpressive faces of the other ladies, sitting in couples and rows on sofas (there were several in addition to Julia and the Dormers; mainly the wives, with their husbands, of Sherringham's fellow-secretaries), scarcely one of whom he felt that he might count upon to say something gushing when the girl should have finished.

Miss Rooth gave a representation of Juliet drinking her potion, according to the system, as her mother explained, of the famous Signor Ruggieri—a scene of high, fierce sound, of many cries and contortions; she shook her hair (which proved magnificent) half down before the performance was over. Then she declaimed several short poems by Victor Hugo, selected, among many hundred, by Mrs. Rooth, as the good lady was careful to make known. After this she jumped to the American lyre, regaling the company with specimens, both familiar and fresh, of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and of two or three poetesses revealed to Sherringham on

this occasion. She flowed so copiously, keeping the floor and rejoicing visibly in her opportunity, that Sherringham was mainly occupied with wondering how he could make her leave off. He was surprised at the extent of her repertory, which, in view of the circumstance that she could never have received much encouragement — it must have come mainly from her mother, and he did n't believe in Signor Ruggieri — denoted a very stiff ambition and a kind of illuminated perseverance. It was her mother who checked her at last, and he found himself suspecting that Gabriel Nash had intimated to her that interference was necessary. For himself, he was chiefly glad that Madame Carré was not there. It was present to him that she would have deemed the exhibition, with its badness, its assurance, and the absence of criticism, almost indecent.

His only new impression of the girl was that of this same high assurance — her coolness, her complacency, her eagerness to go on. She had been deadly afraid of the old actress, but she was not a bit afraid of a cluster of *femmes du monde*, of Julia, of Lady Agnes, of the smart women of the embassy. It was positively these personages who were rather frightened; there was certainly a moment when even Julia was scared, for the first time that he had ever seen her. The space was too small; the cries, the rushes of the disheveled girl, were too near. Lady Agnes, much of the time, wore the countenance she might have worn at the theatre during a play in which pistols were fired; and indeed the manner of the young reciter had become more spasmodic, more explosive. It appeared, however, that the company in general thought her very clever and successful; which showed, to Sherringham's sense, how little they understood the matter. Poor Biddy was immensely struck, and grew flushed and absorbed in proportion as Miriam, at her

best moments, became pale and fatal. It was she who spoke to her first, after it was agreed that they had better not fatigue her any more; she advanced a few steps, happening to be near her, murmuring, "Oh, thank you, thank you so much. I never saw anything so beautiful, so grand."

She looked very red and very pretty as she said this. Peter Sherringham liked her enough to notice and to like her better when she looked prettier than usual. As he turned away he heard Miriam answer, with rather an ungracious irrelevance, "I have seen you before, two days ago, at the Salon, with Mr. Dormer. Yes, I know he's your brother. I have made his acquaintance since. He wants to paint my portrait. Do you think he'll do it well?" He was afraid Miriam was a little of a brute, and also somewhat grossly vain. This impression would perhaps have been confirmed if a part of the rest of the short conversation of the two girls had reached his ear. Biddy ventured to remark that she herself had studied modeling a little, and that she could understand how any artist would think Miss Rooth a splendid subject. If, indeed, *she* could attempt her head, that would be a chance to do something.

"Thank you," said Miriam, with a laugh. "I think I had rather not *passer par toute la famille!*" Then she added, "If your brother's an artist, I don't understand how he's in Parliament."

"Oh, he is n't in Parliament now; we only hope he will be."

"Oh, I see."

"And he is n't an artist, either," Biddy felt herself conscientiously bound to subjoin.

"Then he is n't anything," said Miss Rooth.

"Well — he's immensely clever."

"Oh, I see," Miss Rooth again replied. "Mr. Nash has puffed him up so."

"I don't know Mr. Nash," said Bid-
dy, guilty of a little dryness, and also
of a little misrepresentation, and feeling
rather snubbed.

"Well, you need n't wish to."

Biddy stood with her a moment long-
er, still looking at her and not knowing
what to say next, but not finding her
any less handsome because she had such
odd manners. Biddy had an ingenious
little mind, which always tried as much
as possible to keep different things sep-
arate. It was pervaded now by the
observation, made with a certain relief,
that if the girl spoke to her with such
unexpected familiarity of Nick she said
nothing at all about Peter. Two gen-
tlemen came up, two of Peter's friends,
and made speeches to Miss Rooth of
the kind, Biddy supposed, that people
learned to make in Paris. It was also
doubtless in Paris, the girl privately
reasoned, that they learned to listen to
them as this striking performer listened.
She received their advances very differ-
ently from the way she had received
Biddy's. Sherringham noticed his young
kinswoman turn away, still blushing, to
go and sit near her mother again, leav-
ing Miriam engaged with the two men.
It appeared to have come over Biddy
that for a moment she had been strange-
ly spontaneous and bold, and had paid a
little of the penalty. The seat next her
mother was occupied by Mrs. Rooth,
toward whom Lady Agnes's head had
inclined itself with a preoccupied air of
benevolence. He had an idea that Mrs.
Rooth was telling her about the Neville-
Nugents of Castle Nugent, and that
Lady Agnes was thinking it odd she
never had heard of them. He said to
himself that Biddy was generous. She
had urged Julia to come, in order that
they might see how bad the strange
young woman would be; but now that
she turned out so dazzling she forgot
this calculation, and rejoiced in what
she innocently supposed to be her tri-
umph. She kept away from Julia, how-

ever; she didn't even look at her to
invite her also to confess that, in vulgar
parlance, they had been sold. He him-
self spoke to his sister, who was leaning
back, in rather a detached way, in the
corner of a sofa, saying something which
led her to remark in reply, "Ah, I dare
say it's extremely fine, but I don't care
for tragedy treading on one's toes. She
ought to be behind a fence."

"My poor Julia, it is n't extremely
fine; it is n't fine at all," Sherringham
rejoined, with some irritation.

"Excuse me. I thought that was
why you invited us."

"I thought she was different," Sher-
ringham said.

"Ah, if you don't care for her, so
much the better. It has always seemed
to me that you make too much of those
people."

"Oh, I do care for her in a way, too.
She's interesting." His sister gave him
a momentary mystified glance, and he
added, "And she's shocking!" He felt
stupidly annoyed, and he was ashamed
of his annoyance, for he could have as-
signed no reason for it. It didn't make
it less, for the moment, to see Gabriel
Nash approach Mrs. Dallow, introduced
by Nick Dormer. He gave place to the
two young men with a certain alacrity,
for he had a sense of being put in the
wrong, in respect to the heroine of the
occasion, by Nash's very presence. He
remembered that it had been a part of
their bargain, as it were, that he should
present that gentleman to his sister.
He was not sorry to be relieved of the
office by Nick, and he even, tacitly and
ironically, wished his cousin's friend joy
of a colloquy with Mrs. Dallow. Sher-
ringham's life was spent with people;
he was used to people; and both as a
host and as a guest he carried them, in
general, lightly. He could observe, es-
pecially in the former capacity, without
uneasiness, take the temperature with-
out anxiety. But at present his com-
pany oppressed him; he felt himself

nervous, which was the thing in the world that he had always held to be least an honor to a gentleman embarked in diplomacy. He was vexed with the levity in himself which had made him call them together on so poor a pretext, and yet he was vexed with the stupidity in them which made them think, as they evidently did, that the pretext was sufficient. He inwardly groaned at the precipitancy with which he had saddled himself with the Tragic Muse (a tragic muse who was noisy and pert), and yet he wished his visitors would go away and leave him alone with her.

Nick Dormer said to Mrs. Dallow that he wanted her to know an old friend of his, one of the cleverest men he knew; and he added the hope that she would be gentle and encouraging with him; he was so timid and so easily disconcerted.

Gabriel Nash dropped into a chair by the arm of Julia's sofa, Nick Dormer went away, and Mrs. Dallow turned her glance upon her new acquaintance without a perceptible change of position. Then she emitted, with rapidity, the remark, "It's very awkward when people are told one is clever."

"It's awkward if one isn't," said Mr. Nash, smiling.

"Yes, but so few people are — enough to be talked about."

"Isn't that just the reason why such a matter, such an exception, ought to be mentioned to them?" asked Gabriel Nash. "They might n't find it out for themselves. Of course, however, as you say, there ought to be a certainty; then they are surer to know it. Dormer's a dear fellow, but he's rash and superficial."

Mrs. Dallow at this turned her glance a second time upon her interlocutor; but during the rest of the conversation she rarely repeated the movement. If she liked Nick Dormer extremely (and it may without further delay be communicated to the reader that she did),

her liking was of a kind that opposed no difficulty whatever to her not liking (in case of such a complication) a person attached or otherwise belonging to him. It was not in her nature to extend tolerances to others for the sake of an individual she loved: the tolerance was usually consumed in the loving; there was nothing left over. If the affection that isolates and simplifies its object may be distinguished from the affection that seeks communications and contacts for it, Julia Dallow's belonged wholly to the former class. She was not so much jealous as rigidly direct. She desired no experience for the familiar and yet partly mysterious kinsman in whom she took an interest that she would not have desired for herself; and, indeed, the cause of her interest in him was partly the vision of his helping her to the particular emotion that she did desire — the emotion of great affairs and of public action. To have such ambitions for him appeared to her the greatest honor she could do him; her conscience was in it as well as her inclination, and her scheme, in her conception, was noble enough to varnish over any disdain she might feel for forces drawing him another way. She had a prejudice, in general, against his connections, a suspicion of them, and a supply of unwrought contempt ready for them. It was a singular circumstance that she was skeptical even when, knowing her as well as he did, he thought them worth recommending to her; the recommendation, indeed, inveterately confirmed the suspicion.

This was a law from which Gabriel Nash was condemned to suffer, if suffering could on any occasion be predicated of Gabriel Nash. His pretension was, in truth, that he had eliminated it from his life, though probably he would have admitted that if an infusion of it remained, the touch of a woman would make him feel the twinge. In dining with her brother and with the Dormers,

two evenings before, Mrs. Dallow had been moved to exclaim that Peter and Nick knew the most extraordinary people. As regards Peter, the attitudinizing girl and her mother now pointed that moral with sufficient vividness; so that there was little arrogance in taking a similar quality for granted in the conceited man at her elbow, who sat there as if he would be capable, from one moment to another, of leaning over the arm of her sofa. She had not the slightest wish to talk with him about himself, and was afraid, for an instant, that he was on the point of passing from the chapter of his cleverness to that of his timidity. It was a false alarm, however, for instead of this he said something about the pleasures of the monologue, as the distraction that had just been offered was called by the French. He intimated that in his opinion these pleasures were mainly for the performers. They had all, at any rate, given Miss Rooth a charming afternoon; that, of course, was what Mrs. Dallow's kind brother had mainly intended in arranging the little party. (Mrs. Dallow hated to hear him call her brother "kind;" the term seemed offensively patronizing.) But he himself, he related, was now constantly employed in the same beneficence, listening, two thirds of his time, to the intonations (if she could be said to have intonations) of Miss Rooth. She had doubtless observed it herself, how the great current of the age, the adoration of the mime, was almost too strong for any individual; how it swept one along and hurled one against the rocks. As she made no response to this proposition Gabriel Nash asked her if she had not been struck with the main sign of the time, the preponderance of the mountebank, the glory and renown, the personal favor, that he enjoyed. Had n't she noticed what an immense part of the public attention he held, in London at least? For in Paris society was not

so pervaded with him, and the women of the profession, in particular, were not in every drawing-room.

"I don't know what you mean," Mrs. Dallow said. "I know nothing of any such people."

"Are n't they under your feet wherever you turn — their performances, their portraits, their speeches, their autobiographies, their names, their manners, their ugly mugs, as the people say, and their idiotic pretensions?"

"I dare say it depends on the places one goes to. If they're everywhere" — and Mrs. Dallow paused a moment — "I don't go everywhere."

"I don't go anywhere, but they mount on my back, at home, like the Old Man of the Sea. Just observe a little when you return to London," Nash continued, with friendly instructiveness. Mrs. Dallow got up at this — she did n't like receiving directions; but no other corner of the room appeared to offer her any particular reason for crossing to it; she never did such a thing without a great inducement. So she remained standing there, as if she were quitting the place in a moment, which indeed she now determined to do; and her interlocutor, rising also, lingered beside her, unencouraged but unperturbed. He went on to remark that Mr. Sherringham was quite right to offer Miss Rooth an afternoon's sport; she deserved it as a fine, brave, amiable girl. She was highly educated, knew a dozen languages, was of illustrious lineage, and was immensely particular.

"Immensely particular?" Mrs. Dallow repeated.

"Perhaps I should say that her mother is, on her behalf. Particular about the sort of people they meet — the tone, the standard. They, I am bound to say, are like you: they don't go everywhere. That spirit is meritorious; it should be recognized and rewarded."

Mrs. Dallow said nothing for a moment; she looked vaguely round the

room, but not at Miriam Rooth. Nevertheless she presently dropped, in allusion to her, the words, "She's dreadfully vulgar."

"Ah, don't say that to my friend Dormer!" Gabriel Nash exclaimed.

"Are you and he such great friends?" Mrs. Dallow asked, looking at him.

"Great enough to make me hope we shall be greater."

Again, for a moment, she said nothing; then she went on —

"Why should n't I say to him that she's vulgar?"

"Because he admires her so much; he wants to paint her."

"To paint her?"

"To paint her portrait."

"Oh, I see. I dare say she'd do for that."

Gabriel Nash laughed gayly. "If

that's your opinion of her, you are not very complimentary to the art he aspires to practice."

"He aspires to practice?" Mrs. Dallow repeated.

"Have n't you talked with him about it? Ah, you must keep him up to it!"

Julia Dallow was conscious, for a moment, of looking uncomfortable; but it relieved her to demand of her neighbor, in a certain tone, "Are you an artist?"

"I try to be," Nash replied, smiling; "but I work in such a difficult material."

He spoke this with such a clever suggestion of unexpected reference that, in spite of herself, Mrs. Dallow said after him —

"Difficult material?"

"I work in life!"

Henry James.

SIMPLICITY.

No doubt one of the most charming creations in all poetry is Nausicaä, the white-armed daughter of King Alcinous. There is no scene, no picture, in the heroic times more pleasing than the meeting of Ulysses with this damsel on the wild seashore of Scheria, where the Wanderer had been tossed ashore by the tempest. The place of this classic meeting was probably on the west coast of Corfu, that incomparable island, to whose beauty the legend of the exquisite maidenhood of the daughter of the king of the Phæacians has added an immortal bloom.

We have no difficulty in recalling it in all its distinctness: the bright morning on which Nausicaä came forth from the palace, where her mother sat and turned the distaff loaded with a fleece dyed in sea-purple, mounted the car piled with the robes to be cleansed in

the stream, and, attended by her bright-haired, laughing handmaidens, drove to the banks of the river, where out of its sweet grasses it flowed over clean sand into the Adriatic. The team is loosed to browse the grass; the garments are flung into the dark water, and trampled with hasty feet in frolic rivalry, and spread upon the gravel to dry. Then the maidens bathe, give their limbs the delicate oil from the cruse of gold, sit by the stream and eat their meal, and, refreshed, mistress and maidens lay aside their veils and play at ball, and Nausicaä begins a song. Though all were fair, like Diana was this spotless virgin midst her maids. A missed ball and maidenly screams waken Ulysses from his sleep in the thicket. At the apparition of the unclad, shipwrecked sailor, the maidens flee right and left. Nausicaä alone keeps her

place, secure in her unconscious modesty. To the astonished Sport of Fortune the vision of this radiant girl, in shape and stature and in noble air, is more than mortal, yet scarcely more than woman :

“ Like thee, I saw of late,
In Delos, a young palm-tree growing up
Beside Apollo’s altar.”

When the Wanderer has bathed, and been clad in robes from the pile on the sand, and refreshed with food and wine which the hospitable maidens put before him, the train sets out for the town, Ulysses following the chariot among the bright-haired women. But before that Nausicaä, in the candor of those early days, says to her attendants : —

“ I would that I might call
A man like him my husband, dwelling here,
And here content to dwell.”

Is there any woman in history more to be desired than this sweet, pure-minded, honest-hearted girl, as she is depicted with a few swift touches by the great poet? — the dutiful daughter in her father’s house, the joyous companion of girls, the beautiful woman whose modest bearing commands the instant homage of man. Nothing is more enduring in literature than this girl and the scene on the Corfu sands.

The sketch, though distinct, is slight, little more than outlines; no elaboration, no analysis; just an incident, as real as the blue sky of Scheria and the waves on the yellow sand. All the elements of the picture are simple, human, natural, standing in as unconfused relations as any events in common life. I am not recalling it because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity. This is the stamp of all enduring work; this is what appeals to the universal understanding from generation to genera-

tion. All the masterpieces that endure and become a part of our lives are characterized by it. The eye, like the mind, hates confusion and overcrowding. All the elements in beauty, grandeur, pathos, are simple, — as simple as the lines in a Nile picture, the strong river, the yellow desert, the palms, the pyramids; hardly more than a horizontal line and a perpendicular line; only there is the sky, the atmosphere, the color, — those need genius.

We may test contemporary literature by its conformity to the canon of simplicity; that is, if it has not that, we may conclude that it lacks one essential lasting quality. It may please; it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms of course will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But, style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer’s own and characteristic of him, as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it is too good, too pronouncedly good, I fear I shall not like it so well on a second reading. If it comes to stand between me and the thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspicious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony of color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. This is true if

it is a question only of present enjoyment. But we may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. Even in our day we have seen many reputations flare up, illuminate the sky, and then go out in utter darkness. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.

I am not sure whether simplicity is a matter of nature or of cultivation. Barbarous nature likes display, excessive ornament; and when we have arrived at the nobly simple, the perfect proportion, we are always likely to relapse into the confused and the complicated. The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. It is a note of some of the purest modern writers that they avoid comparisons, similes, and even too much use of metaphor. But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of youth, and it seems also to be a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration. This is a fact which may be verified by studying different periods, from classic literature to our own day.

It is the same with architecture. The classic Greek runs into the excessive elaboration of the Roman period, the Gothic into the flamboyant, and so on. We have had several attacks of architectural measles in this country, which have left the land spotted all over with houses in bad taste. Instead of developing the colonial simplicity on lines of dignity and harmony to modern use, we stuck on the pseudo-classic, we broke

out in the Mansard, we broke all up into the whimsicalities of the so-called Queen Anne, without regard to climate or comfort. The eye speedily tires of all these things. It is a positive relief to look at an old colonial mansion, even if it is as plain as a barn. What the eye demands is simple lines, proportion, harmony in mass, dignity; above all, adaptation to use. And what we must have also is individuality in house and in furniture; that makes the city, the village, picturesque and interesting. The highest thing in architecture, as in literature, is the development of individuality in simplicity.

Dress is a dangerous topic to meddle with. I myself like the attire of the maidens of Scheria, though Nausicaä, we must note, was "clad royally." But climate cannot be disregarded, and the vestment that was so fitting on a Greek girl whom I saw at the second cataract of the Nile would scarcely be appropriate in New York. If the maidens of one of our colleges for girls, say Vassar for illustration, habited like the Phaeacian girls of Scheria, went down to the Hudson to cleanse the rich robes of the house, and were surprised by the advent of a stranger from the city, landing from a steamboat, — a wandering broker, let us say, clad in wide trousers, long top-coat, and a tall hat, — I fancy that he would be more astonished than Ulysses was at the bevy of girls that scattered at his approach. It is not that women must be all things to all men, but that their simplicity must conform to time and circumstance. What I do not understand is that simplicity gets banished altogether, and that fashion, on a dictation that no one can trace the origin of, makes that lovely in the eyes of women to-day which will seem utterly abhorrent to them to-morrow. There appears to be no line of taste running through the changes. The only consolation to you, the woman of the moment, is that while the costume your

grandmother wore makes her, in the painting, a guy in your eyes, the costume you wear will give your grandchildren the same impression of you. And the satisfaction for you is the thought that the latter raiment will be worse than the other two; that is to say, less well suited to display the shape, station, and noble air which brought Ulysses to his knees on the sands of Corfu.

Another reason why I say that I do not know whether simplicity belongs to nature or art is that fashion is as strong to pervert and disfigure in savage nations as it is in civilized. It runs to as much eccentricity in hair-dressing and ornament in the costume of the jingling belles of Nootka and the maidens of Nubia as in any court or coterie which we aspire to imitate. The only difference is that remote and unsophisticated communities are more constant to a style they once adopt. There are isolated peasant communities in Europe who have kept for centuries the most uncouth and inconvenient attire, while we have run through a dozen variations in the art of attraction by dress, from the most puffed and bulbous ballooning to the extreme of limpness and lankness. I can only conclude that the civilized human being is a restless creature, whose motives in regard to costume are utterly unfathomable.

We need, however, to go a little further in this question of simplicity. Nausicaä was "clad royally." There was a distinction, then, between her and her handmaidens. She was clad simply, according to her condition. Taste does not by any means lead to uniformity. I have read of a commune in which all the women dressed alike and unbecomingly, so as to discourage all attempt to please or attract, or to give value to the different accents of beauty. The end of those women was worse than the beginning. Simplicity is not ugliness, nor poverty, nor barrenness, nor necessarily plainness. What is simplicity for an

other may not be for you, for your condition, your tastes, especially for your wants. It is a personal question. You go beyond simplicity when you attempt to appropriate more than your wants, your aspirations, whatever they are, demand; that is, to appropriate for show, for ostentation, more than your life can assimilate, can make thoroughly yours. There is no limit to what you may have, if it is necessary for you, if it is not a superfluity to you. What would be simplicity to you may be superfluity to another. The rich robes that Nausicaä wore she wore like a goddess. The moment your dress, your house, your house-grounds, your furniture, your scale of living, are beyond the rational satisfaction of your own desires, — that is, are for ostentation, for imposition upon the public, — they are superfluous, the line of simplicity is passed. Every human being has a right to whatever can best feed his life, satisfy his legitimate desires, contribute to the growth of his soul. It is not for me to judge whether this is luxury or want. There is no merit in riches nor in poverty. There is merit in that simplicity of life which seeks to grasp no more than is necessary for the development and enjoyment of the individual. Most of us, in all conditions, are weighted down with superfluities or worried to acquire them. Simplicity is making the journey of this life with just baggage enough.

The needs of every person differ from the needs of every other; we can make no standard for wants or possessions. But the world would be greatly transformed and much more easy to live in if everybody limited his acquisitions to his ability to assimilate them to his life. The destruction of simplicity is a craving for things, not because we need them, but because others have them. Because one man who lives in a plain little house, in all the restrictions of mean surroundings, would be happier in

a mansion suited to his taste and his wants, is no argument that another man, living in a palace, in useless ostentation, would not be better off in a dwelling which conforms to his cultivation and habits. It is so hard to learn the lesson that there is no satisfaction in gaining more than we personally want.

The matter of simplicity, then, comes into literary style, into building, into dress, into life, individualized always by one's personality. In each we aim at

the expression of the best that is in us, not at imitation or ostentation.

The women in history, in legend, in poetry, whom we love, we do not love because they are "clad royally." In our day, to be clad royally is scarcely a distinction. To have a superfluity is not a distinction. But in those moments when we have a clear vision of life, that which seems to us most admirable and desirable is the simplicity that endears to us the idyl of Nausicaä.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE KEITHS.

It was said by Lord Marischal, of great men, "They are too soon forgotten, and they are not praised enough;" and this is certainly true regarding himself and his not less admirable brother.

These two men, — George Keith, born (probably) in 1693, and known as Lord Marischal because of his holding the hereditary dignity of grand-marshal of Scotland; and James Keith, born in 1696, who rose to be a field-marshal of Frederick the Great, — these men were conspicuous by high character and ability; and yet it is chiefly only by scattered notices, by paragraphs and pages here and there, that the general reader learns something of them, and gathers but an imperfect knowledge of their natures and achievements. The fullest sources of information about them are the *Eloge* of the elder, pronounced before the French Academy, the year after his death, by D'Alembert; and the *Life* of the younger, written forty or fifty years ago by Varnhagen von Ense. Their share, however, in the most stirring events of their time and their connection with the most important men have led to frequent mention of them by historians, from their day to our own. Carlyle, especially, with the keen appreciation of a

fellow-countryman, justly admiring the large qualities of their natures, has illuminated their lives with his electric light whenever occasion offered; and the readers of Rousseau receive, from his personal history, a vivid impression of his kind old friend, the elder brother.

The field-marshal, who, Rousseau truly said, "lived gloriously and died in the lap of honor," was perhaps the stronger man of the two, but the Earl Marischal had a heart so upright, pure, tender, and brave that he wins as long remembrance; and through their devoted affection for one another their memories blend as the light of a double star, and their stories combine into one narrative.

Public life began for both in 1715, when (their father already some years dead) they were counted among the chief adherents of the Pretender, and were among the guiding spirits of the Jacobite rising under the Earl of Mar, a cousin of their mother. Four years later, they took the principal part in carrying out the abortive expedition to Scotland arranged by Cardinal Alberoni and the Duke of Ormond in the Stuart interests. Thus the period of their youth and early manhood was spent in struggles of fruitless loyalty,

in hidings in their native country and wanderings over the Continent, the Earl Marischal under sentence of death from the English government.

In 1726, when war broke out between Spain and England, the younger brother, eager for real and permanent military employment, sought a position as officer in the Spanish service. This being refused him on account of his Protestant faith, he joined the army as a volunteer, and remained with it five months before Gibraltar. But finding his Protestantism an invincible obstacle to his advancement in Spain, and too loyal to his faith to change it for the sake of worldly advantages, he decided to cut himself aloof from the political associations of his youth. He therefore asked of the Spanish government recommendations to the Russian government, then in the habit of giving to foreigners high rank in its armies, and he was at once made major-general in the Russian service.

It was thus he openly began the career of a soldier of fortune that he followed through his life; taking the position of a man not impassioned for the cause for which he fought, but who, having chosen war as his profession, attained to a very high place in that profession by the most honorable means. A soldier of fortune who never sought material fortune; of whom Lord Marischal could proudly write (to Madame Geofrin), shortly after his death: "My brother has left me a noble legacy: he has just had all Bohemia under contribution, and I find him in possession of seventy ducats." And in the same spirit he announced his death to their common friend Maupertuis with the four words, "*Probus vixit, fortis obiit.*" A soldier of fortune

"Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

Marshal Keith — no man ever more —
exercised that high power of human na-

ture (of which Wordsworth speaks) to control the bad influences of his circumstances, to subdue them and to transmute them into good. As a commander, his care, not only of his own men, but of any enemy's country through which he might be passing or over which he had authority, and of its inhabitants, and of his prisoners, was constantly to the highest degree humane. In the words of Varnhagen von Ense, "He did all in his power to diminish to the utmost the sufferings arising from war." A different conduct excited his wrathful indignation. Witnessing the devastations and cruelties committed by the troops during the first campaign of the Seven Years' War, "Il faut avouer, Sire," he exclaimed to Frederick, — "il faut avouer que ces Chrétiens sont une grande canaille!"

In spite of these admirable qualities, perhaps because of them, he never won the hearts of his soldiers. He always remained a "foreigner" to them, and neither in Russia, nor afterwards in his more conspicuous years in Prussia, did he become sufficiently at ease in the native languages to hold familiar intercourse with his men. His bravery, too, was not of a nature to excite their enthusiasm. It was unquestionable, but it was the bravery of endurance, of bull-dog tenacity, rather than of brilliant and inspiring audacity; and he perhaps a little too coldly expected every man to do his duty in the same resolute and disinterested fashion as himself. There could not be a more characteristic story than that of his answer when summoned (in 1757) to surrender Leipsic: "Let the Prince von Hildburghausen know that I am by birth a Scotchman, by affection and duty a Prussian, and that I shall so defend the city that neither Scotchmen nor Prussians may be ashamed of me. The king, my master, has committed to me the place to hold, and I shall hold it."

Another characteristic moment of his life was that, twenty years earlier, when

(in the Russian service) he was with the army under General Münnich, besieging Oczakow. Carlyle thus pictures it: "In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate, stalwart Scotch gentleman. . . . 'Advance within musket shot, General Keith!' orders Münnich's aid-de-camp, cantering up. 'I have been this good while within it,' pointing to his dead men. Aid-de-camp canters up a second time: 'Advance within half musket shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his respects, to Feldmarschall Münnich his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aid-de-camp canters up a third time: 'Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith will do his best to coöperate!' 'Forward, then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glaxis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours, his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner: till at length Keith's men and all men tire of such a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot range." But at last, almost by chance, in consequence of an explosion, Oczakow was taken. "A very blazing, semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles, where General Keith will be better known one day."

When he had become known there, the king wrote of him in the first chapter of his history of the Seven Years' War: "The king made a good acquisition in attracting Marshal Keith from Russia to his service. He was a man gentle in personal intercourse, possessed of virtues and morals, able in his profession, and who, in connection with the highest polish of manners, had heroic valor in a day of battle."

Keith's appearance was in harmony with his qualities. He was of medium stature, dark complexion, with a deter-

mined expression, and in demeanor at once noble and kindly. He was sixty-two when he died (in battle), and the phrase Varnhagen von Ense uses, speaking of him as he was then, — a phrase in striking contrast with the external tenor of his life and death, — is that all who knew him depict him as "*einen sanften, liebenswürdigen Greis*" (a gentle, amiable old man). Varnhagen says well that his proud, free courtesy and his strong self-reliance, surrounded as he was by intrigues of ambition and paltry jealousies, make him a very individual figure among Frederick's generals.

His domestic life was moulded by the age. He never married, but when forty-six years old he became attached to a young woman, who from that time was at the head of his household, and his wife in all but name. Varnhagen von Ense says he would have married her if the difference of rank had not been too great. It may be so, but she was of a respectable *bourgeois* family, and his brother, apparently, did not lay much weight on such considerations. He had children, whom he loved much, and for whose education he cared in the best manner, but nothing is now known of them. Their mother — Eva Merthens by name — was handsome and well educated, and is said to have been a very charming person, and held in universal esteem from her large-mindedness and spirited high-feeling. In peace time, Keith usually spent his evenings with her, in company with other friends; and she sometimes accompanied him on his campaigns, especially when he was ill, and took tender care of him. For other women he cared little, and did not enjoy their society, and in return was not thought much of by them. Eva, after his death, married a certain *Schlosshauptmann*, but always held Keith's memory in highest honor, and could not be induced by the king to part with a portrait of Keith which she possessed,

for which Frederick offered a large sum. It is to be regretted that she ungenerously kept possession also of personal mementos of Keith, which his brother was so desirous to have that he unavailingly went to law with her about them.

When Keith went to Russia, in 1728, Lord Marischal seems to have been residing at Avignon. That at this time, and for many years afterward, he was in some manner in the service of Spain is in different notices of him everywhere implied, and even stated, but nowhere is any explanation to be found of the fact that he remained in his service when Keith felt obliged to leave it. Nor is it at all clear what his occupations were; but that in some form or other they were excellent in character his after-life leaves no doubt of. He was at least unconsciously making of himself a singularly simple and attractive personage, remarkable for strong individuality and quick sympathies. He had a great love of southern climates, and a special liking for Avignon; he used to say that there were more "originals" in the Comtat than anywhere else, and maintained that a large degree of civil liberty was needed to produce original characters.

He was in Spain at the time of the siege of Oczakow, already alluded to. Hearing that his brother was dangerously wounded, he rushed over the three thousand miles between them to his aid. He found him discussing with the surgeons the amputation of his leg at the thigh, saved him by the firmness of his own hopeful resolution from this misfortune, carried him to Paris to obtain the best advice, persisted in hope shared

by no one else, and at length had the joy of seeing Keith once more with a completely serviceable leg of his own. Then he returned to his dear Spain, where, as he was wont to say, he "had many friends, the greatest of them the sun." Afterward, when he joined his brother in Prussia, "My brother has come from his snows," he said, "that we may be together; it is only fair that I should leave my sun for the same reason." But he used to accuse Frederick of sorcery; "for," he would say, "if I were not enchanted, should I live in a country where one sees only the image of the sun, when I might live at Valencia?"

In 1740, when the brothers were together at Paris, during Keith's convalescence from his wound, they were allowed by George the Second to pay a visit to England, in the character of foreigners. Keith was regarded as belonging to Russia, the Lord Marischal to Spain; and Keith was even presented to the king. At his farewell audience, a month later, it is reported (by his brother) that the Marquis of Argyle, who had just received his dismissal from the king, said to him (aside) in Highland phrase, "Mr. Keith, fall flat, fall edge, we must get rid of these people;" and two years afterward, Lord Marischal was in Scotland, plotting again, it is believed, to "get rid of these people," but living in Edinburgh, in a style befitting his rank, entirely unmolested. This is proved by an account of his daily expenses in his lodgings, communicated by one of his kindred to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland in 1818.¹

All that need now be told of Keith's

¹ The indications that may be found in this bill of the habits of the time are not without interest. The first supper consisted of broth, beef (a "taillee" of beef), a "sottens" of mutton (boiled mutton), two roasts of mutton, a hen, three chickens, and a pair of pouts, peas and pears in proportion, and a moderate quantity of sack, wine, beer, and ale. The

dinners were usually about of this same amount, but a supper with the Earl of Morton counts up twice as much; and at a dinner with the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Morton, we find three times as much broth and beef and mutton, and not only hens, chickens, and pouts, but two geese, and two Sollene geese, and three capons, and three pair moor

twenty years' service in Russia may be put into few words. His brother said, in dismissing a proposal from Rousseau to write Marshal Keith's life, "The career of a man in a subordinate position (though often he does more and better than his chief) does not furnish matter for history;" and this is especially true of his Russian years. He was high in military rank, constantly employed, and frequently rewarded with honors, but the general conditions of his life were never satisfactory or agreeable to him. The revolutionary changes of rulers that occurred in quick succession occasioned constant alterations in the purposes of the government, and rendered the political conditions alarmingly unstable and deplorably dangerous to those whose fortunes were involved in them. Keith suffered in silence much ill usage, but the moment came when he both spoke and acted in vigorous self-assertion. The spark that fired the mine of his discontent was struck almost accidentally on the occasion of a proposed visit to him by his brother in 1746. The government, on hearing of the Earl Marischal's approach, refused, as the ally of England, to allow him permission to enter Russia, on account of his share in the rebellion of 1745. Keith immediately decided to leave Russia himself, and he did so the following year. With some difficulty, owing to rather rash quarrels at the last moment with military officials, he got clear of the Russian dominions, and reached Holland in September, 1747; and thence wrote, offering his services to the king of Prussia. Frederick answered him at once: "Sir, I have received with all possible satisfaction the letter you have just sent me. Feeling the value of all fowls, and two pair Koonings, and twenty-three apple tarts, etc., the whole feast costing fifty-five pounds.

In connection with these dinners and suppers, redolent of loyalty to Prince Charles, it may be recalled that Hume reports that "Lord Marischal had a very bad opinion of

the sentiments you give me proof of, I shall have nothing more at heart than to show you my gratitude for them, as well as my esteem for you personally." Keith was made field-marshal on the instant; and thenceforth the relations between him and the king were of the highest mutual regard.

In an immensely long letter to his brother, written at this time, he tells him: "I have now the honor and, which is still more, the pleasure of being with the king at Potsdam, where he ordered me to come two days after he declared me field-marshal; where I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of four campaigns, he is not the best officer of his army. He has several persons with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend, but no favorite [this would strike Keith, who had had much hard experience of the irresponsible power of the "favorites" of the Russian sovereigns], and has a natural politeness for every one who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character; but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time I shall know as much of him as he will let me know; and all his ministry knows no more. Adieu, my dearest brother. Every week you shall have a letter from me, but not so long as this."

Two years after Keith's coming to Prussia, Frederick appointed him governor of Berlin; and he held that office when, the next year, Frederick's sister, the Margravine of Baireuth,¹ made a this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances." But his "cause" was sacred to the honest Jacobite.

¹ The Margravine and Keith had already met once, thirteen years before, when she, with

visit to the king, who commanded in her honor magnificent *fêtes*. One in especial, which is on full record, and known as the Berlin Carrousel, was by all accounts a really splendid spectacle; and it was the only great show Frederick ever presented to his court and people. It was all under Keith's management, and it gave him the opportunity, in Varnhagen's phrase, "to show himself nobly a courtier." Voltaire was present on this occasion, and complimented it with one of his flattering epigrams.

As soon as Keith was established, his brother, who had been living at Treviso, near Venice, almost in poverty, joined him, on his urgent invitation. He wrote in the long letter from which we have just quoted: "I find I have really more than for one; therefore consider what a pleasure it would be to me to share it with my dearest brother. I know it would not be the least disagreeable to the king, and even quite the contrary."

"Quite the contrary," indeed, it proved to be. As Rousseau said, "Frederick was a judge of men, and welcomed these two as they deserved;" and not long after Lord Marischal's introduction to Frederick a warm friendship existed between them, which never flagged nor failed. He was really of inestimable moral value to Frederick, who said that to know "*le bon milord*" was to find it impossible to doubt human virtue. "I am indebted to him for the sustaining belief in it." He "was much loved by Frederick (almost as one *boy* loves

her husband, made a little journey in order to see twelve thousand Russian soldiers who were on their march through the Upper Palatinate to join the imperial forces. Keith was in command of the division. The margravine thus mentions the interview in her Autobiography: "General Keith came at once to pay us his respects. [He had already sent them a guard of honor composed of light infantry.] He is an Irishman, *très-polé et qui sent son monde*. He asked us to wait a few moments, as he wished his troops to be drawn up in battle order. . . . The general granted me the lives of

another)." In such pleasant phrase Carlyle describes Frederick's side of the friendship. Rousseau, in more resounding periods, describes the feeling of Earl Marischal: "The great soul of this worthy man, full of republican pride, could bend only under the yoke of friendship; but it then bent so completely that, with opinions very different from those of Frederick, he was entirely in harmony with Frederick from the moment he was attached to him."

In 1751, Frederick sent him as his ambassador to Paris, and in 1759 on a mission to Spain for two years; while from 1754 to 1763 he was the governor (for Prussia) of Neufchâtel, "with the delicious occupation," Rousseau thought, "of rendering this little people happy;" but in fact he found the people hindered him from doing the good he desired to do, and he was in constant disquiet and uneasiness. As he said of himself, when employed in diplomatic functions elsewhere, "A *finesse* is needed for this business which I do not possess, and do not desire to have." His brother surpassed him in political ability; he was more clear-headed, sharp-sighted, and resolute as a diplomatist, and Frederick frequently employed him on short but important affairs of this nature.

Lord Marischal's social solitude while in Switzerland and his dislike of the climate — "One knows only by the almanac when it is summer there," he said — must have rendered his chief pleasure during these years the interesting letters he exchanged with many in-

two deserters who were to have been hung. He had them brought before me, and they threw themselves down at my feet, knocking their heads with such violence on the ground that I am certain had they been other than Russian they must have been broken." The margravine little knew that her memory and Keith's were to be forever associated by the fact that their deaths, occurring on the same day, were each so severe a blow to the king that he mourned for them alternately and together in a blended sorrow.

teresting people, Hume, the Comtesse de Boufflers, Madame Geoffrin, Frederick himself, and others. Whilst there he had a three months' visit from his old friend Maupertuis, then in his last days, and he himself paid a three days' visit to Voltaire, who speaks of him in his letters with warm regard. It is clear that the good earl had the same impartiality, the unpartisan nature, that distinguished his royal friend.

It was in 1762, the year before Lord Marischal left Neuchâtel, that Rousseau — "*garçon singulier*," in Frederick's phrase — came to Motiers, near by, and was kindly welcomed by the old governor. He gayly introduced himself to Rousseau, in a letter before their first meeting, as "an old man not wholly unlike a savage, though a little spoiled, perhaps, by intercourse with civilized barbarians." To the cordial relations that followed their meeting Rousseau owed infinite kindness and consideration both from "milord" himself and from Frederick. Every fortnight, at least, Rousseau passed twenty-four hours with "milord" in the Tour Carrée of Colombier; and the old man once made the little journey of six leagues to Motiers under pretext of quail-shooting, and spent two days there — without touching a gun. There are no more agreeable pages in Rousseau's Confessions than those that are filled with admiration of the paternal kindness, the amiable virtues, the gentle philosophy, of this much-respected friend. Sainte-Beuve somewhere justly classes together M. de Luxembourg and Milord Maréchal as the only two men who, by force of goodness and kindness, disarmed the suspiciousness of Rousseau, and inspired him with unreserved confidence. And Mr. Morley as justly says that the expressions of warm liking and hearty good-will toward Rousseau in Lord Marischal's letters may, "if we reflect on the genuine worth, veracity, penetration, and experience of the old man

who wrote them, fairly be counted the best testimony that remains to the existence of something sterling at the bottom of Rousseau's character."

Lord Marischal's letters to Rousseau are always charming, and sometimes interesting and very characteristic. Writing to him of Hume, before Rousseau knew him personally, he says: "I will tell you two actions of this philosopher which I particularly like. The first is, that meeting a certain Wallace who had written (and written well) against one of his essays, David asked him when his paper would be printed. Mr. Wallace answering that he was then so busy that he had not time to revise his work, David took upon himself this care, and executed it loyally. The other incident is, that the lamas being assembled in synod to execute this antichrist (for he is in Scotland what you are in Switzerland), David sat down among the lamas, and listened with admirable coolness to all the insults addressed to him, silently taking snuff. His coolness disconcerted the lamas; they separated without communicating him."

In another letter he refers to a member of his family in a way that must be prefaced here by a little explanation. The earl's household in these days, as during most of his life, was an extraordinary collection of people. There was a Turk named Ibrahim and a Kalmuck named Stepan, both of whom his brother had sent him from Tartary; the latter believed himself to be a descendant of the Grand Lama, and consequently Lord Marischal dubbed him his "chaplain." There was an African, whom he had sent to his brother, and who, after faithful service, "always at the crupper of his horse," in his master's different campaigns, returned to Lord Marischal at Marshal Keith's death. There was an old Swiss secretary, who, later, followed him from Neuchâtel, unable to endure separation from him; an old Prussian woman, a waif and stray; and at the

head of the house a Turkish woman, who, when a little child, had fallen into General Keith's hands at the taking of Oczakow. He "gave" her to the earl, who had her carefully educated, and she became Mademoiselle Emetulla, or Emeté. In due time, "Will you marry me?" he asked her. "No!" answered the girl. "I love you as the tenderest of fathers, but" — From that moment she was as a daughter to him. When he was entering into the Scottish rebellion of '45, he left her by will two thousand crowns, to be paid from the property his brother would inherit at his death, but over which he himself had no actual legal right (in consequence of his attainer), sure that in his brother's eyes this would be a sacred legacy; and whilst at Neuchâtel he married her well to a M. de Froment. "I should be grieved," he wrote, "to leave so good a girl alone in a world of scoundrels. She had need of some one bound to her interests." This is an illustration of the way in which he befriended all those in any wise dependent on him.¹

Shortly before leaving Neuchâtel, he formed a project which is touching as expressing his sense of loneliness after his brother's death. He thus details it in a letter to Rousseau: "I am arranging my daughter's marriage. She once settled, I am going to Scotland, where I will give you two rooms in my house, and as many to the good and kind David [Hume]. We shall not enter one another's apartments; there will be a parlor in which to meet. We shall have *placidam sub libertate quietem*: that is my motto. I should wish that each should contribute to the necessary expenses of the little republic according

to his means, and should lay the tax on himself. Our provisions will be only a small expense, because trout, salmon, sea-fish, and vegetables cost me nothing. David shall pay for the sirloins, because he eats them. We shall need two carriages to gratify our desire for going about. There will be no other rules nor laws in the republic; each will make his own regarding both spiritual and temporal things. This is my castle in the air; the foundations are already laid. I have seen since you were here that your Emile is printed by two or three London publishers; it, and new editions of your Héloïse, is announced in the newspapers. This is a basis that I regard as sure for your share of the voluntary taxes, — a good edition of your works; and on this basis I engage to raise money for you while awaiting the new edition. Farewell. Since your works are at public sale in London, the publishers who shall issue a correct edition of them will make a fortune."

There is pleasant wisdom in these words from another letter, and a pretty allusion to one of his "children," as he called his familiar foreigners, his odd "domestics": "If you are my friend, and I flatter myself you are, I see nothing against good manners, or morals, or laws, in your saying so. It seems to me that, to be friends, what is needed is kindness and esteem; it would be absurd to see two friends produce their genealogies, to see if they were within permitted degrees, as must be done before entering a chapter of canons in Germany. My Turk Ibrahim (before he was spoiled by the Giaours) used to end his letters with 'I am more your friend than ever, Ibrahim.' I thought

that as his wife she could, by a marriage contract, enjoy a dowry of three hundred pounds sterling, of which she could have the use during her life; and he suggested that this arrangement should be made, but that she should continue to live at Berlin, and he at Potsdam. But the king stepped in, paid the husband's debts, and gave the widow a pension.

¹ Another proposal of marriage he made, late in life, under still stranger circumstances. A Prussian lady, whom he had known from childhood, and always been fond of, was left by the death of her husband, a lieutenant-general, in a very pitiable position, with many debts and two children. Lord Marischal, seeing no other way to aid her permanently, reflected

much better of that than of the 'very humble servant,' etc., which is commonly put, and which is only a sort of flourish before the name. I will close, then, by saying to you, like my good Ibrahim, 'I am more your friend than ever.'"

These letters have taken us somewhat out of chronological order, and we must go back a little in time to follow the last years of the life of the younger brother.

At the date 1752 Carlyle reports: "Marshal Keith has been growing gradually with the king and with everybody ever since he came to these parts, in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation and its sly twinkles of defensive humor, is still audible to us. . . . Sagacious, skillful, imperturbable, without fear and without noise. He had quelled, once, walking direct into the heart of it, a ferocious Russian mutiny. . . . Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him, though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops."

• — Keith ranking their military qualities much higher than Frederick was inclined to do.

From this time, in all Frederick's fightings and counter-fightings, marchings and counter-marchings, Keith was at his right hand, doing all the work that fell to him "in a solid and quietly eminent and valiant manner." At Olmütz; in 1758, "Keith is captain of the siege, whom all praise for his punctual firmness of progress;" and on the subsequent retreat to Königgrätz, "Keith himself takes the rear-guard, the most ticklish part of all, and manages it well and with success, as his wont is. Under sickness at the time, but with his usual vigilance, prudence, energy. . . . At Holitz . . . Keith heard cannonading ahead, hurried up with new cavalry,

new sagacity and fire of energy; dashed out horse-charges, seized hill-tops of a vital nature, and quickly ended the affair. A man fiery enough, and prompt with his stroke when wanted, though commonly so quiet. 'Tell Monsieur,' — some general who seemed too stupid or too 'languid on this occasion, — 'tell Monsieur from me,' said Keith to his aid-de-camp, 'he may be a very pretty thing, but he is not a man (qu'il peut être une bonne chose, mais qu'il n'est pas un homme)!' The excellent vernacular Keith; still a fine breadth of accent in him, one perceives! He is now past sixty; troubled with asthma; and I doubt not may be occasionally thinking it time to end his campaigns."

The end came, with fatal abruptness, six months later. He fell at Hochkirch. The position of the Prussians when they encamped there was so dangerous that Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope that they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Frederick. Spite of this colloquy the Prussians were surprised. The army was in its blankets, fast asleep, when it was attacked early in the morning. Keith "came to understand that his big battery was taken. . . . He springs on horseback, . . . recaptures the big battery, but is set upon by overwhelming multitudes bent to have it back; is passionate for new assistance in this vital point, but can get none; had been 'disarted by both his aid-de-camps,' says poor John Tebay, a wandering English horse-soldier who attends him as mounted groom; 'asked twenty times and twenty more, "Where are my aid-de-camps?"' but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and, before long, suddenly stopping short, — falling dead into Tebay's arms, shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he

had not regarded, but this on the left side was final. Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body, but could by no present means; distractedly 'rid for a coach;' found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground and the body of his master." It was plundered and stripped, and, covered only with a Croat's cloak, was carried into the neighboring church. Some of the Austrian generals entering there, one of them, lifting the cloak, cried out mournfully, "It is Keith,—my father's best friend!" He was buried by the enemy with all the honors of war.

A few years later, a simple monument to Keith was set up in this church at Hochkirch by one of his family, with an inscription, Carlyle thought, "not easily surpassable in the lapidary way. . . . The words go through you like the clang of steel."

"Viro antiquis moribus et militari virtute claro, qui, dum in prælio non procul hinc inclinatum suorum aciem mente, manu, voce et exemplo restituebat, pugnans ut heroas decet, occubuit d. xiv. Octobris, anno MDCCLVIII."

Lord Marischal was at Colombier at the time of his brother's death, and the king wrote to him instantly of the irreparable loss they had both met with, expressing his deep sympathy and the manifold grief that he himself felt as the friend of both brothers, and from the loss of his beloved sister at the same moment.

Lord Marischal was already what might be called an old man, but he was to live still twenty years,— "an excellent, cheery old soul," as Carlyle says; always "honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gayety and pleasant wit in him." Different as were the conditions of life of the two brothers, the one was as moderate, simple, frank, as the other, and both were of those men who know more than they have learned. In these later years of Lord

Marischal's life, his delightful *goodness* became more and more visible, flowering and ripening to the last, like his favorite orange-trees; the sweet odorousness of the sanctities of a man of the world exhaled from his days. "He was virtuous," wrote one of his friends after his death, "in the full meaning of the word. I have known no man but he who could search his conscience and find no remorse in it; and though he possessed and exercised all the virtues, he was rigid only toward himself, and had extreme indulgence for human weaknesses."

His talk was charming from its variety and vivacity. "Il aimait à conter," says D'Alembert, but with singular directness and point; his *contes* were of the nature of repartees; it was his fashion of jesting; but he often repeated a saying of Fontenelle's, which had evidently inspired him with great respect: "I am a hundred years old, I am a Frenchman, yet I shall die with the comfort of never having cast the least ridicule on the smallest virtue." He spoke slowly, even in his native language, and still more hesitatingly in French; but "even this hesitation and slowness had something agreeable from the originality of his phrase and the unusual expressions he made use of." He laughed so heartily that it was a pleasure to see him, and "I have surprised him," says a friend, "laughing aloud when he was quite alone."

He is described by every one as having a noble and distinguished appearance. Rousseau speaks of his charm of manner and of his "piercing and delicate glance." He was thin in face and figure; according to Rousseau, more than thin, almost emaciated. His personal neatness was exquisite, and he spent a considerable time at his toilet, especially in the refreshments connected with bathing, having himself as thoroughly rubbed down by his valet as if he were a valuable horse. He liked

Spanish cookery better than any other, and always had one or more Spanish dishes on the table, though, being the simplest and soberest of eaters and drinkers, his own principal diet was of vegetables.

When he left Neufchâtel, his kinsfolk urged his coming home, — to marry, at seventy! Two years previously he had been pardoned and disattainted, and permitted to inherit the earldom of Kintore: and in this matter the elder Pitt showed a readiness and cordiality that won the earl's heart, who, in return, rendered him some not unimportant services about Spanish affairs. He acceded to the wish of his friends to see him in Scotland, though not to their desire that he should marry, and after spending a few months with Frederick he returned home in 1763. He was received by his family and friends with the utmost warmth; and during his stay among them, one of his old estates coming into the market, he was able to purchase it for 30,000 guineas. He writes, on this occasion, to Jean Jacques, "I had the pleasure of seeing the kindness of my fellow-countrymen: no one came forward at the auction sale, and the hall and street resounded with the clapping of hands when the property was knocked down to me."

It was at this time that the earl settled the sum of a hundred louis on Rousseau's companion, Theresa, and the next year gave Rousseau an annuity of fifty pounds a year, — the only gifts of money Rousseau ever accepted from any one. But it was all done with such exquisite kindness and delicacy that even his morbid sensitiveness could not shrink from this expression of friendship.

Lord Marischal had still not relinquished his dream of a philosophic hermitage, though Hume had dropped out of the plan. His letters to Rousseau frequently refer to the arrangements he is making to receive him at Keith Hall, and he closes one of them with this ex-

pression: "I need not speak of my feelings toward you, with whom I am going to shut myself up for the rest of my days." But he soon found that his dislike of the climate and of the modes of life and thought of his native Aberdeenshire was ingrained and increasing, and he found himself also somewhat pestered by the feeble remnant of old Jacobites who gathered about him; and after six months of moral and physical discomfort, he had no will to resist this friendliest of invitations from Frederick:

"I am not surprised that the Scotch fight to have you among them, and wish to have progeny of yours, and to preserve your bones. You have in your lifetime the lot of Homer after death, cities arguing which is your birthplace. I myself would dispute it with Edinburgh to possess you. If I had ships, I would make a descent on Scotland, to steal off my *cher milord*, and bring him hither; but our Elbe boats are scarcely suitable for such an expedition. But you give me hopes, which I seize with avidity! I was your late brother's friend, and had obligations to him; I am yours with heart and soul. These are my titles, these are my rights over you. You shall live here surrounded by friendship, liberty, and philosophy. There is nothing beyond those in the world, my dear milord. . . . Come to me!"

On receiving this letter, Lord Marischal, with all affectionate good-will, "threw over" the always difficult Rousseau, and gladly returned to Potsdam; and there he lived his fourteen years more of life at Sans Souci, in a "villa cottage" built for him. "*Ma voisine la fourmi*," Frederick called him.

One of his Prussian friends, M. Muesel-Stosch, writing to D'Alembert of these years, says: "His mode of life at this time was the most uniform possible, and the story of a day is that of a year." He was an early riser: up at dawn in winter, and by five o'clock in summer.

After breakfast he read for an hour or so ; then he received his letters and answered them, dressed, went out to walk, or to drive, or to work in his garden, — “*la ressource des vieux fuinéants comme moi*,” he said. On the stroke of noon he called for dinner, and was very impatient if any guest were late. He had usually four or five, for few strangers, even, passed through Potsdam without visiting him and being hospitably entertained by him. After dinner, saying to his guests, “I am going to make the coffee,” he went, in fact, to “make” his twenty minutes’ siesta, returning to “coffee.” He liked to play cards in the afternoon, and played piquet, with half-sou stakes. All his winnings were for the benefit of a member of his household, — an immense dog, Herr Snell. At the end of every month Herr Snell had a great feast of *gras-double*, tripe, and other delicacies.

Lord Marischal’s charities to the poor were incessant and judicious, — his liberalities in every direction. He had a delightful fashion of trifling gift-giving to his friends and visitors, whom in summer he used to receive in his garden, where he sat reading.

Books were a constant pleasure to him, and, as his friend says, “greatly contributed to the serenity of his character.” His taste in them was excellent : Rabelais, Montaigne, le baron de Fœneste (the humorous work of D’Aubigné), Voltaire (particularly “*les ouvrages où cet illustre écrivain avoit mis un peu de malice*”), Molière, Cervantes, Shakespeare (he liked no *French* tragedies), and the Latin poets and historians were his especial familiars. His historical information was very wide and accurate.

Six years after his settling down at Sans Souci a kinsman of his visited him, staying for three days, who writes epistolarily : “He is the most innocent of God’s creatures, and his heart is much warmer than his head. The place of

his abode is the very temple of dullness, . . . yet he dawdles away his day in a manner not unpleasant to him ; and I really am persuaded he has a conscience would gild the inside of a dungeon. The feats of our bare-legged warriors in the late war, accompanied by a *pibrach* in his outer room, have an effect on the old don which would delight you. . . . His tastes, his ideas, his manner of living, are a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the kingdom of Valencia : and as he seeks to make no new friends, he seems to retain a strong though silent attachment for his old ones.”

To the last the kind old man’s warm feeling for his family connections showed itself in a constant solicitude to assist in every way, both by money and advice, his grand-nephews, especially his namesake, George Elphinstone (later) Viscount Keith, afterward the well-known admiral. His letters to him are full of his brave, lively, and genial spirit, and of almost womanly kindness. Elphinstone, after entering the Royal Navy, left it, to serve under the flag of the East India Company, but within a few years he became anxious to return to the Navy, and the earl made use of his recently recovered influence in England to obtain his nephew’s reinstatement. While the question was still pending he wrote to him : —

“I suppose, if this find you at home, there will be next morning, when you all meet at breakfast, a council on what I wrote : that my lady will be of opinion to continue in the service of the company as least dangerous ; your father will say that in time of peace there is less danger in the Navy as well as more honor, that you will be mostly at home, and that in time of war you will be exposed to fight in the service in the company, and in a ship not fitted for fighting ; the young ladies will rather incline to your returning into the Navy, since when you are not at sea you will be mostly with them, and they will to

that pleasure sacrifice the silks, chintzes, fauns, japan-work, china-ware, cockatoos, and monkeys they might otherwise expect if you continue going to India and China. You must decide the question yourself, as having had some trial of both services. Let me know, dear Ben [a pet name by which the earl was wont to distinguish Elphinstone], the debates of the house, and the arguments of the six counselors."

He wrote gayly in 1770 to another relation, who had begged to be allowed to consult for him a noted English physician at Dresden about his health: "I thank you for your advice of consulting the English doctor to repair my old carcass. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the doctor that from him I shall expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being nearly eighty years old. The reparation I propose he should begin with is, one pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement in the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient, and we must not trouble the doctor too much at once."

Two years later, he writes to Elphinstone, referring, apparently, to some annoyances this nephew had suffered: "Dear Ben, I lose no time to wish you many happy new years, fair winds and good weather, and health to all aboard the Scorpion. There are more lies in London than anywhere, I know, because there are more people to lie. We do well here, considering the number's less than in London." In the same tone he said to Rousseau years before: "Lying is an epidemic malady. There are only two ways to correct it: one, which would be too severe, — by a universal deluge; the other, satisfactory, and which we will hold to, — a retreat into our Scotch hermitage."

In a letter from Frederick to Voltaire there is this mention of Lord Marischal, three years before his death: "Our honored and good milord is wonderfully well; his worthy soul is cheerful and happy. His genial philosophy keeps him occupied only with good things. All the English who pass through here go to see him as a pilgrimage. He dwells opposite Sans Souci, loved and esteemed by every one. There is a happy old age." It is easy to detect in these words the contrast that was in Frederick's mind between the man of whom and the man to whom he was writing.

The "honored and good milord" died in 1778, in the same month with Voltaire (and also with Chatham), and was buried by his own servants, having expressly forbidden that his funeral should cost more than twenty reichsthalers. In his old age and in his last six-weeks-long illness, he was always patient, always fearless; once only he was heard to say that he should be better off if he were among the Esquimaux, who would kill him instead of letting him suffer. When he was dying he sent for Mr. Elliot, the English ambassador at Berlin. "I have summoned you," he said to him with characteristic gayety, "because there is something amusing in a minister of King George receiving the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may, perhaps, have some commissions to give me for Lord Chatham [who had died a fortnight before]; and as I count on seeing him to-morrow or next day, I will take charge with pleasure of your dispatches."

His feeling always about death had united a noble serenity with warm tenderness. It is said that he endured the death of his friends with the same tranquillity with which he anticipated his own; and that at first he was less occupied with his own misfortune in losing them than with the happiness he conceived to be theirs, freed from the ills

of humanity. "But as months passed, feeling every day more and more how much his own happiness was diminished, he expressed all the strength of his regrets, recounting the good deeds of those he had lost, and celebrating their virtues." He liked, he said, in this way to make them live for a moment again in the memory of others, almost forgotten though they already were, and still alive only in his own heart.

Two or three years before his death he wrote to Elphinstone: "I shall rejoice to see you; but if you don't come soon, I may chance to play you a trick, and not be at home, for I grow very weak. Don't grumble, good Ben: I have done pretty well; eighty years are long."

He had indeed "done pretty well" through all the eighty and more long years, and had honorably deserved that his pleasant memory should live.

Hope Notnor.

PASSE ROSE.

XX.

THE night was far gone when Passe Rose, Jeanne's hand still clinging tightly to hers, reached the city gate. Overwhelmed by the revelations she had heard, tortured by her fears for Gui, she knew not what to do, whither to go. Her heart ached with trouble and suspense. But life perplexed her no more. All was simple and clear. It was for love's sake she had leaped from the wagon, and now followed the road she had abjured. It was for love's sake she would have forgotten love in that peaceful garden whence peace had fled. It was her love which had turned for solace to Jeanne, — dear Jeanne, whom she dragged along the path as a mother urges her tired child; Jeanne, whom she was deceiving. "Nay, nay," cried her heart, "there is no right, no wrong, nothing, but to reach *him!*"

So the stream, issuing first from the wood, runs aimlessly, now east, now west, turned aside by a tuft of grass, divided by a root, dashed to spray by a stone. Afterwards, swollen to a flood and conscious of its destiny, disquieted no more by obstacle or circuit, it floats unvexed, knowing that, east or west, it nears the sea.

The city was asleep. They followed the street leading from the gate to the great square before the palace. Jeanne, deeming it to be the square of St. Sebastian in Maestricht, looked to see the tower and her garden wall. After her weary wanderings, the thought of home, of finding there her child, had given her strength and courage. Disappointed and alarmed by the strange aspect of this silent city, she began to ask questions, like a child unreasonable over delay and incapable of understanding. Passe Rose answered these questions as best she could, saying she knew not what; consoling, encouraging, promising, — how can one explain everything to a child? — having always before her eyes the wound the tusk had made, and in her ears the cry of Friedgis from the wood.

Before the palace gate she saw the guards chatting together. It was said that the Khan of the Huns would come with Pepin, as a hostage, and that a great hunt would take place the following week. They would show this pagan how one amused one's self in the woods of France. Would he had been with the king to-day! Such a boar was not to be had for the whistling. One who had been present when the beast was found dead beside the captain was tell-

ing its weight and the length of its tusks. *Passe Rose* drew near, listening.

"Was the captain hurt?" she asked.

The speaker turned. He was the Gascon who had aided the captain in carrying her to the wagon at *Inmaburg*.

"He hath a slit in his groin the length of a skewer." Then, seeing the girl's shining eyes between the folds of her mantle, "Ho, pretty dear, thou art late abroad;" and seizing her by the waist, he endeavored to snatch away her cloak. *Jeanne*, holding timidly to *Passe Rose's* hand, suddenly transformed, sprang to her rescue.

"Have a care for the hag's claws," laughed the others.

Passe Rose, taken unawares, struggled in the embrace of her assailant. "May the Devil spit me on his fork!" he cried, clasping her fast, but unable to free his neck from *Jeanne's* arms. "Hold the old witch!" he called to the others; "her fingers are like hooks." Loosing the girl's waist suddenly, he grasped her arms, and, forcing them slowly back, approached his face to hers.

"Tell me where the captain is, and I will give thee thy kiss," gasped *Passe Rose*. In the struggle, her cloak had been torn from her head, and her face, bent over backwards, was uncovered to the starlight.

"The captain's demon!" exclaimed the Gascon, letting go his hold and recoiling.

But *Passe Rose* held fast to his arm. "Tell me — where is he — it is for thy good."

"Leave go; the captain is at *Frankenburg* — the road is before thee — Ah, sorceress!" And wrenching his sleeve from her fingers, he drew back, signing himself. "Loose her!" he cried to the others, who still held *Jeanne*. "I had sooner kiss the Devil himself." And drawing his sword, he brandished it in circles above his head.

Jeanne, set free, was about to renew the encounter. "Come," said *Passe Rose*, seizing her hand and drawing her away. "Come," she whispered, — "come."

Bewildered and out of breath, but filled with rage, *Jeanne* obeyed reluctantly, muttering to herself and turning back to shake her clenched fist. "I will tell the abbot, — certainly I will tell the abbot. The rascals!"

"Hush," said *Passe Rose*, pressing her hand tighter and hurrying her away.

"Have we yet far to go?" asked *Jeanne*.

"Not far," replied *Passe Rose*.

Passing the king's basilica, they heard the voices of the choir intoning the midnight chant. The priest, bowing before the altar, had just said, "Let us pray for *Karle*, king and servant of God;" and the clerks were replying in unison, "O Christ, save *Karle*." The road forked without the gate, but the darkness was so intense that *Passe Rose* did not perceive it. As they hurried on, she was almost trampled under-foot by a horse which issued from the road branching to the right, and which she had not seen till the form of its rider, a woman, holding an arm aloft, was outlined above her against the sky. Recoiling, she plunged forward again, drawing *Jeanne's* hand closer within her cloak. Then she heard a cry such as no night animal utters, the human cry of distress. Was it the voice of her own fears, or did the rider call to her? Once more it came, a cry of mingled agony and rage, recalling to her that of the Saxon on the tower when leaping at her throat. *Dieu!* how like it was! And without turning back, she quickened her pace.

The stars were beginning to disappear in the east when the tower of *Frankenburg* rose from the trees. The morning had not yet come, but one felt that it was near, and that it would be beautiful

and serene. The thin fog, colored by the waters of the lake, commenced to stir, making ready to go, though the sun was yet below the horizon. From the border of the wood a bird sallied forth, uttering its first short song; and a rabbit, startled from its form by the approach of footsteps, erect in the dewy grass, shook the moisture from its ears. A column of blue smoke rose from the roof like another tower.

"We will rest here," said *Passe Rose*, "and eat."

"Aye," replied *Jeanne*, faint and tired, "let us rest here. The way is long."

Following the direction whence the smoke rose, through an opening in the hedge, *Passe Rose* perceived a small wooden cabin built against the outer wall. Still holding *Jeanne's* hand in hers, she entered the inclosure and drew near the house. Within, fagots were crackling, and a woman was preparing her morning meal. Seeing strangers approach, she came to the door. Her face was comely, and inspired confidence.

"A little food and rest," said *Passe Rose*, pointing to *Jeanne*.

"Aye, enter," replied the woman. "The pot is nearly done. Sit thee down here," she said to *Jeanne*, drawing a bench to the fire; "thy feet are wet with dew."

"Christ bless thee!" murmured *Jeanne*, taking the proffered seat, and spreading her hands to the blaze.

Passe Rose sat down beside her. The woman lifted the pot from the fireplace, gazing curiously at the pair as she continued her preparations. "My sister is milking," she said. "I will go fetch her, and we will eat together."

Passe Rose looked about the room. It was small, but clean. The fire sparkled brightly; a savory steam escaped from the pot. The warmth and the smell of food overcame her. She did not know till now that she was faint and

exhausted. She watched the escaping vapor in a sort of stupor of physical enervation and content. *Jeanne*, leaning against the chimney wall, was ready to fall asleep. Presently the woman was heard returning. *Passe Rose* started to her feet. For a moment she had forgotten everything. A young girl was with the woman, and they bore between them a large pail banded with iron, from which the milk froth dripped.

"Where is the captain," whispered *Passe Rose* in a low voice, holding her finger to her lips, and indicating *Jeanne*,—"he who was hurt yesterday in the wood?"

"The captain?" repeated the woman, setting down the pail, and regarding *Passe Rose* with surprise.

"Gui of Tours. They said he was here."

"In the grange yonder," answered the woman,—what would the girl with the king's captain?—"beyond the pond, in the wood," pointing over the hedge.

"Show me," said *Passe Rose*.

"Go with her, sister. Thou wilt not eat first?"

"Come," said *Passe Rose*, taking the child's hand, and leaving the woman gazing wonderingly after her.

"This way," said the child, as they passed through the hedge; and looking up into *Passe Rose's* face, "I will show thee. They would have brought him hither, to the castle, but his wound was grievous, so they left him yonder in the grange; it was nearer. Thy fingers bleed!" she exclaimed, scrutinizing *Passe Rose* with a child's curiosity, and observing both the collar of gold and the torn dress under her cloak. "Art thou his kinswoman?" *Passe Rose* shook her head. "Nay, that could not be," continued the child wisely. "I heard it said yesternight how the king loved him because he was betrothed to his daughter,—not the queen's, but another's. Oh, but the queen was distressed before the king returned. I sat

in the hedge when she passed by. They say a queen cannot weep, but I saw her eyes, and when the king came she embraced him before them all. Why should not a queen weep, since she can smile? They say the other never smiled, — the one whose ring is in the lake. Dost thou see the ripple there in a straight line between the two oaks? It is there the ring is hidden. When a bird flies over the spot, it loses the power of its wings, and falls like a stone. Beyond the point where thou seest the rocks glisten the boar was killed. That was near, eh? They brought it hither, — four horses could scarce drag it, — and I touched it with my hands. I am not afraid when it is dead. I had a father once who was killed by a stag. I have another now. He tracks the boar for the king the day before the hunt. Never did he see such an one as this. Its tusk was bent like my finger. That was because it was old. But it was fierce. Holy Virgin! it was fierce. A boar hooks like a bull. It stamps, also, with its feet."

"Is it far?" asked *Passe Rose*.

"Nay, two bow-shot. My mother is at the grange. She knows herbs to close a wound and drive the blood inward. The queen bade her care for the captain till she sent her own physician. Yester-morning my mother said some evil would befall, for a sheep left the flock and passed through the hollow of a tree. It is a sure sign of death. It happened so when my father was killed. This is the spot. Wait here. I will go fetch my mother. The queen gave her a gold sou not to leave his bed." And the girl disappeared on tip-toe through the door.

Steadying herself against the door-post, *Passe Rose* looked out through the wood where the lake lay. The sun, just risen, was breaking through the mist. In the trees the birds quarreled noisily. Golden bees buzzed among the vines. But she saw nothing, heard nothing.

She had forgotten all those terrible secrets repeated by the echoing walls of the tower. Overcome by the thought that she was about to see *Gui*, that there were no longer any barriers between her and him, she was saying to herself, "It is true. It is real. I am here." She heard a footstep approaching, but could not turn her head. Her limbs trembled as with cold, yet her heart burned.

"What wilt thou?" said a voice beside her.

She made an effort, faced about, and lifted her eyes. "The captain, — *Gui of Tours*."

The woman looked at her in silence, examining her from head to foot. Would she never speak? Was she perchance going to refuse? thought *Passe Rose*; and with the desperate strength of fear, "Take this collar to him," she said, unclasping it from her neck. "If it avails nothing, I will go." But in her heart she knew it would avail everything, that she would never go.

"He sleeps," replied the woman, hesitating.

Passe Rose did not stir. The eyes of these two women rendered words useless. One was saying, "You know it cannot be otherwise;" the other replied, "I understand."

Clinging to her mother's robe, the child looked from one to the other wisely. "Follow me," said the woman.

On reaching the room where *Gui* lay, she stood aside to let the girl pass, but remained in the doorway, the child still holding to her robe. *Passe Rose* crossed the room, and knelt down beside the couch in the farther corner. She forgot that they watched her. At that threshold she had left every human sentiment but love.

Gui was asleep. There was nothing to terrify. The chest rose and fell slowly and regularly; a pink flush colored the tanned face, turned upon its cheek. *Passe Rose* smiled, — a smile of which

she had no consciousness. This was the moment of which she had dreamed in her turret chamber at Maestricht, in the dark wood of Hesbaye, in the sheep-fold beside the Wurm. Her eyes saw everything : the hands which had fastened her collar ; the arms she had felt about her at Immaburg when her senses fled, in whose clasp she had left a part of herself, which she now found again. Underneath the covering was the wound, but the thought of it terrified her no longer. She was there, rich in health, courage, love. What could take him from her ? Death ? It was not possible. When death comes, one sees in the face the vain struggle against extinction ; one feels in one's own heart the vain revolt of its unsatisfied desires, and hears the outcry of its deathless passions ; there is a terrible presence against which rebellion is futile, which glides between us and life, its splendors and seductions. Nay, he was sleeping, and her heart was running over with projects and dreams ; peace filled the room, and without the sun was rising above the trees, the birds sang, and the golden bees flew in and out among the flowers. It seemed to her that he, too, smiled. Was he dreaming of her ? Did he know she was there ? His hand hung over the edge of the bed. She longed to touch it, but dared not, — he would wake. She would fix her eyes on his till they opened, like flowers to the sun. Nay, that were a sin. Sleep was precious to him. She would lay her head beside his hand and wait. O God, what a blessed moment when he should wake ! And with an impulse she could not resist she laid her cheek in his open palm.

Seigneur ! What had she done ! She held her breath. He did not stir. The hand was warm ; she could feel its pulse next her cheek. She did not dare to move again, so she lay still, timing her breathing to his, and listening to the pulse in her ear. It seemed to her

that in a moment she had entered some blessed precinct fenced about from peril. Those terrible realities of the night, the voices in the tower, the cry of Friedgis in the wood, the sudden apparition of Rothilde, the sickening moment of fear and struggle, the splash in the water below, and Jeanne, dear Jeanne, — all these things were close at hand, but outside her refuge, and came to her thought only as the cries of pursuers reach the ear of the fugitive safe within the sanctuary.

On a chest against the opposite wall she saw a tunic and leather *braies*, a linen shift and belt. She looked at them for a long time without being able to make up her mind to rise. Then a noise at the door caused her to lift her head : it was only the woman in the outer room. Passe Rose glanced at Gui : he was sleeping. Softly, her eyes fixed upon his face, she went to the chest. The linen was clotted with blood, the leather stiffened by the waters of the marsh. These things were unutterably dear to her ; in touching them it seemed as if she touched him. She lifted them noiselessly, searching for the papers. They were not there. She raised the lid of the chest. Within was a hunting-knife, its handle set with shining stones ; a sealed packet, aye ! and the paper she had found by the pond near the abbey ; and beside these, a little ball of crimson wool and a brass pendant, like those which hung from the border of her dress. She took the papers and hid them quickly in her bosom, but the ball and trinket she held in her hand, going back to her place beside the couch, and laying her head down on its edge. The wool was matted with blood ; the trinket, too, was discolored : they must have been torn from her dress at Immaburg.

Tears filled her eyes. Until now she had been happy in loving, but now, — O Blessed Mother, whose image she had thrown down, pardon, pardon ! for

surely the gods listen, — now she was happy in being loved; and unable to restrain herself, she reached out her arms and drew her lover's head to her bosom.

"Mother," said the child, "the captain is awake; they whisper together. Shall I fetch the drink?"

"Aye, go fetch it," replied the woman, looking in at the door, over the child's head.

Running to the spring hard by, the little maid returned presently with a bowl, from which she wiped the moisture. Holding it carefully in both hands, and watching the rim lest the contents should spill, she crossed the room.

"My mother says thou hast need of refreshment" — she began; then stammered and colored, she knew not why, and, setting the bowl on the chest by the couch, ran from the chamber. "Surely the captain is better," she said to her mother.

"Aye, indeed," muttered the latter to herself, as she drew the child from the door; "love and sage in May."

"I thought thee lost," said Gui. He held *Passe Rose's* hands in his.

"I thought thee dead," she answered in a whisper.

That was all. They could not speak, pressing each other's hands and exchanging radiant smiles. The questions which had tormented him, — why was she wandering alone in the wood of *Hesbaye*? why had she fled from the wagon? — he could not ask them; and she had forgotten the papers in her bosom, *Agnes of Solier*, and the boar's work, — her wound and his.

"Dost thou remember when I first saw thee, in the wood?" She nodded. "And at thy door, as I rode by? And in the meadow?" Her hands pressed his for answer. She no longer withdrew them, nor turned away her eyes. The very blood in her veins seemed still, she was so calm and contented. Have you seen the incoming sea toss the flags

in the marshes? But when the tide is full, what peace, what stillness! — not a stem trembles. At this moment she remembered what the Greek merchant had said to her at the fair of *St. Denis*: "The gods made thee to delight their eyes." The words which had angered her then now made her smile with happiness. "Tell me that thou lovest me," said Gui.

Love him! Could he not see? Did she shrink away, as in the meadow? Then, she, the weak, was his; now, he, the strong, was hers. An indescribable sense of security possessed her. Love him! Without, the wood rang with the songs of birds issuing from its sunlit borders, mounting skywards from its silent glades, shaking the dew in little showers from their ruffled feathers, trying their wings, audacious, their tiny throats trembling with melody. Can one call them back to their nesting-places after the sun is risen? As well seek to call back from the face what the heart sets free. Love him! Could he not see? And then suddenly all those shy and modest spirits which guard the inmost sanctuary rose in mutiny and alarm, and she hid her face on his breast.

"Rose, *Passe Rose*," murmured Gui, endeavoring in vain to lift her head; for she clung the closer, burying her face in the covering of the bed. His arm glided under the robe which enveloped her shoulders, drew her to him, and he kissed the head, whose fine hairs trembled at every breath, close to his lips.

"Nay, it is not possible that I am here," she thought. She forced herself to imagine that she was far away, that night was coming on in the great wood of *Hesbaye*, that she hid in the sheepfold by the *Wurm*; shutting her eyes to better feign her past fears. How cold and wet was the moss next her cheek; and the wind, how it sighed! What darkness, and what sounds! Feeling

all the while his breath stir her hair, and saying to herself, "It is true, it is true."

"Where is thy wound?" she asked, lifting her head quickly.

"It is nothing," replied Gui.

"Show me," she said, kneeling beside the couch, and uncovering his limb.

At the touch of her fingers he blushed, turning away his head and closing his eyes. The bandage, stained by a yellow ointment, was drawn tightly over the thigh. At the sight of it, *Passe Rose* remembered a terrible valley strewn with corpses and filled with groans. Where, when, she did not know. Till now she had completely forgotten it. But she saw herself distinctly, a little girl, stumbling under the jar of fresh water on her shoulder, running from group to group under the trees where the wounded were laid: one, a clear-eyed boy, — she remembered him well, — to whose lips she held her jar, while a monk washed the wound with white wine, stanching it with the miraculous salve which he took from the flask at his girdle, and who, when he had done, traced a cross upon the linen band, and repeated the four names of God containing the seven vowels. She wished to pronounce now those names of the Blessed God, but she had forgotten them; so she drew a cross quickly upon the bandage with her finger, and repeated those of the four Evangelists in their stead. Relieved and comforted by this act, she covered the limb again gently, and taking the bowl from the chest held it to Gui's lips.

"Thy hand bleeds," he said.

"Drink first. I will tell thee."

He obeyed, interrogating her face. For the first time he asked himself how she came to be there. As he sipped the liquid in little swallows, a horn sounded without; then came the neighing of horses and the chatter of voices. *Passe Rose* listened. The woman was at the door, beckoning her. "They are here.

Seigneur Dieu, come away!" she whispered.

"Do not go," said Gui, endeavoring to raise himself. His eyes were fixed upon *Passe Rose* imploringly, and he sought to retain her hand. She stooped to his ear, saying something which caused him to smile. He let go her hand, and she went out. Through the door she saw a company of women, escorted by horsemen. The sun sparkled in the fringes of the harness and glittered on the spear-heads, and pages in colored capes stood at the palfreys' stirrups. The women were dismounting, and among them *Passe Rose* recognized *Heluiz of Hesbaye*, then *Gesualda*. She searched for a third, *Agnes of Solier*, but could not discover her. There was also a monk, in the black habit of the Benedictines, having a sprinkling-rod in his hand. "He must be the physician sent by the queen," thought *Passe Rose*. She stood watching them as they approached, till she heard the voice of *Gesualda* above the others, when she sprang to the door in the rear, and hid in the shrubbery which masked the out-buildings. Having waited till the company had entered, she stole behind the hedge to where the horses were tethered, and putting aside the branches softly looked between the leaves. The soldiers were sitting in groups in the shade; near by, the horses browsed, their bridle-reins thrown over the lances planted in the ground. The little maid who had shown her to the grange ran among them, stroking their glossy necks, and timidly offering them grass from her hand.

"Have a care; that one bites!" cried a soldier stretched on the moss, and laughing at the quick withdrawal of the extended hand.

"Thou art jesting," said the maid, looking from the speaker to the steed, which arched its neck, trembling with desire, and blowing the froth from its nostrils.

"On my faith, have a care."

Studying the brown eyes and the ears pricked forward, the girl advanced her hand again slowly, till the velvet mouth just grazed her palm, and cast a triumphant glance over her shoulder.

"Wilt thou mount?" asked the soldier, rising.

"Aye, willingly!" cried she, clapping her hands.

He lifted her in his arms, and set her in the saddle. "So, now, softly. Sign thyself and say thy prayers."

The child laughed, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Heu!" she said, taking the rein.

The soldier looked at her admiringly. "Amuse thyself, but go not far," he called after her, as she made her way between the trees.

Gliding along the hedge, *Passe Rose* ran towards the angle where the path from the grange entered the road. The little maid, her bare feet pressed against the horse's flanks, her fingers grasping the tufts of hair hanging from the saddle-bow, did not at first perceive her, being occupied in personating the Queen of Sheba coming to Jerusalem, with a very great train of camels, bearing spices, gold, and precious stones. Holding her head erect, she endeavored to impress upon her features, radiant with joy, the dignity befitting her station, talking to herself as she rode.

"Thy mother calls thee," said a voice, just before her. Queen and camels and spices vanished. She looked up and saw *Passe Rose*. "Run, quick! I will care for the horse."

The child slid to the ground in terror, her thoughts divided between the reality and the dream. Would her mother then punish the Queen of Sheba? and gathering the skirt of her dress in her hand, she ran with all her might towards the house. She had not disappeared under the leafage of the oaks before *Passe Rose* was in her place, and the feet of *Gesualda's* palfrey were echoing on the road to Aix.

XXI.

At the foot of the tower by the ford of the Wurm the waters lie still and deep. A lance hurled by a strong arm into the heart of the pool disappears its entire length, then rebounds, falls side-wise, turns slowly in the eddy, shoots into the channel next the bank, past every root and hollow where it would pause, till it reaches the crescent of sand below. Here the waters, tired of their toy, cast it up on the bar, and hurry on over a broad slant of pebbles. This year's blossom or last year's leaf, the dead or the living, the Wurm treats all alike.

Reeling from the edge of the tower, it seemed to Rothilde that the river leaped up to embrace her. She put out her hands, turned in mid-air, saw the sky twinkling with stars, — then everything disappeared. Her feet were entangled in her cloak. She straightened her limbs to free them from its folds, shutting her mouth and bracing the muscles of her chest and throat against the pressure which strangled her. At last the stars appeared again; she could breathe once more. Her hands were free, and she struggled blindly for the shore. But the river was not done with her. It whirled her round like a straw in its eddy, sucked her down where it left the pool, drove her past root and stem at which she clutched, till, tired of its plaything, it pushed it aside on the shallow, and ran rippling over the shingle.

The instant her feet touched the sand she knew she was saved. Those terrible visions which crowd upon the eyes confronted by sudden death, and which for the moment seem the only realities, were gone, and all the energy of life, its hopes and fever, were hers again. Breathless and spent, shivering with the chill of the river, bewildered as one waking from a nightmare, but safe, she

crawled to the top of the bar, laughing hysterically. "Nay, not yet, not yet," she repeated to herself. She unwound from her feet the cloak which trailed behind her, leaving a glistening track upon the sand, and wrung the water from her silver-braided dress. The tower rose among the trees, — what a leap! The girl had worsted her. "Wait, wait!" she cried through her chattering teeth, loosening her clinging dress; "my time is not yet come." As she broke her way through the bushes which fringed the shore, a sharp pain smote her in the breast, — the chill of the water, she thought. If the horse were still there, she would warm her blood with such a gallop as the page never dreamed of. Dieu! the pain again! Her bosom was wet, not with water, but with something slimy, which stuck to her fingers. Had the girl struck her? It was not possible; she felt herself strong, — the strength of ten lives! Crossing an open space, she held up her hand in the starlight. Aye, it was blood; it ran down her wrist. She opened her dress to see whence it came. A mere scratch, — let it bleed: it was blood shed for the king; every drop the heart lost would buy what it desired. She tore the shreds of her neckerchief from her throat, rolled them together, and pressed them within her robe, hurrying on through the wood. As the tower appeared between the trees, she paused to listen. The horse was still there, — she could hear it browsing in the grass; there was no other sound, and she stepped out cautiously from behind the trunk of a tree. The horse lifted its head and neighed. She held out her hand, speaking softly, cajolingly, till the rein was in her grasp. In a quarter-hour she would be with the king! She led the horse along the bank, for the space between the river and the trees was narrow and the branches hung low, and on reaching the road sprang for the saddle. But the hand which grasped the mane gave way, and she fell back

with a cry of pain. The blood trickled into her palm again. Had the girl cut her arm? She had felt nothing, yet it was from there the blood came. Rolling back the sleeve, she turned her arm to the light. Aye, the wound was there. She tore a strip from her dress, and, holding one end between her teeth, knotted it above the wrist, twisting it tightly with a broken branch. With but one hand, she could not fasten the knot securely. In spite of every effort it slipped and loosened. Abandoning the attempt, she stepped upon a stone, and climbed to the saddle. The horse, feeling the pressure of her knees, bounded forward. It was not so easy to hold her seat as when galloping with the page. She turned the mare's head into the road which led to Frankenburg, through the wood, and which joined the highway without the eastern gate, where, if need were, she might enter the city. What secret apprehension, what presentiment of peril, brought this to mind she would not confess; she only knew that at every leap a lance-like pain caught her breath. Holding her arm close to her face, she strained her eyes to see how it fared; but the shadow of the overhanging trees was so dense, she could discern nothing. She could endure the pain no longer, and drew the rein to slacken the pace. From time to time, a feeling of sinking made her fingers clutch the mane, and a horrible misgiving that she was fainting, dying, oppressed her. The horse was walking now; if she could but reach the gate! Cursed blood! oozing through the bandage, running into her palm, dripping from her fingers, like a living thing. God! was it possible? — to vanquish the river only to see life ebb under her eyes, drop by drop! The thought of her arm filled her with rage; she wished to strike it, to cut it off. Hark! the midnight bell in the king's chapel. The gate must be close by. Aye, she could hear the voice of the watch crying the

hour in the palace court. With a desperate calm she rewound the bandage and tightened the knot, then held her arm aloft to diminish the flow. As the gate loomed up before her, the horse started back, nearly throwing her from her seat, and she saw two forms hurrying away in the darkness. "Help!" she cried, turning in the saddle. The tones of her own voice, wavering beyond control in her throat, frightened her. "Help!" But no answer came back. "Cowards!" she muttered through her set teeth; and still holding her arm aloft, clinging to the saddle with the other, she passed under the gate. Not a soul was in sight, and the echo of the horse's feet beat back and forth between the walls. The pain was gone, but a sensation of suffocation oppressed her. She had forgotten the king now; all her desire was for instant relief. It seemed to her that she could not longer retain her hold; that she must slide to the ground, where she might fix her arms against something firm, to get relief for her laboring lungs. The horse was turning into the square, and she fastened her eyes upon a light shining before her. It looked so far! Feeling no rein, the horse wandered from the direct course, lifting its head intelligently for some sign. She made an effort to guide it with her knees, and at the same instant a spasm of suffocation so terrible attacked her that she cried out, forgetting everything, and sliding to the ground, where she supported herself upon her hands, like the wounded gladiator dying from loss of blood, and lifting himself with a last gasp for air above the sand of the arena. At that moment, from the basilica where the light shone came the response of the clerks: "O Christ, save Karle." Refreshed as by a draught of wine, she raised her head and opened her eyes. Where was she? Overhead a single star gazed steadfastly at her; and about it, in narrowing circles, swept its myriad fellows, — oh, so fast, so fast! — a whirlpool of stars,

shouting in her ears, "Christ, save Karle!" long after her wide-open eyes had ceased to see.

It was then that Brother Dominic, returning from midnight service in the king's oratory, as he hastened across the square, saw a horse, trembling with fear, and sniffing at something lying at its feet. Hurrying to the spot, the monk stooped above it. Jesu! the woman of Immaburg! Her eyes stared at him fixedly. Distraught, not knowing what to do, Brother Dominic wrung his hands, ran a little space, crying, "Succor! succor!" returned, lifted the body in his arms, and staggered towards the palace gate. A groan escaped the woman's lips. He had taken her awkwardly, and she slipped from his grasp. He laid her down, bending his ear to the bloodless lips. Faint with horror and fasting, he began to run once more, crying, "Succor! succor!" Men with torches were issuing from the guard-room under the archway. "Ho! this way! Succor!" cried Brother Dominic, out of breath.

The Gascon was first on the spot. "God's wounds!" he exclaimed, holding the torch above his head, and recognizing Rothilde.

His comrades crowded about him with excited speech: —

"Loosen her girdle."

"She is dead."

"I saw her enter with the page."

"Nay, she rode out again."

"Stand off, — give her air!" cried the Gascon, pushing them back. "Fetch water, quick!"

"She hath water enough," said one, aiding him to unfasten her girdle.

"Look, she bleeds. Hold thy torch here. Some one hath stabbed her!" exclaimed the Gascon. "The monk, the monk!"

Brother Dominic had not stirred from the spot where he stood. To his sensitive vision, a supreme egoism, the egoism of a soul which sees in every phenomenon the interference of God in its behalf

or the effort of Satan to entrap it, rendered every event a phase of that fierce struggle between the powers of good and evil for his possession. He watched with anguish this desperate combat, whose issue involved his spiritual destiny. To his soul, concentrated upon itself, alert to every influence, impersonating its own impulses, penetrated by the sublime conviction of its dignity, life was an expanding circle, centred in his own individual experience. For God had opened his eyes. He had been environed by wonders, and he had not known it. Spirits, palpable, visible, surrounded him, and he had not seen them. They were within him, rousing every evil desire, and bringing to shame a life of consecration. They were without him: by the wayside as he journeyed; in the goldsmith's daughter, who took from his very hand the papers with which he had been entrusted; in the woman of Immaburg, whose compelling presence enslaved his will, distilling sweet but noxious perfumes from her hair, lighting in her garnet girdle unholy fires, luring him through her lips with unhallowed promises. Aye, God had opened his eyes; he, who thought himself the least of all with whom he mingled, was the prize for which they contended. Glad to escape from that spacious chamber which had formerly been his pride, where lingered the odor of a cendal tissue, whose walls were ever whispering to him, "Be discreet, and I will pay thee in what coin thou wilt," he had consecrated himself anew in the gloom and chill of the king's chapel. Even while he prayed, struggling to put his foot on the neck of his infirmity, a pearl chaplet gleamed before his shut eyes; and when he raised them aloft, imploring succor, the brooch shining on the mantle of the shadowy form in the king's tribune seemed the eye of God fastened upon him. Above all else he yearned for his narrow cell at Maestricht. Sitting at his desk by its win-

dow, he had often longed to follow the birds, resting for a moment on the apple branch within reach of his hand, to disappear in the far mysterious horizon. The way had appeared hard then; but it was the way to heaven. Horrified as he was by the spectacle before his eyes, he felt that God had come to his aid. The pride of beauty and the lust of flesh, — these had almost gotten the mastery of him; and he saw them prostrate in the mire of the street. Surely God trampled his adversaries under-foot. The joy of an immense deliverance broke into praise at the very moment when the soldiers seized him, and every emotion was swallowed up in the exultation of spiritual victory.

"Bind him fast," cried the Gascon; "let him not escape!"

Brother Dominic, offering no resistance, was smiling. Would God indeed measure the depth of his repentance as he had tried the faith of the martyrs? For through stripes and suffering even those who had offended him became his friends, and thus the martyrs had gained their crowns.

"Aië, aië," said the soldier, binding his wrists, "a monk stab a woman!"

XXII.

On dismounting at the ford of the Wurm, Sergius and his companion had left their horses to browse in the forest. Feeding quietly among the reeds, the latter had strayed to the pool where *Passe Rose* had set her jar, for there the grass, moistened by the trickling water, grew rank and tender. Close by lay the body of Friedgis.

Suddenly the leader drew back, trembling, its nostrils inflated, ears bent forward, and tail extended; then wheeled, communicating its terror to its fellow, and plunged through the brakes.

One would be at a loss to know what death is, were the representations of the

mind, complex and mysterious as is the mind itself, its only witnesses. A gasp for air when the spirit lies in stupor? A liberation from the wants of the body? An usher at a door? A realmless king, slighted by love, mocked by ambition, defied by a swaggering nobody? An enemy, before whose approach "life is an organized retreat," turning to victory at the final rout? But death will wear none of these guises. To-day, as on the first day, it appears under one simple aspect, — the corpse upon the bier, a form no longer human, not yet material, inspiring the same terror which the horse felt when the nameless odor of this which had once subjugated him and which he had loved reached his nostrils in the wet grass, and he bounded panic-stricken through the wood.

"This way," said the soldier, stumbling over the uneven ground.

"Where art thou?" replied the prior, groping behind in the darkness.

"Here, to thy left. Have a care, — there is a pool. Damned horses! they have escaped us."

"Listen!" said Sergius, turning his ear to the wind; "we have passed the spot."

"Nay, nay, this way; I remember!" cried his companion, continuing his search, and uttering an oath at every obstacle.

Embarrassed by his robe, Sergius followed in the direction indicated, till, caught in a thicket whose stems stabbed his face at every movement, he was forced to stop. "Where art thou?" he asked again. Receiving no answer, he made another effort to extricate himself; then paused again to listen. At some distance he heard a noise of breaking bushes, but the sounds seemed behind him. The leaves trembled in the fresh air of night, and the water from the spring trickled between the stones. "It were best to follow the stream," he thought to himself; "it must lead to the river;" and, stooping, he felt his way

with his hands. But the gurgle of the water was lost in the leaves' rustle, which resembled the murmur of the river, now before, now behind him. "Holla!" he cried, rising to his feet, bewildered. In a space which a swallow traverses with a single beat of its wing he was lost as completely as in an immense wilderness. No longer knowing whither he went, he hurried forward, changing his course unconsciously at every barrier, and stopping from time to time in a vain endeavor to reason.

At last his feet sank in the marshy ground, and he observed that reeds had succeeded the thicket. He must be near the river. As he advanced cautiously over the miry soil, the trees became more scattered and a clear space of stars opened overhead, his foot struck the sand, and he heard the wash of water. Traversing the wood parallel to the river, he had struck the latter far below the ford. He hastened to the bank; for a moment the Wurm appeared to him to be flowing in the wrong direction. He struggled slowly through the dense growth which lined the shore, not daring to trust himself beyond hearing of the water, following the windings of the stream. When he reached the spot where Rothilde had dragged herself from the current, signs of dawn were in the east. So slow and exhausting was his progress through the bushes which choked the bank that, seeing the opposite bank was more open, he crossed over by the bar jutting out into the shallows. From the meadow the tower was visible in the gray dawn. At every sound he paused to listen. Where was his companion? Fool! they should have kept together. When the wind sighed and the rubbing branches creaked, he thought he heard the whinny of a horse, — a horse which followed his voice as a dog hugs the heel of a shepherd, and which had deserted him like a wild colt when minutes were precious! At the ford he plunged in un-

hesitatingly, although the water was deep. "It is not far," he thought, shivering, for the stream was cold.

When he reached the gate, day was come, and the streets were filled with people. He sought his lodging by circuitous ways, for his robe was torn, and its skirt wet and stained with mire. From the preparations he saw on every side he divined the coming of Pepin. From the courtyard of the abbot of Fontenelle issued a tumult of voices. Profiting by the confusion, and resolved upon first interrogating Brother Dominic, he drew his hood over his face, and, slipping through the crowd unobserved, gained the monk's chamber. The room was empty. A candle, burned to the socket, stood on the table; the bed was undisturbed. From the window he saw gathered the abbot's followers, and, not daring again to risk observance, determined to wait till the train should pass out. As he barred the door, he saw at his feet something which glistened, — a black pearl! That it was one which belonged to Rothilde's fillet he was sure. He endeavored to recall her as she stood at the tower door in the starlight: had she worn the fillet that night? Holding the pearl in his hand, he felt the perspiration start in beads from his forehead. The night's mischance, like a little cloud before the sun, casting a shadow out of all proportion to its size, had filled him with anxiety and alarm. Tortured by uncertainty, every event assumed importance. What devil's imp directed them! He had taken a serf for a servant, and this stolid fellow, with the shoulders of an ox, had the eyes of a ferret; or did the girl lie? Her mocking smile haunted him. He had chosen her for her wit; had she outwitted him? He had sought to turn her passion to his purpose; had she purposes of her own? With what eagerness she demanded Friedgis's life, like a tigress lapping blood! Did she really fear him? If, as she asserted, he had followed her

to the church of St. Marcellus, why had she gone to the hunt? What! he tracks her from the church to the palace, asks for the king, and again for the queen, and she rides unconcerned to the chase at Frankenburg? It was incredible. Why then did she thirst so for his life? They were of the same race; did they perchance know each other? thought the prior. And the Greek failed him at the decisive moment! But for his delay this had been the very night; and now the papers were in the hands of the king's captain. What fiend's luck had sent this captain to Maestricht! And a multitude of forgotten details crowded upon the prior's recollection. — Gui's inquiry at the abbey for *Passe Rose*, the latter's disappearance, her presence at Immburg, where Rothilde had seen her with the monk. "So," thought the prior, looking at the pearl in his hand and thinking of Brother Dominic, "thou also hast passions and purposes."

Without, the tumult had ceased, and he resolved to gain his own room. The day was passing, and he had much to do. Not to risk something was to lose everything. He had drawn the bolt and his hand was on the door, when it trembled under the blow of a sword. He recoiled a step; his fingers closed on the pearl. The door was thrust open, and the Gascon stood on the threshold. His sword was in his hand, and others pressed behind him. The prior stood speechless; he had the appearance of a mute, whose emotions betray themselves only by convulsive expressions of the face.

"Ah, Monseigneur!" cried the Gascon, uncovering himself as he advanced, "we were seeking thee everywhere. The monk that was with thee hath stabbed a woman of the princesses' household. We have him fast, and he sends for thee."

For a moment the prior experienced an intense joy, the satisfaction of having escaped an imminent peril, before which

every preoccupation vanished. "It is not possible," he said, with a foolish smile. "What woman?"

"If thou wilt come with us, Monseigneur, I will show thee," pursued the Gascon, leading the way, and eager to relate his story. "We were of the watch at the palace gate. There came a cry from without" —

"What woman?" repeated Sergius, following the Gascon's hurried step. His agitation had returned again.

"The Saxon whom the queen brought with her from Ehresberg. Dead, Monseigneur, dead. She came from Frankenburg with a page after sundown. The page says she went out again. Well, there was a cry, and we ran out. She lay in the square, midway between the gate and the church; the monk stood over her. Her garments were soaked with blood, like water, — aye, and there was water too. We bore her to the guard-room, and laid her on the trencher, thinking her dead. Suddenly her eyes opened, like a spring. I asked her who had done her injury. With that she raised herself, and cried, 'The king! the king!' Then her lips curled from her teeth, and she fell back dead, Monseigneur, — dead, like that," and the Gascon clacked his tongue, making a quick gesture of the hand.

"Dead?" repeated Sergius. "It is not possible, — it is not possible."

"Aye, and from a little cut on the wrist, no bigger than a thorn would make. But the water, Monseigneur, the water, — how explain that? She was drenched, like a ewe fallen into a pit. The monk answers nothing, yet his robe is smeared with blood. The devil is in it, — I will tell thee why. There came a girl to-night, with an old woman, asking for the captain, Gui of Tours, the same who was hurt by the boar yesterday. For a jest, Monseigneur, just for a jest, thinking her some wench late abroad, I caught her by the waist, and I swear to thee her touch was fire. Before I could

loose her she had gotten from me that the captain was at Frankenburg; the words slipped from my tongue like a tear from an eye. But I saw her face, — oh, I saw it well. Dost thou remember the day I came with the captain to Maestricht, — when this monk returned with us? As we went down the hill, a demon appeared to him in the hedge by the roadside, — a demon having the form of a young girl. It is likely enough, for when the captain returned from pursuing her he was like a man in wine. I tell thee, Monseigneur, this selfsame girl — witch or girl I know not — came to Immburg, whether for the captain or the monk I cannot say. As I stood in the court waiting for the women, — it was the night we came hither, — the captain issued from the chapel with the girl in his arms. I thought her then certainly to be flesh and flood, and made a place for her, as the captain bade me. But on the road, by the ford of the Wurm, she escaped, like a smoke. For two hours we searched; not a trace. Hard by is a tower, where, they say, demons congregate. Well, — wilt thou believe it? — it was this girl that came to-night. Here, Monseigneur, this way."

The court of the palace was thronged with people gazing at the horsemen of the king's guard, drawn up within, and waiting for the order to set out on the road to Colonia, by which the king of Italy was approaching. To escape the crowd, the Gascon entered the guard-room by a side door. A few soldiers and attendants, on whose faces were blended expressions of curiosity and apprehension, were whispering together in low, excited tones as they entered. Seeing the prior's robe, those nearest him drew back, signed themselves, and ceased their conversation. Following his conductor, Sergius advanced, without regarding them. At the threshold of the adjoining room the Gascon paused. "Enter, Monseigneur," he said, lifting

the curtain. The prior took a step forward, and stood still. Before him was a table surrounded by women, and on the table a body, partially naked. Seeing the priest, one of the women spread a cloth hastily over the body, and drew it to the chin. Vessels of water and spiced wine stood on the floor, near the wall. Sergius saw everything, yet he had not taken his eyes from the heap of clothing on which they were fixed: a dress soaked with water; a sandal, its silver lacings soiled with mud, protruding from an under-tunic stiffened with blood; and fragments of a tissue veil. And suddenly, out of that stained, disordered heap, Rothilde rose before him, as he had seen her sitting on the lid of the king's sarcophagus, warm with life, the veil about her throat, the fillet in her hair, her eyes shining upon him from between the folds of her head-cloth. As if fearful of awakening some one asleep, the women drew back on tiptoe, transformed by the presence of death, — death, so common yet so wonderful, so simple yet so mysterious. With a deep-drawn breath, the prior looked up to the face on which the candles shone. No trace of terror, pain, or passion disfigured it. A serenity no sleep could counterfeit, no emotion disturb, reigned there. Yet this face, this form outlined under the sinister dra-

pery of the linen drawn over the limbs, had no reality for him; he saw only the slender, supple figure balanced on the edge of the king's sarcophagus, the face insolent with joy, whose eyes menaced him by the tower on the Wurm.

"Monseigneur," said a voice behind him.

At its sound these visions vanished, and the reality was before him, — clay to be washed and anointed with spices. *She* was not there. Where, then? Did she see him now?

"Monseigneur."

The prior turned quickly. The Gascon stood in the doorway, and behind him the chief of the king's pages. Why did they observe him so? They stood aside as he passed out, and he crossed the guard-room to the door by which he had entered. Against this door leaned a soldier, who looked at the wet skirt of his robe as he approached.

"Show me to the monk," he said, turning to the Gascon. He thought the latter followed him, but now he perceived that he was alone in the middle of the room.

"Monseigneur," said the Gascon, with a politeness which affected him strangely, "it is no longer the monk who desires to see thee."

"Who, then?" stammered the prior.

"Monseigneur, the king."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

For fondling arm, warm breast, and life's sweet tide.

What dost thou to thy mother make return?

Some madcap girl can win thee from her side;

Few tears, at best, hast thou above her urn.

Only to Earth, thy mother, art thou just:

To her thou givest all within thy power,

Thy life, thy breath, thyself, — a pinch of dust.

To star her bosom with a summer flower.

E. Wilson.

THE ISTHMUS CANAL AND OUR GOVERNMENT.

It is a noticeable circumstance that though the Panama and Nicaragua routes have shared the suffrages of most engineers, certain authorities have opposed both. Could we judge from the language used in some quarters, no one, probably, would have thought of undertaking either. Such criticisms come to mind at a time when the embarrassment of the Panama Company involves in so much doubt the question how the enterprise is to be finished, while, on the other hand, the difficulties of the Nicaragua route, be they what they may, have thus far prevented any attempt to overcome them. We are almost ready to ask, Have not the critics of these routes been partly right?

One of the authorities referred to is Walton W. Evans. A lecture delivered by this able engineer before the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1880, and several communications to the American Geographical Society, are evidence of his acquaintance with the subject and his competence to discuss it. In one respect Evans agreed with De Lesseps: both insisted that the canal to join the Atlantic and Pacific should be a sea-level canal. De Lesseps favored the Panama route, forty-three miles long; Evans, the San Blas, ten miles shorter. Upon the latter a slight impediment exists in the shape of a mountain, through which it would be necessary to bore a ship tunnel seven miles long; and this consideration has led most engineers to favor Panama as against San Blas, although at the latter point the coasts of the eastern and western seas approach nearest to each other. Evans, although in favor of a sea-level canal, was convinced that such a work was not practicable at Panama. Meeting De Lesseps on one occasion in Paris, he assured him that he would never succeed in excavat-

ing such a channel at that point. That there was force in the prediction is apparent from the fact that in the fall of 1887 De Lesseps gave up the sea-level plan, and adopted locks.

While Evans was opposed to Panama, he was no less hostile to Nicaragua. In a communication to the American Geographical Society, made in December, 1879, he said:—

“A canal built on the Nicaragua route will be, when finished, a total failure, and all the money invested in it utterly sunk; for the day is not far distant when the trade of the world will demand that a canal be built between the two oceans on the shortest route and on the most direct line, regardless of the difficulties that may be encountered.”

Alongside Mr. Evans we may cite another American authority, Frederick M. Kelley, of New York. Mr. Kelley's laborious interest in the solution of the question and his munificent contributions to that end—he spent out of his private fortune \$120,000 for surveys on the Isthmus—are well known. We omit Mr. Kelley's testimony against Nicaragua, since it is similar to that of Mr. Evans. With respect to Panama he wrote:—

“As we are building the canal for all time and to satisfy the ever-expanding wants of commerce, it is the height of folly to locate it where dangerous floods and almost bottomless swamps will destroy it and render useless the undertaking.”¹

The noticeable thing about this judgment is that Mr. Kelley subsequently used the undisputed right of a Yankee, and changed his mind. After De Lesseps had got his enterprise under way, the New York banker published a letter,

¹ Journal of the American Geographical Society for 1879, page 141.

in which he indorsed the enterprise he had previously condemned. De Lesseps had adopted the principle which both Evans and Kelley held to be essential, the sea-level plan; he had chosen for his undertaking a spot where, even if locks were provisionally put in, they might be subsequently taken out, and the work cut to the sea level. This, on the other hand, cannot be done at Nicaragua. Such considerations determined Mr. Kelley to take the position he did in his letter of May 21, 1883. He predicted, at its close, that the barrier of the Cordilleras would be flung down at Panama, and the oceans thus united. Whether Mr. Kelley's prediction of 1879, that "dangerous floods and almost bottomless swamps" would ruin the work, or that of 1883 be the more credible, each, according to his preference, may decide. As for Mr. Evans, it appears from certain utterances, made not long before his death in 1886, that he never became favorably disposed to the Panama enterprise. So vehemently impartial was he in his hostility both to Nicaragua and to Panama that he averred in 1879 that any attempt to construct a canal upon either route would be "the extreme of folly." With all respect to this noted engineer, whose *chef d'œuvre* is the remarkable railroad in Peru, which threads the Andes 15,648 feet above the sea, we are disposed to maintain, and public sentiment will bear us out in this matter, that in the course of not many years either the Panama "folly" or the Nicaragua "folly" will be carried through. Either through the cut of Culebra or the lake of Nicaragua the wings of commerce and its machine-propelled ships are to pass by night and day.¹ What the relation of the canal to the United States is to be we shall soon be called upon to decide.

Upon the importance of such a work we have no occasion to dwell. Mr.

¹ Ships which carry electric lights are allowed to traverse the Suez Canal by night.

Evans — and it is a pleasure to quote him in this case, because we are able to agree with him better than in his twin fulminations against Panama and Nicaragua — averred in 1879 that this canal matter was "the most important matter in the line of progress now before the world." If we take into account both the commercial aspect of the case and that which concerns the international status of such a work, but little exaggeration is implied in these words. It is probable that the Suez Canal and the Interoceanic Canal of America are to introduce significant modifications into international law. To the political aspects of the question as much importance attaches as to those more obvious and material. The elements of this political significance we propose to take up. Such a question concerns our country as much as any other. In the opinion of not a few it concerns us more.

Should we apply to history for a precedent possessed of like conditions, one is immediately found. There is perhaps but one, — the recent settlement of the international status of the Suez Canal. This problem is in fact settled in the Old World. Its settlement in the New has not been as yet attained. After negotiations which lasted several years, a basis of agreement was reached by the French and English governments. Twenty-eight years after the beginning of the work, and eighteen after it was opened, the relation it was to sustain to international law was fixed. A convention was signed by France and England October 24, 1887. By this the neutrality of the work is established. It is to be open indiscriminately to the merchantmen and war-ships of all states; all to stand upon the same level. To the Italian government, whose influence had been exerted in favor of this solution, the thanks of the French were officially conveyed. The German government acquiesced in this solution. Finally, after certain modifications, none essential, the

convention was signed, October 29, 1888, by the representatives of the Powers. In this instrument, pains are taken to establish directly and indirectly the principle of equal, impartial right; the most insignificant state cannot complain that her ships and citizens are not treated as well as others. It might have been impossible to reach such a result in the seventeenth or eighteenth century; but over its predecessors the nineteenth has indisputable advantages.

The first question we shall probably ask is, whether we can do better than this. Could any solution of our own interoceanic question be devised that would better answer the needs, perhaps apprehensions, of weaker and smaller states and the susceptibilities of the larger?

But precedents are not to count for everything. Sometimes they are on the wrong side. A useful recourse, at times, in examining disputed points, is to suppose a case. While this method is no more conclusive than precedents, it may throw light on the matter investigated, and assist us to reach a conclusion. Suppose that nature, anticipating the needs of man, had cut the isthmus of Central America, and that the passage was so wide that it would be impossible for any state, by seizing either shore, to fortify and command the strait. Such a channel would be open to all. Would it be possible for any state, even the most insignificant, to allege that nature had done her wrong? If, however, man, left to his own resources, cuts the passage, if he determines that it shall be used by all upon the same terms, would not his determination be just? By such a course, would the chances of international rivalries, disputes liable to degenerate into every sort of complication, be lessened or increased? One of the tendencies of civilization is to restrict, not to pamper, the causes of animosity between states. One of the ways of promoting this object, as far as inter-

oceanic communication goes, is to reject the policy of special privileges and special rights. This view has prevailed in the Old World. Must it not prevail in the New?

The policy of the United States at present is in favor of this solution; and to the credit of our government it may be said that this has been its regular and normal policy for fifty years, ever since its attention was first called to the subject. Into treaty stipulations of another character it has never consented to enter. That tendencies of a nature hostile to this traditional policy have existed is not to be denied, but the regular practice of the United States has been that described.

Let us consider the manner in which this policy has been pursued and promulgated, glancing also at such attempts as have been made to depart from it. Our government recognizes to-day what may be called the liberal principles of interoceanic intercourse. Europe recognizes them, too. The more these principles are considered, the more disposed shall we be to approve them and look forward to their recognition by the entire world. The sentiment of posterity — is not the assertion conservative and safe? — will reprobate any attempt to interfere with them, or substitute for them policies, even tendencies, of any other kind.

Should the project of a canal at Nicaragua — in its interest several elaborate surveys have been made since 1870 — ever reach fulfillment, the sketch which we propose will apply to this undertaking as well as to that at Panama. In the course of our examination, we shall have occasion more than once to refer to Nicaragua. The treaty of 1848 with New Granada had reference to the building of a transit-way at Panama. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty had special reference to the scheme of the lake.

A coincidence, which calls to mind divergences rather than concords, con-

nects itself with the Nicaragua Canal. The preferences of Napoleon III. and those of the United States concurred! During his imprisonment in the castle of Ham, Louis Napoleon prepared a careful, more than a plausible paper upon the Nicaragua route. It is found in his published works. An envoy from Central America proposed to him that, should Louis Philippe's government consent to his release, he should put himself at the head of the undertaking. The prince, however, was never to be indebted to Louis Philippe in such a way. If the friends of the Nicaragua project prove as successful in breaking the Cordilleras as the prince did in his jail-breaking projects of 1846, the future of the enterprise is secure.

In reviewing our governmental policy we go back fifty years. In 1835, twenty-four years before ground was broken where Port Said now stands, the United States Senate passed a resolution with reference to an American canal. It was "resolved that the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the governments of other nations, and particularly with the governments of Central America and New Granada," as to the carrying out of such a project. And it was further resolved that this course was recommended for the purpose, among others, "of securing forever the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations, on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking." This resolution was unanimously voted.

Four years later, the House of Representatives adopted one of similar purport. As in the former case, it passed without a dissenting voice. The President was again requested to consider the expediency of negotiating with other states, in order to ascertain the practi-

cability of the proposed work, and also for the purpose "of securing forever the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all nations."

The first step taken in pursuance of these resolutions was the negotiation of the treaty of 1848 with New Granada, now the United States of Colombia. In compensation for an agreement on the part of New Granada that United States citizens should possess the same privileges as Granadian citizens in the use of any transit-way, the United States guaranteed the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sovereignty of New Granada over it. In execution of this latter provision, the intervention of United States troops has more than once been asked for. In 1856, 1862, 1864, 1865, and 1885 applications of this character were made. In 1885, both Colon and Panama were for a time in the power of insurgents, and great destruction of property ensued. The United States forces occupied both towns, and also the line of the railroad. They protected from further depredations both public and private property, including that of the Panama Canal Company. De Lesseps expressed himself in the highest terms as to the conduct of our forces on this occasion.

But it is to be noted that, owing to further developments and later surveys, our government finally favored, not the Panama, but the Nicaragua route. This being outside the territory of New Granada, the United States were in no way bound as to it by the treaty. Indeed, the executive branch of our government subsequently negotiated a treaty of different tenor with Nicaragua; and this, had it not been for the objection of the Senate, would have been formally concluded. To establish the principles of the resolutions of Congress, there was wanting a treaty of general purport, — a convention which should apply to every part of the Isthmus, not to a particular part or parts alone. Such a treaty was negotiated shortly after.

A curious circumstance as to the New Granada treaty here requires to be noted. In the diplomatic correspondence between Great Britain and the United States, from 1881 to 1883, it was alleged by the latter that the negotiation of treaties of like tenor between Colombia and European Powers would be regarded as an act of unfriendly character.¹ It was maintained that the guaranty of neutrality given to New Granada by the United States was necessarily exclusive in character.² The entire correspondence was conducted, on the part of the United States, by Messrs. Blaine and Frelinghuysen. At the time the treaty was concluded, the position of our government and the signification which it attached to the treaty were precisely the reverse. In his message to the Senate, which accompanied the draft of the convention, and in which its adoption is recommended, President Polk gives four reasons on which his recommendation rests. The fourth — and it happens to be the only one presented at length — is thus introduced: —

“In entering into the mutual guaranties proposed by the thirty-fifth article of the treaty, neither the government of New Granada nor that of the United States *has any narrow or exclusive views*. The ultimate object, as presented by the Senate of the United States in their resolution, to which I have already referred [the resolution of 1835], is to secure to all nations the free and equal right of passage over the Isthmus. If the United States, as the chief of the American nations, should first become a party to this guaranty, it cannot be doubted — indeed, it is confidently expected by the government of New Granada — that similar guaranties will be given to that republic by Great Britain and France. Should the proposition thus tendered be rejected, we may deprive the United States

of the just influence which its acceptance might secure to them, and confer the glory and benefit of being first among the nations in concluding such an arrangement upon the government either of Great Britain or France.”

Nothing could be more explicit. It is here stated that neither the government of the United States nor that of New Granada has any “exclusive views.” The statements that follow show with equal clearness that it was the understanding of the United States that other governments were to join, if they chose to, in giving guaranties equivalent to those of the United States.

There are advantages in assigning to the diplomatic corps and state office men of high capacity, who have taken a conspicuous part in the government of the state. But they may be without diplomatic experience. They may not possess that familiarity with diplomacy which in Europe is thought essential, and makes of the diplomatic service a profession in itself. One cannot but ask whether, if a thorough knowledge had been had of the phases of the inter-oceanic question and the negotiations in which the United States had engaged, the error indicated could have taken place.

A fact which refers to the understanding of the treaty, to which the Colombian government has consistently adhered, will show the connection between the treaty and the Panama Canal. In the canal charter occurs a stipulation to this effect: that the ships of no state, if at war with the United States of Colombia, shall be allowed to use the canal, unless such state shall have entered into a convention with Colombia, and guarantied the neutrality of the Isthmus and the sovereignty of Colombia over it, — *exactly the guaranties given by the United States*. The object of these and other stipulations is to induce all maritime states to grant to Colombia

¹ Secretary Blaine's first dispatch, June 24, 1881.

² Secretary Frelinghuysen's first dispatch, May 8, 1882.

the same proper guaranties accorded by the United States. If the canal were open to-day, the navies of no belligerents, except those of Colombia and the United States, would be permitted to use it. Article VI. of the charter says: "Le passage du canal est rigoureusement interdit aux bâtimens de guerre des nations en guerre avec une ou plusieurs autres et qui, par traités publics passés avec le gouvernement colombien, n'auraient pas acquis le droit de transiter par le canal en tout temps." The United States is the only nation which has acquired this right; it was secured by the treaty of 1848. We occupy, therefore, an exceptional position. By no other state is it shared except by the grantor of the charter. If the United States chose to pursue a policy hostile to the treaty, hostile to the interpretation put upon it at the time, we might perhaps hope, even endeavor, to retain this exceptional status. But according to the plain construction of the treaty, that put upon it in the President's message, we have no right to object to the conclusion of other conventions of this kind.

From this consideration of the significance of the New Granada treaty and the relation it sustains to the Panama Canal, let us recur to the state of the interoceanic question.

When the resolutions of 1835 and 1839 were passed, and even later, no such traffic existed as called for the construction of a canal. But these negative conditions were not to last. The discovery made at Sutter's mill in February, 1848, effected a change. An emigration set in to the Pacific slope. Still it did not seem practicable to construct a canal at once. The more feasible enterprise of cutting the Isthmus of Suez, where delving in sand and scooping constituted the greater part of the work, had not been as yet attempted. Rock work and leveling hills were another matter. To pulverize the vertebræ, so

to speak, of the American continent demanded more time, more genius, and more money. Therefore, as a temporary makeshift, and because a quasi-solution was imperatively demanded, the Panama railroad was built. But the time was approaching when the larger solution must, it was manifest, take the place of this provisional and imperfect one. Our government was accordingly prepared to do what Congress had recommended, — negotiate a treaty defining the bases upon which any interoceanic canal should rest. The negotiations were conducted by the administration of General Taylor; the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was the result. This result was reached, it may be said, by the Anglo-Saxon civilization of that day, the governments of the United States and Great Britain being the participants. The principles thus formulated were essentially those which Congress had recommended.

The preamble to the convention declares that the United States and Great Britain, "being desirous of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between them by setting forth and fixing in a convention their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by way of the river San Juan de Nicaragua," confer the requisite powers upon their plenipotentiaries.

This is the only purpose stated in the preamble, — to set forth the position of these states with reference to interoceanic communication. But alongside this design a secondary and, as we may call it, instrumental one was kept in view by the United States. In January, 1848, prior to the evacuation of the City of Mexico by our forces, Great Britain occupied Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan River. She claimed to exercise sovereignty by virtue of a protectorate in the name of the king of the

Mosquito Indians. Here Great Britain was holding the very spot at which the proposed Nicaragua Canal was to terminate. To secure the neutrality of the passage, it was considered, and justly so, necessary to dispossess her. Both parties agreed, in one of the stipulations of the convention, that neither should occupy, fortify, or colonize any part of Central America. Owing, however, to a disagreement as to the construction of the treaty, the dispossession of Great Britain was not at once effected. It was not brought about till after protracted negotiations, which occurred during the administration of President Buchanan. In 1860, Great Britain abandoned the Mosquito protectorate; she also ceded the islands known as the Bay Islands to Honduras. Mr. Buchanan, in his ensuing message, stated that the negotiations with Great Britain had resulted in "a final settlement entirely satisfactory" to the United States.

Next we come to the stipulations of the convention which relate directly and exclusively to interoceanic intercourse.

In Article I. it is stipulated, with regard to the proposed work, that neither contracting power "will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal;" and "that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof." It is agreed that neither will endeavor to acquire "for the citizens or subjects of the one any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other."

It is stipulated, Article V., that the contracting parties "will guaranty the neutrality of the canal, so that it may be forever open and free."

It is agreed, Article VI., "to invite every state with which both or either have friendly intercourse to enter into stipulations with them similar to those

which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other states may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general interest and importance." The same article describes "the great design" of the convention to be "that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans, for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all and protecting the same."

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded with special reference to the Nicaragua route, believed at the time to be the most feasible. It is provided, however, Article VIII., that the stipulations of the convention are to be applied to any other routes in like manner. The language of the treaty is:—

"The governments of the United States and Great Britain having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established, by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

President Taylor, in his message to the Senate, which accompanied the draft of the treaty, said: "The object of this treaty is to establish a commercial alliance with all great maritime states for the protection of a contemplated ship canal through the territory of Nicaragua, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and, at the same time, to insure the same protection to the contemplated railways or canals by the Tehuantepec and Panama routes, as well as to every other interoceanic communication."

This message remained in the secret archives of the Senate over thirty years. Finally its publication was authorized in 1886.

In the provisions of this treaty, the establishment of the principle of equal rights, the absence of any disposition to claim special advantages, are apparent.

Here we may notice a temporal distinction between the New Granada and Clayton-Bulwer treaties. The latter was concluded in perpetuity, the former for twenty years. It was stipulated that at the expiration of twenty years the treaty should continue in force, if neither party objected. All that is required to terminate it is twelve months' notice. Nothing is easier than to get rid of it, if either party so determine.

Not a little significance attaches to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, looked at in connection with the Suez Canal. The date of the treaty, 1850, preceded by four years the diplomatic origin of the Suez Canal, and by nine years its initiation by the dredge process. De Lesseps established both the Suez and Panama enterprises upon the principles of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It cannot be said that these principles owe to him their origin; still less that in any diplomatic instrument by him prepared they first found expression. This honor belongs to Great Britain and the United States. Yet by a strange contradiction, the Anglo-Saxon states, after they had originated and established these doctrines, were not disposed in an equally consistent manner to stand by them. When their application was undertaken by financiers and engineers not Anglo-Saxon, Great Britain and the United States were less ready to adhere to their position. If in any quarter De Lesseps met with hostility in the case of Suez,

¹ An accidental coincidence — if in fact design was not at the bottom — may be noticed in connection with the treaty of 1850. It was concluded April 19th, and the ratifications were exchanged on the 4th of July. Who will presume to say that even these dates did not

it was from Great Britain that it proceeded. A like opposition to Panama has been manifested by a large element in the United States.

An enthusiastic or Chauvinistic American might aver that the Suez and Panama enterprises, established upon the principles which form their basis, *grew out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty itself*. Had De Lesseps wished to secure special privileges for French shipping, or any kind of French political or military control, he would have known — he could not have helped it — that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stood in the way. Had he attempted to carry out such schemes, he would have met with the opposition of Great Britain and the United States. These powers would have been pledged to oppose any such policy. They would have been fully justified, even in the employment of force.¹

Before referring briefly to that counter-current which for a time set in and favored a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, an expression of opinion on the part of our government subsequent to its ratification may be cited. President Fillmore, in his message to Congress in 1851, said: —

“In investigating this important subject, this government has had in view one, and only one object. That object has been, and is, the construction or attainment of a passage from ocean to ocean, the shortest and the best for travelers and merchandise, and equally open to all the world.”

In 1858, Mr. Cass, our Secretary of State, expressed himself as follows: “What the United States want in Central America, next to the happiness of its people, is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it.”²

thus receive a fresh consecration? Upon such anniversaries were established great principles of international comity and international right.

² Dispatch from Mr. Cass to Lord Napier, November 8, 1858.

But an attempt to reverse these precedents, at least a disposition to be dissatisfied with them, manifested itself during the period which followed the breaking of ground at Panama. It may be conceded that the Panama undertaking was begun under circumstances calculated to excite among Americans, if not hostility, at least a sense of regret, and perhaps a keen one. Out of such regrets unfriendly, even hostile, feelings might arise. It had been believed that the capital, skill, and genius which such a work required would almost of necessity come from the United States; but this did not prove to be the case. When it appeared that we were not prepared to undertake the task, and that another state was, a cheerful acquiescence in such foreign management of the enterprise was not to be expected. We must distinguish, however, between a sentiment of chagrin and a disposition to favor the establishment of such a work upon principles other than those which our government had sanctioned and observed. If, supposing it were to be built by Americans, the proper basis was neutrality and equal rights, was it just, when we were not ready to enter upon a task of such unprecedented complications and doubtful issues, to criticise another state which was ready, and which undertook it upon the very principles first advocated by the United States, and consecrated and ratified by us in a public instrument?

It is not proposed, in a sketch of historical sequence, to cite the utterances and positions of our government during the inaugural phases of the canal. There is no occasion to suppose that these views are indorsed by the people of the United States to-day. Our government has re-averred the original and sound American doctrine, and with this there is every reason to believe that public sentiment is in accord.

Certain references, however, may be made to the positions temporarily as-

sumed, and to arguments brought forward in support of them.

Not a little has been said, and in high places as well as elsewhere, respecting the construction of an inter-oceanic canal under "American control."¹ To this expression two significations attach. It may apply simply to fixing the tolls. Americans might prefer to have the work executed and the tolls fixed by an American company. But we are to remember that the right to establish tolls belongs as clearly to the corporation, whatever it be, which executes such a work as it does to the Suez corporation or any other so placed. Such right is subject to the stipulations of the charter upon which the franchises of the corporation rest. If at any time the tolls levied at Panama prove unreasonable, if it should appear that the French are deriving a disproportionate income from an enterprise of whose financial prospects it is scarcely necessary to speak, we might be obliged to open a second route. There would seem to be little reason, however, for apprehensions upon such a score.

But the term "American control" may have another meaning. In a political or military sense, it might signify such control as would ruin the neutrality of the canal altogether. To some it has seemed unreasonable that the United States should permit armed vessels to traverse the canal, if their errand should be to attack our Pacific slope. But those who reason thus should remember that other states have Pacific coasts as well; notably Mexico, also the Dominion of Canada. So have Central America and the United States of Colombia, not to speak of other South American states. All may be supposed to have interests upon their Pacific shores, and to wish to have these interests protected. A curious feature of this reasoning is that all these states, with the exception of the United States, are comparatively

¹ President Hayes's message, March 8, 1880.

weak; some might even be called puny. It is not in *their* interest; it is in that of the single, powerful, well-organized, even contingently aggressive state, that it is proposed to institute an exceptional control and exceptional rights. Why not put all upon a level? If, nevertheless, special privileges be granted, why not vouchsafe them to the weak instead of to the mighty? The establishment of safeguards for weaker states is one of the prominent characteristics of the civilization of the day. All that is ignored in advocating what is known as "American control."¹

There is another argument, or rather allegation, brought forward in favor of "American control." It is said that the Panama Canal is to constitute part of the coast-line of the United States, and that we ought to exercise control over what is virtually to become a part of our territory. But we should not lose sight of the fact, in this any more than in the previous case, that upon the American continent are states besides our own. They also have coast-lines. It is as reasonable to maintain that the Panama Canal is to constitute part of the coast-line of Mexico as of that of the United States. As much may be said of Canada or of Central America. Although really an interior water-way, yet in a very specific sense it will constitute also a part of the coast-line of Colombia. Let us take this theory of coast-lines and apply it to the Straits of Gibraltar. According to this doctrine, France might allege (and it would be hard to dispute the assertion) that the Straits of Gibraltar constitute part

of her coast-line. Without traversing them no ship can pass from one of her northern or western ports to Marseilles, or Nice, or Toulon. Germany, prior to the eccentric and double-edged policy of Bismarck, — which has no doubt aggrandized Germany upon the north, but has clipped and contracted her upon the south, and has cut her off, perhaps forever, from the Mediterranean, — Germany could have said the same thing. Trieste used to be a German port. Even Russia, with a naval port upon the Black Sea and one upon the Baltic, might aver that part of her coast-line was possessed by foreigners. She might put in a claim for the possession of part of the rock of Gibraltar, as well as states more contiguous to this multiple coast-line of which we speak. If half-civilized states should be counted, we may bear in mind that the Straits of Gibraltar form part of the coast-line of Morocco, also. Nor can it be denied that England, who holds Gibraltar, and acquired it by an act of war and aggrandizement two hundred years ago, might assert that the straits form part of the coast-line of Great Britain; at least of the British Empire. They lie upon the track between Britain and her Indian and Australian possessions. But is it not a pity that an act of spoliation which occurred during the early part of the last century should be quoted in support of an egoistic and narrow policy which it is proposed to pursue to-day? Gibraltar — is such a supposition so improbable, after all? — is yet to revert to its legitimate and rightful owners, the people of Spain.

¹ The policy of showing regard for the interests of weaker states has been observed to a certain extent by the French. It is stipulated in the Panama charter that the warships of the United States of Colombia shall use the passage exempt from tolls. According to the Almanach de Gotha, such a thing as a Colombian navy does not exist. The army numbers 6500 men. We should bear in mind, however, that the charter was granted by the

Colombian government. The insertion of this clause was one of the claims this government advanced. The French were not, perhaps, lacking in magnanimity in agreeing to it. But it is desirable that such an exceptional privilege should cease. When the status of the Panama Canal is ultimately fixed by a general convention, similar to that of 1888 in the case of Suez, perhaps it will.

Is it by advancing claims like these that light is to be shed upon the interoceanic problems of the day? Such argumentation refutes itself. It enables us, in fact, in a more satisfactory manner than prior to its investigation, to apprehend the principles of the case. Of necessity, such a line of reasoning involves us in contradictory claims and pretensions. If carried out in a consistent and legitimate way, the result would be that the completion of the Interoceanic Canal of America would be attended by jarrings and contentions. There would be endeavors on the part of state against state to get the mastery. Is it to the interest of American or general civilization that the finishing of such a work should be productive of struggles for precedence, or discord of any kind? Its opening ought rather to bring about more amicable relations; a larger and riper disposition on the part of all to recognize the rights of each.

That in the course of 1888 three treaties were signed, — all with special reference to the completion of the Panama Canal, — whose purpose is to establish, in the case of all disputes, decision by arbitration instead of by war, is not perhaps generally known. These conventions were concluded by the republic of Ecuador with the French, Spanish, and Belgian governments. It is true that their ratification is scarcely to be taken for granted. But the fact of their signature by the plenipotentiaries of the states concerned is of admirable augury. There is reason to believe that the Panama Canal is to favor and further the harmonious relationships of states, not to be a cause of jargon and disputes. By such a consideration we should be led to regard as impracticable, as impossible, the revival of pretensions as to its control. As far as the use of the canal goes, it ought to be, and must be, the pathway of the world. That was a remarkable prediction made by General

Sheridan at the centennial of the United States Constitution, that one hundred years hence arbitration would take the place of war. Who will undertake to say that this prophecy of a famous soldier may not be fulfilled? If it be realized, the Suez and Panama canals are to contribute to its realization. The treaties of 1888 testify to their influence. The words of General Sheridan and every similar statement or prediction should serve as a sort of warning that the principles of justice and wisdom planted at Suez and Panama ought never to be disturbed.

However fact or circumstance led to that deviation from the traditional policy of the United States which occurred, it is a matter of congratulation that such mistaken views have been abandoned. Have they not been abandoned for all time? In President Cleveland's message, transmitted to Congress December 8, 1885, the following occurs with reference to the question: —

"Whatever highway may be constructed across the barrier dividing the two greatest maritime areas of the world must be for the world's benefit, a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single power, nor become a point of invitation for hostilities or a prize for warlike ambition."

Referring to the proposed Nicaragua treaty, already rejected by the Senate, the message continues: —

"An engagement combining the construction, ownership, and operation of such a work by the government with an offensive and defensive alliance for its protection with the foreign state whose responsibilities and rights we would share is, in my judgment, inconsistent with such dedication to universal and neutral use."

The Executive next refers to existing treaty stipulations: —

"The lapse of years has abundantly confirmed the wisdom and foresight of

those earlier administrations, which, long before the conditions of maritime intercourse were changed and enlarged by the progress of the age, proclaimed the vital need of interoceanic transit across the American isthmus, and consecrated it in advance to the common use of mankind by their positive declarations and through the formal obligation of treaties. Toward such realization the efforts of my administration will be applied, ever bearing in mind the principles on which it must rest, and which were declared in no uncertain tones by Mr. Cass, who, while Secretary of State in 1858, announced that 'what the United States want in Central America, next to the happiness of its people, is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it.'

The President closes by reiterating the positions taken.

"These suggestions," he says, "may serve to emphasize what I have already said on the score of the necessity of the neutralization of any interoceanic transit, and this can only be accomplished by making the uses of the route open to all nations, and subject to the ambitions and warlike necessities of none."

Thus the policy first adopted by the Whig administration of General Taylor, and observed by five Republican administrations down to 1880, was reaffirmed by the Democratic administration of President Cleveland. Are we not to regard it as the well-settled policy of the state?

If we consider the history of the question from the Senate resolution of 1835, introduced by Mr. Clayton, down to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, through the brief period in which our government swerved from its traditional policy to the reassertion of that policy by the administration of President Cleveland, we ought firmly to resolve that this policy shall never be abandoned again. Its temporary relinquishment is scarcely to be regarded as more than a thought-

less ebullition of feeling, natural enough, perhaps, but not natural and rational at the same time. No adequate or genuine basis did it ever possess.

Were there occasion to doubt as to the course the Republican party is to pursue, as it resumes an ascendancy which for a quarter of a century it exercised, an event which occurred eight days prior to the 6th of November, the day of General Harrison's election, ought to command our attention. On the 29th of October, 1888, the European Powers signed at Constantinople the convention which has been already referred to. It fixes the international status of the Suez Canal. The basis of settlement is the equality of states and the neutrality of the work. There is one circumstance especially to be noted: Great Britain sends through the canal, and has sent through it ever since it was opened, three quarters of the shipping it floats. She sends through not merely three times as much as any other state, but three times as much as all others together. To such proportions has her maritime supremacy climbed. But Great Britain has not acquired by the treaty of 1888 any special privilege or right. She does not possess any preponderant political or military control. She stands upon the same level as others. Are the Anglo-Saxons of the western hemisphere to be less liberal or enlightened than those of the eastern? Is it to be said that the monarchies of Europe have settled the status of their interoceanic water-way upon principles of equality and justice, and that the republics of America are to have a basis of another sort? In that case, we shall have to admit that the shores of the Atlantic, somehow or other, are twisted. Liberalism has planted itself in Europe, illiberalism in the heart of our republics.

We cannot too carefully consider, too rigorously ponder, one circumstance. No doctrine of control, British, or French.

or German, nothing of the kind has obtained a foothold, however minute, however wretched, in the treaty of Constantinople. There is a joint and equal control, a broad and liberal one; nothing more.

Another consideration should not be lost sight of. Whether the return to power of the Republican party is to prove an advantage to the United States and civilization remains to be seen. Precisely here is one of the tests. What upon this point is to be the policy of the incoming administration? This question is not one of narrow limits. It involves and is to control the interests of the world. It touches the basis of civilization. If the Republican party, repudiating the errors which marred the last years of its ascendancy, putting under-foot the counsel of unworthy leaders, should get its inspiration once more from the principles with which it started, this question would be as plain, as little subject to quarrel or flaw, as any of those which its powerful hand determined between 1855 and 1865. The principle to which the Republican party owed its success and fame was equal rights, impartial justice. The principle applies to states as well as to men. It applies to the problem now before us, settled at Suez, unsettled at Panama, as well as it did in the days of Kansas and the March to the Sea. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who represents upon this question the sounder, higher elements of the Republican party, said in 1887 of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty: "It was an American policy and an American tri-

umph, declaring forever the indissoluble marriage of commerce and peace." He averred at the same time that the treaty of 1850 was one of the great steps in the world's progress.¹ Mr. Seward, in his touching and eloquent tribute to Mr. Clayton, spoken in the Senate, December 3, 1856, expressed himself in similar terms. He declared that "the first universal fact in the history of the human race—a fact indicating an ultimate union of the nations—was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty." What was the foundation of that treaty? The equality of states, as the equality of man was the signal and the inspiration of 1861. According to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the law of greed, that law which has exemplified for so many centuries the relations of state to state, was to be, as far as this question went, finally buried. Equal rights were to be the portion of all. If the Clayton-Bulwer treaty may be spoken of in the words of Mr. Seward and Senator Hoar, what are we to say of the treaty of Constantinople? Is it not a reflection of the former? We have here the treaty of 1850 transmitted to the Orient, signed and ratified by the representatives of imperialism there. It is in fact a Yankee notion planted in the shadow of St. Sophia's mosque.

Is it possible, when we see the principles we were the first to advocate receiving world-wide recognition and acceptance, that here in the United States a shadow of doubt can remain? Let us reverence and observe the nobler precedents of our history.

Stuart F. Weld.

¹ Senator Hoar's speech on the Tehuantepec bill, February 11, 1887. A few days later, speaking upon the same topic, Senator Hoar severely denounced the doctrine of "American

control." He characterized it as a "perversion" of the Monroe Doctrine. He declared that it was "repugnant to the genius and spirit and honor of the American people."

HANNAH CALLINE'S JIM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

It was four P. M. by the guard-house clock, and the April sun of our semi-tropical climate was blazing in the sky with a fierceness that would have been oppressive but for the breeze from the bay that riotously fanned the streets of the city.

Daniel Newsome, Esquire, attorney-at-law, sat in his office sipping his preprandial julep, redolent of mint and cold with pounded ice. This was an old habit of "Mars Dan'l's," resumed within the last twelve months after an interruption of four disastrous years; for it was now just a twelvemonth since Ap-pomattox. The war had broken up the old habits of most men in Mr. Newsome's section of the country, but this big, rubicund gentleman enjoyed the exceptional advantage of being able to take up his *ante-bellum* routine pretty accurately. He had come out of the struggle, at the age of forty-nine, a whole man, with some honorable scars, and a sufficient remnant of his fortune to enable him still to live in comfort. He drank the daily julep in his office and good wine at his table, and his wife still rode in her own carriage — when she could command a driver; for Jericho the dignified, who used to sit in state upon Mrs. Newsome's carriage-box, when he comprehended that the world was all before him where to choose, had elected to go to New Orleans; Mobile being, in the language of his estimation, "too much of a one-horse town for his team." At parting, he assured Mars Dan'l that so long as the world lasts, doctoring, lawing, and the grocery business are bound to prosper. Now Mars Dan'l pursued the law,

and was likely, so Jericho opined, "to get on mo'n tollable." As for the ex-carriage-driver, he went into the side-walk grocery business; and that was the end of Jericho so far as Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Newsome were concerned. Time and again, Mr. Newsome, and more particularly Mrs. Newsome, had felt the lack of a carriage-driver, but otherwise Mars Dan'l had fared "mo'n tollable;" and he was disposed to take life easy, now that the war was over, so he sipped his julep leisurely at, or about, four P. M. Very often he ordered two juleps, and invited a jovial friend; and not infrequently the party would be increased to five or six, — tellers of good stories, all of them, who kept dinner waiting at home. Yet it happened now and then that Mr. Newsome took his julep alone.

He was alone now; with his glass in one hand, his palmetto fan in the other, and his eyes on the dusty window-pane, where a fly was buzzing, he sipped and meditated upon a birthday gift for Mary Frances, his only child and the apple of his eye. In ten minutes more he would ring for his office boy to lock up, while he went in search of the dilatory street-car to convey him home.

When he turned to set down his glass, he saw standing in the doorway, with the air of having stood there patiently for some time, which was indeed the case, a tidy negro woman of middle age. She was clad in a dress of dark homespun, so short that her coarse stockings and russet shoes were plainly visible. A ruffled white lawn cape was crossed upon her ample bosom, and underneath the ancient bombazine bonnet that crowned her head could be seen the border of the gay bandana that

bound her brows. She had a pleasant face of an ebon blackness, and she smiled with her eyes in a way that spoke volumes in her favor.

"Hello!" said Mr. Newsome. "What will you have, auntie?"

"Sho'ly, now, Mars Dan'l, you doan re-mumber Hanner Calline?" said the woman suggestively. But the name awoke no echoes in Mr. Newsome's brain.

"Hannah Calline?" he repeated, and shook his head. "Can't say that I do."

A shade of disappointment flitted over Hannah Calline's face, but she smiled still. "Hit's a matter of five years, sho'ly, sence you wuz up ter Monroe County," she said, in a tone of indulgence, "but many an' many's de glass o' buttermilk you's had at my hands."

The buttermilk refreshed his memory, and Mars Dan'l shouted, —

"Why, you don't tell me so! All the way from Monroe County?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, Mars Dan'l!" responded Hannah Calline, with a glittering joy in her eyes.

"What in the name of — all the cows brought *you* to Mobile? Ain't there nothing for you to do on the plantation?"

"Oh, yes, Mars Dan'l, plenty fumme ter do," replied Hannah Calline complacently. "But" — she hesitated — "I been studyin' a year — an' den — I come."

Mr. Newsome shook his head. "Thought you had better sense," he said, frowning, "good dairy-woman that you are. Do you expect to make your fortune peddling buttermilk in the streets of Mobile?"

"No, sah," said Hannah Calline, with sobriety.

"Oh, I understand," said Mr. Newsome sarcastically. "You're like the rest of the free niggers: you must quit the country for the town, to gad the streets and eat the bread of idleness."

"No, Mars Dan'l," responded Hannah Calline sadly. "I'se too ole" —

"Why, then, don't your children look after you? Have n't you any children?"

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l. You furgits. I'se got fo' chillen — I mean I'se got five. They is Basheby, is 'bout gwan on twenty-five, an' is married an' got fo' chillen herse'f, an' Ozias, an' Lucifer, an' Twinette. They is all growed up, so's *they* ain' got no mo' use fumme."

"It's a disgrace!" shouted Mr. Newsome. "Four children all grown, and no use for their old mammy? They ought to be flogged, and made to take care of you."

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, *now*, Mars Dan'l!" remonstrated Hannah Calline. "They ain' got no use fumme *cause* they is growed, an' kin scuffle fur theyselves. They ain' *druv* me off, bless yo' soul, — *dat* they ain'. I wuz gwan seh, a piece ago, I'se too ole ter turn fool an' 'spect ter live 'dout wukin' long o' freedom. But I ain' *so* ole's ter be useless. I ain' mo'n" — pausing reflectively — "mo'n — 'bout thutty-fo'."

Mr. Newsome threw back his head with uproarious laughter. "Well, that's a good one! You tell me you're not more than thirty-four, and Basheby, your oldest child, is twenty-five?"

"Basheby ain' my *oldes'* chile, Mars Dan'l," corrected Hannah Calline, quite aggrieved. "Jim's my *oldes'* chile, — *Jim*."

"Jim? That makes it worse and worse!" And Mr. Newsome laughed again. "You're not a day under fifty."

"Rekin so, Mars Dan'l?" Hannah Calline queried, in a tone of pathetic disappointment. "Well," after a pause of resignation, "fifty ain' *so* ole." Then, with resolution, "Ain' you got naire dairy, Mars Dan'l?"

"Dairy? Lord, no! Wish't I had!"

"Den ain' you got nothin' fumme ter do?" demanded Hannah Calline desperately.

"Not unless you can drive the carriage," said Mr. Newsome.

But Hannah Calline was not discouraged. "I kin drive, sho'ly," said she. "I have druv Miss Rene, on a pinch."

"Well, we don't put on that much style in town," returned Mr. Newsome, with a fine irony that was lost on his bucolic visitor. "However, I suppose you've nowhere to go? No friends in Mobile, eh?"

"'Douten hit's *you*, Mars Dan'l," Hannah Calline made answer confidently.

"Then I'll have to take you home with me, as you're one of the old family niggers. By the way, the kin up the country all well?"

"They is all peart, mos'ly. An' Miss Louisa an' little Miss Mary Frances, — they is well?"

"Oh, yes, spry as crickets. Where is your baggage? Left it with the clerk of the boat?"

"I had my trunk an' a coob o' chickens fur Miss Louisa, but I ain' leffum wid de clerk. I leffum wid a cullud gemman what had a sorter — elevated wheel-barrer."

"Oh, a hand-cart, you mean. Friend of yours, eh?"

"No, sah, I ain' nuver seen him befo'; but he said he gwan tek charge, an' wait ontel I come back, ef hit wuz plum tell dark. I tole him I wuz gwan hunt Ma's Dan'l, an' hit tuk a power of 'quirin' ter fin' you; an' when I come up ter you, you 'peared ter be studyin', an' I jes' waited" —

"Do you ever expect to see that trunk or that coop of chickens again?" Mr. Newsome interrupted.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l? He said he'd wait," Hannah Calline repeated, with sublime trust, and Mars Dan'l laughed aloud.

"Well, well," he said, ringing sharply for Leonidas, "we'll go down to the wharf and see."

Leonidas sauntered in to take charge of the office, and Mr. Newsome, bearing his fan and umbrella, with Hannah

Calline at his heels, hastened down the street to the river-side.

The wharf, that had been so distracting a scene of bustle and confusion to Hannah Calline an hour and a half ago, was deserted; there was no sign of a negro, nor a hand-cart, nor a trunk, nor a coop of chickens, anywhere along the street.

"Sho'ly, sho'ly," murmured Hannah Calline in skeptical perplexity.

"Confound the thieving rascal! If I had him, I'd wring his neck!" said Mr. Newsome.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l," remonstrated Hannah Calline, "he said he gwan wait. I 'spect he jes' gwan off 'bout some yether bizness; he gwan come 'long back bombye. You go 'long ter dinner, Mars Dan'l. I gwan wait ontel he come back."

"Wait till Judgment Day!" said Mr. Newsome. "Say, did you have any valuables in that trunk, — any money?"

"Valybles? Money?" repeated Hannah Calline, bewildered. "I ain' got but seben dollars, an' hit's in my bussum; but they wuz my close in dat trunk, an' a bottle o' snuff, an' dat brown satting whey Miss Patty Larkin gimme when I come away from Kaintuck, an' what I has promused ter *heir* ter Basheby, she bein' my oldes' darter, 'ceptin' Jim's married. Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l, you doan 'spect he *stole* it?" she queried tremulously, with sudden misgiving.

"Sho'ly, I do!" responded Mars Dan'l ruthlessly.

"Well, you bein' in de law, Mars Dan'l, I 'spect hit'll come back ter me, stret," said Hannah Calline, with cheerful confidence. "'Ceptin' de chickens," she sighed.

But Mars Dan'l shook his head. "Should you know him again, if you were to see him, that black rascal?"

"No, sah," Hannah Calline answered, after a reflective pause. "No, sah; I

can't rightly say ez I should. They wuz a mixin' crowd, an' he wuz a stranger; they wuz all strangers ter me."

"Pretty innocent, you are, to be turned loose on the world!" muttered Mars Dan'l; then he suddenly began waving both fan and umbrella frantically, shouting, "Hi! Hi! Stop! Hold on!" And he ran, as he shouted, towards Government Street.

Hannah Calline thought that, with the acuteness of legal vision, he had caught sight of the little hair trunk and the coop of chickens, and she began to run likewise, though nothing could she see but what seemed a monstrous painted box disappearing past the corner.

"Confound it!" said Mars Dan'l, stopping to fan himself. "I've missed my car. Well, never mind; I'll foot it. Come along!"

He turned up Government Street, and Hannah Calline followed at a respectful distance. It was the first time she had ever been in a city, and she wondered in her simple soul what the people did for "greens," seeing that the little "patch" some houses had in front was all given up to grass; but her amazement reached its height when Mr. Newsome, upon arriving at his own door, drew a key from his pocket and admitted himself. She was convinced now that Mobile must be a dreadfully wicked place, since Mars Dan'l was obliged to keep Miss Louisa and little Miss Mary Frances locked in while he was away.

At the opening of the door, Mrs. Newsome came down-stairs, and behind her came the little Mary Frances, who would be twelve years old in May. Mother and daughter were arrayed in white, and to Hannah Calline, who stood waiting on the threshold, they looked like angels in Paradise.

"Have you found me a carriage-driver?" Mrs. Newsome asked, as she kissed her husband.

"Yes, my dear, if a female chariot-eer will content you!"

"What joke is this?" said Mrs. Newsome, glancing at Hannah Calline, who was bobbing her head and bending her knees in a series of curtsies, such as only she could perform.

"Oh, it is Hannah Calline, from uncle George's!" cried Mary Frances. She had visited Monroe County within the last eighteen months, and her memory with regard to the dairy-woman was quicker than either her father's or her mother's. "And did you bring me a jug of buttermilk?" she asked, as she darted into Hannah Calline's arms.

"Lawd love de chile! She ain' fur-got de ole nigger! I ain' fetch no buttermilk, honey; hit 'ud a spiled on my hands. I did fotch a coob o' chickens, but de is gone, please Gawd."

"Why so it is Hannah Calline!" exclaimed Mrs. Newsome. "What brings you to Mobile, Hannah?"

"Don't waste time trying to find that out," Mr. Newsome interposed. "I'm in a hurry for dinner. It is enough, just now, that Hannah Calline is here, that she has lost her trunk, and is without friends. We must take her in, if we have to start up a dairy or set her on the carriage-box. Let's have dinner!"

"Dinner is ready now," said Mrs. Newsome. "But I do wish you had found me a carriage-driver. The horses are eating their heads off, and such lovely weather for the Bay Shell Road!"

"Pity you ain't Jim, Hannah Calline. Where is Jim, anyhow? Could n't he drive?" Mr. Newsome asked jocosely.

"Sho'ly, Mars Dan'l, I dunno whey Jim is, prezac'ly," answered Hannah Calline, with sober consideration. "But effen you could ketch up wid Jim, he'd drive you, fur Jim wuz fotch up ter be a kerridge-driver."

"Well, when you run across him, let me know," said Mr. Newsome carelessly. He had no recollection whatever of Jim, as he told his wife. "But for that matter," he added, "I don't remember Basheby nor the others. How

should I? I've lived so little on the plantation."

Now it was to find Jim that Hannah Calline had come to Mobile, relying on Mars Dan'l to aid her. It was not Mars Dan'l, however, who took the quest in hand, but the little Mary Frances. Mary Frances felt a lively interest in the recovery of the stolen trunk, — the coop of chickens did not so much matter, — and she assured Hannah Calline that her "popper" was certain to find that trunk and hang that thief.

"I dunno ez I want him hung, honey," Hannah Calline replied, with her kindly smile; "but I'd lak ter see him shamed."

"Well, my popper is the man to do it," Mary Frances declared. But when she appealed to him, Mr. Newsome was of a different opinion; he had business of more importance.

"Go down town and buy Hannah Calline what she needs, and I'll pay the bill," he said; "but don't worry me any more about that trunk."

It was easy enough to buy Hannah Calline what she needed, but that brown satin bestowed by Miss Patty Larkin no money could replace, and Mary Frances sighed over the loss almost as much as if it had been her own. For Miss Patty Larkin and the brown satin dress had deeply impressed the young lady's imagination. Who was Miss Patty Larkin; and why was it that never from father or mother, from uncles, aunts, or cousins, had she heard any mention of Miss Patty Larkin and her connection with the Newsome family? In the persuasion that some interesting mystery attached to the lady of the brown satin, Mary Frances eagerly seized the first opportunity to question Hannah Calline.

This happened one evening when Mrs. Newsome had company. It had rained in the afternoon, and as Mary Frances was threatened with a sore throat, she was required to keep her

room. Hannah Calline sat with her; she was always willing to stay in of an evening, and she was devoted to Mary Frances.

"Hannah Calline," said the child, "what kin is Miss Patty Larkin to me?"

II.

Hannah Calline's eyes opened wide at this unexpected question.

"Honey, what put hit in yo' mind ter be axin' dat? Miss Patty Larkin ain' no kin o' de Newsomes; sho'ly! sho'ly! She b'longed in ole Kaintuck, whey I wuz raised."

"I thought you could tell me something about old times in the Newsome family," said Mary Frances, in a disappointed tone.

"Sho'ly, no, honey. I warn't bawn inter de Newsome family; I come to 'em by pu'chase. I wuz bawn ter de Brasswoods of Boyle County, in de Blue Grass. They wuz mighty high people, de Brasswoods; houses, an' money, an' lan', an' niggers, an' hawses, an' cattle. I b'longed ter Mars Tom Brasswood, an' he wuz de las' in his branch of de fam'ly. Mars Tom wuz held mighty high in Boyle County; he wuz mighty tall an' mighty good-lookin', an' carried hissef lak a race-hawse, an' spent his money free, — all de Brasswoods done dat way, — ridin' round de country night an' day. N'Yorleens in de winter, an' de Springs in de summer; an' when de wuz home, dinner-parties, an' dance-parties, an' suppers, an' cyard-playin', an' drinkin' wine, an' hawse-racin'. Mars Tom, he married Miss Connie Wedimore, wuz ole Colonel Wedimore's onlies' chile, an' he wuz done dade. At fust Miss Connie, she kep' up wid Mars Tom, company an' pleasin' all de time. But she had bad luck wid her chillen. De Lawd sont her three on 'em, but de jes' pined away an' died, one atter de yother; an' den Miss Connie, she tuk rulli-

geon same ez a disease, so de said. She got sorter unsettled in her mind, an' she would n' niver go 'bout, nor see comp'uy no mo'; but bein' she niver done nothin' outen de way, she warn't niver shut up, but jes' staid home. On'y sometimes she would be tuk wid spells when she would n' eat, an' she would n' speak, an' she would n' notice; an' den Miss Patty Larkin usened ter be sont fur ter come down from her place on de river, 'bout fo' miles off, an' stay wid Miss Connie night an' day. She wuz de onlies' somebody could persuade Miss Connie, dem times.

"Miss Patty wuz cousin ter Mars Tom, an' she had n' no nigher kin. She usened ter say she putty much raised Mars Tom. She warn' niver married, an' she warn' nothin' lak ez rich ez de Brasswoods, — nobody warn' rich ez de Brasswoods, — but Miss Patty owned a place of 'bout a hund'ed acres, an' niggers 'nuff ter keep hit goin'. Folks said she wuz stingy. She did n' go pleasurin', but she always come when Mars Tom sont for her, an' she did n' niver come but she let Mars Tom hear her mind putty strong. She was sho' ter tell him how he wuz gwan ruin hissef wid his hawse-racin', an' his cyard-playin', an' flingin' his money round loose, lak so much sand. An' Mars Tom, he tuk hit all mighty good-natured; he jes' laugh, an' say, 'Rekin so, Patty? Ain' you gwan skwimp an' save 'nuff ter pay my fun'ral 'spenses?' An' Miss Patty, she say, sharp an' short, 'No, I ain', you fool!'

"But fur all she mought say, Mars Tom niver lef' off his pleasurin'. He give dinners, an' he went ter dinners; he give suppers, an' he went ter suppers; an' they wuz cyard-playin', an' hawse-racin', an' flyin' round de country same as ever; on'y Miss Connie niver tuk part in nothin' no mo'.

"Well, come one time, Miss Connie wuz tuk mighty bad: she would n' eat, an' she would n' speak, an' she would n'

go ter bed when night come, an' de sont fur Miss Patty in a hurry.

"Mars Tom, he had been away from home a many days, but he come back when Miss Patty come. I 'members jes' ez well! Hit wuz June, an' all de lan' wuz flourishin'. But Mars Tom wuz mighty troubled. He kep' his hat pulled down over his eyes, an' sayin' nothin' ter nobody. He 'd always been mighty good ter Miss Connie, buyin' her ev'ythin' he could think ter please her; an' sometimes she wuz pleased, an' agin she would n' tek no notice; but one thing Mars Tom could n' do ter pleasure nobody, — he could n' tie hissef down ter please nobody.

"Well, dis time, agin, Miss Patty let loose on him wid her tongue, an' he say, 'For Gawd-sake, Patty, lemme lone!' Hit wuz de fast time he ain' answered her gay an' easy; an' Miss Patty ain' say no mo'.

"'Bout sundown Mars Tom went inter Miss Connie's room. She wuz settin' by de winder, lookin' at de sky, lak she warn' seein' nothin', — I wuz house-gal, how come I knowed what happened. Miss Patty, she went ter de yother end of de room, an' Mars Tom, he stooped down an' kissed Miss Connie: but she wuz same 's ef she war stone; she ain' tuk no notice. Den Mars Tom went ter Miss Patty, an' he say, 'Do you think she is wuss then common?' An' Miss Patty answers, 'Yes; she is wusser an' wusser, ev'y time she has dese spells.' Mars Tom give a kinder groan, an' he say, 'Fur Gawd-sake, cousin Patty, doan let her outlive you, fur she ain' got no better frien', an' no nigher.' Miss Patty says, 'We 'll *have* ter tek her ter some great doctor, Tom; 't ain' no use talkin', — we got hit ter do.' Says Mars Tom, 'Will you go wid her, Patty?' 'Sho'ly I will, Tom,' says Miss Patty; 'an' you gotter go, too.'

"But Mars Tom, he jes' went back ter de winder whey wuz Miss Connie,

an' he put his arm roun' her, an' he say, — I heard him, cawse I wuz outside breshin' off de piazza, — he say, 'Won' you kiss me good-by, Connie? I'm goin' a long journey.'

"Now Miss Connie had n' spoke one word nur noticed one thing fur mo'n three days, but she jes' lifted up her arms an' put 'em roun' Mars Tom's neck, an' she say, plain ez you please, '*Is you goin' ter de Devil, Tom?*'"

"'Mebbe I am,' says Mars Tom; an' I wuz dat 'stonished an' skeered, I drapped my broom, an' runned offen dat piazza, an' sot down behin' de dairy, an' flung my ap'un over my hade, an' prayed ter Gawd.

"Bombye I heard somebody come ridin' up, an' I tuk down my ap'un, an' dere wuz a man none on us had n' nuver see befo', an' I did n' lak his looks. We knowed de looks of gemmens, an' fur all dis man hilt hissef big an' strutted roun', *he* warn't no gemman.

"He staid ter supper, how'ver; an' after supper he an' Mars Tom wuz shot up in de business-room; an' sometimes we could hear 'em lak they wuz cussin', but we could n' mek out nothin' what de said.

"When de moon was riz, de stranger rode away, an' Mars Tom called Rius, whey wuz married ter me, ter shave him; an' he say ter tell Boone, de stable-boy, ter have Snapdragon at de do' by the fust streak o' day in de mawnin'.

"Snapdragon wuz Mars Tom's most speshul hawse, an' a beautiful animal, sho'ly! He wuz black, wid a star in his forehead, an' nobody had n' nuver backed him 'ceptin' Mars Tom. He wuz foaled on de place, an' Mars Tom tuk a mighty pride in dat hawse.

"Well, honey, Rius ain' slept none dat night, fur watchin' de light in Mars Tom's room, — I mean de business-room, whey he sot de moreset part of dat night. I had done tole Rius how I heard Mars Tom say he wuz gwan a

long journey, an' Rius, he 'lowed he wuz ter foller wid de baggage, 'cordin' ter d'rections from Miss Patty; fur you see, honey, Rius mostly waited on Mars Tom, only he had n' been with Mars Tom of late, so 's he had n' kep' up wid his doin's, an' he did n' know nothin' 'bout dat stranger.

"Well, dat light kep' a-shinin' tell long atter midnight, an' Rius, he 'lowed Mars Tom warn' gwan git much res' in preparation fur his long journey, else he wuz gwan oversleep hissef, an' we did n' know ef we orter wake him when de hawse wuz at de do'. But befo' Snapdragon begin ter paw de dirt at de hitchin'-post, Mars Tom wuz ready ter mount. I nuver see him mysef, but Rius, he wuz out in de big drive, wid a bucket o' water from de spring, an' *he* tell me Mars Tom ain' nuver look so spurritted. He wuz dressed in his best, an' when he come trottin' down de drive in de yearly mornin' light, he kinder rise in his stirrups, an' he waved his hand at Rius, an' say, *gay*, like he always wuz, 'Farewell, Rius! I'm goin' a long journey; an' may de Lawd have mussy on de rest of you!'

"An' Rius so used ter Mars Tom's harum-scarum ways, he jes' grin, an' answer back, 'Good-by, Mars Tom! Luck go wid you!'

"An' he come on home wid his bucket o' water. But time he got ter ow cabin do' come a *c-r-a-c-k!* sharp, on de mawnin' stillness; an' befo' you could think 'bout hit, here come another *c-r-a-c-k!* an' somebody gin a scream that fair made yo' hair rise. Hit wuz po' Miss Connie. Seem lak she knowed.

"Rius, he fell down in de flo', an' sloshed de water all outen de bucket, an' he say, 'Lawd! Lawd! They's Mars Tom's long journey! They's been a juel fout down ter de spring, sho's you bawn!'

"Fust hit seemed lak I did n' have no mo' sense lef', but prusently I say ter Rius, 'You pizen coward! Why

n't you go foller 'long o' Mars Tom?' Den I opened de do', an' de yard wuz a-swarmin' wid niggers, an' Mr. Gibbons, de overseer, wuz there, an' Miss Patty in her night-gown, wid her long black hair down her back, an' de sun comin' up over de hills to'ards Danville, an' a bird a-singin'.

"Nobody did n' know what wuz de matter ontel Rius told 'em how Mars Tom wuz ridden down ter de spring an' fout a juel. Miss Patty say she wuz gwan down ter de spring, stret, an' she had her foot on de piazza step; but Mr. Gibbons, he say 't warn' no place fur her, an' better let him go fust. An' he called Rius an' Boone, an' all three went a-runnin'.

"I dunno what mek me do it, but I went ter de room whey Mars Tom been all night, an' on de table I foun' a letter, an' I carried hit ter Miss Patty. When Miss Patty done read dat letter, she flung up her hands, and say, 'O my good Lawd above! It ain' no juel! Tom is killed hissef! May Gawd have mussy on you po' people!'

"We did n' none on us un'erstan' what dat meant, but bombye we *had* it ter un'erstan'.

"Well, honey, I nuver went down ter de spring, but them whey did told me this wuz what they seed. There wuz Snapdragon stretched out *dade*, wid a bullet in his brain,—de finest hawse, sho'ly, that ever kicked up his heels in de Blue Grass; but Mars Tom had always swo' nobody warn' nuver gwan ride Snapdragon 'ceptin' hissef. An' there wuz Mars Tom across Snapdragon, *dade* too, only he wuz shot through his heart. I rekin he sot sto' by his good looks, how come he did n' aim at his hade.

"Tempe, whey had always minded Miss Connie, had a time ter keep dat po' 'stracted soul quiet. Tempe wuz pow'ful strong, but hit tuk all her stren'th ter hol' Miss Connie in dat room. She kep' a-callin' Mars Tom,

tell hit would a broke yo' heart ter hear her.

"Well, they hilt a inquess, an' de people 'sembled from' fur an' nigh, an' they 'greed dat Mars Tom killed hissef; an' they buried him on de hill beyand de orchard, whey de chillen wuz laid, an' Snapdragon at his feet, as he had lef' word in his letter ter Miss Patty.

"Den come on de settlement of de 'state, an' hit wuz found out dat Mars Tom, what wid hawse-racin', an' cyard-playin', an' pleasurin' ginerally, had done run clean plum' through wid ev'ythin'; an' hawses, an' cattle, an' lan', an' niggers, an' nothin' warn' his'n no mo', not even ef he had a been alive. But fur all dat, he wuz a good marster, wuz Mars Tom. He usened ter say ter de overseer: 'Keep my niggers sleek an' fat, Gibbons, same ez my cattle. Wuk 'em well, an' feed 'em high, an' give 'em a frolic when de crap 's laid by.'

"But them times wuz all gone now, an' ev'ythin' Mars Tom had, niggers an' all, wuz divided up 'mongst de creditors. I dunno what's become of 'em all: some here an' some there, an' many *dade*, I rekin, an' me all ter mysef, a-huntin' Jim."

"Well!" said Mary Frances, drawing a long breath that testified to her deep interest, "and how did you happen to be here, 'a-huntin' Jim,' as you say? And who is Jim?"

"Jim 's my oldes' bawn, Jim is. You see, honey, dat same man whey wuz wid Mars Tom dat las' night,—his name wuz Walsin'ham,—an' me, an' Rius, an' seben of de yothers fell ter his lot. I made sho' dat my one chile Jim wuz gwan 'long wid us. Jim wuz nigh on ter two years ole dat time, an' de peartest little chap, sho'ly, 'ceptin' he wuz sickly an' bow-legged; an' I wuz dat 'stonished when I foun' Jim warn' counted in de lot with me an' Rius I could un'erstan' hit, so I went ter 'quire 'bout hit ter Mr. Walsin'ham. I had n' nuver been skeered ter lay no

complain' befo' Mars Tom, but dat man, he jes' 'stonished me mo' an' mo'. He cussed me, an' said he nuver had no money ter resk on little sickly, bow-legged brats, an' he would n' have Jim ez a gracious gif', ter be layin' out 'spenses in doctor's bills an' physie.

"Den I went ter Miss Patty. She wuz mighty troubled, Miss Patty wuz; an' ef you b'lieve me, honey, her hair, in dem few days, wuz jes' a gallopin' gray; an' dat same day Mars Tom shot hissef there warn' a white stran' in hit, yet she was pas' her prime.

"Well, Miss Patty, she done her bes', but *dat man* wuz sot. He swo' he wuz cheated, any way, an' he would n' put no money in Jim. He wuz gwan tek stret ter South Callina, an' he said Jim wuz boun' ter die soon ez we git there, ef he did n' die 'long de way. I wuz dat 'stonished 'peared lak I did n' know what ter think. Den Miss Patty, she say, 'Doan you fret, Hanner Calline. I been a-studyin', an' I gwan buy Jim. I wish I had de money ter buy de whole on you, but I ain'; an' ef I had hit, *dat man* would n' lemme have you 'an Rius. But nobody doan want Jim, so I'm gwan buy him.' Den hit seem lak Miss Patty kinder come ter hersef, lak she wuz befo' all de trouble, an' she say, 'I'm gwan look out ter marry a doctor puppose ter git Jim's legs straightened.' Hit did seem so funny fur Miss Patty, at her time o' day, ter be gittin' married I had ter laugh; an' she kep hit up, sayin', 'Ef my husban' de doctor doan straighten Jim's legs, I gwan git a divorce, an' have Jim larnt ter be a fiddler, so 's ter hire him out ter dance-parties. An' I gwan be jes' ez good ter Jim ez I know how.' An' de las' time I see Jim, he wuz a-settin' on de flo', 'longside o' Miss Patty's rock-in'-cheer, eatin' a ginger-cake, an' not keerin' no mo' 'bout me goin' away 'n ef I had n' been his mammy. An' sence dat day I ain' pestered mysef no mo' 'bout Jim 'n ef he'd a been done

dade an' gawn ter glory, — cawse he'd a died, sho'ly, ef I'd a brung him wid me, — ontel come freedom, bless Gawd! Hit seem lak I ain' thought nothin' but Jim, — jes' Jim, Jim, day an' night."

"But how do you know that he is alive?" objected Mary Frances.

"Honey," said Hannah Calline solemnly, "does you rekin Gawd A'mighty spared me ontel freedom jes' ter fin' out Jim's dade?"

"No," Mary Frances replied, in an awed tone, — "no, I suppose not."

"Well, honey," Hannah Calline resumed, with a placid smile, "dat wuz de time Miss Patty gimme dat brown satting dress, jes' befo' I come away. Hit wuz bran' new, an' hit had her name on de linin' in 'dullible ink, — 'Patty Larkin. Her dress.' Miss Patty wuz mighty pretieklar 'bout markin' all her 'sessions, an' though I could n' read nur write, I knowed de look o' dat mark. Miss Patty, she said ter me, 'I'm gwan give you dis dress, Hanner Calline, ter remumber me whurever you go, an' ter show thet you b'longed ter fust-class owners.' I sot a sto' by dat brown satting, sho'ly." Hannah Calline sighed, and paused.

"But how did you happen to be one of the Newsome negroes?" Mary Frances asked.

"Well, honey, you see *dat man* tuk us down ter South Callina, close by whey yo' grandpaw Newsome was livin'. Hit wuz a mighty suddent change from Kaintuck, an' de lan' did n' 'gree wid us. We all tuk de fever, an' Rius, he died, 'long wid two or three of de yothers; an' *dat man*, he say he done los' too much a'ready by Kaintuck niggers, an' he gwan sell all de res'. An' when I heard dis I mek out ter git speech wid yo' grandpaw, — ole marster, — an' I asked him ter buy me; so he bought me, an' I bin tendin' de dairy ever sence.

"Ole marster bruk up from there

prusently, an' come ter Alybama, ter Monroe County; an' I had one-eyed Flanders fur my husban', an' I wuz jes' ez satisfied ez I bin in Kaintuck. I had fo' chillen, an' they is all livin'; but Flanders, he wuz killed by de drappin' of a sill when de new gin house wuz raised; an' dat time Miss Rene's maw gimme that blombazine. bawnit fur mo'nin'.

"When de war wuz done, yo' aunt Rene asked me, 'Hanner Calline, sho'ly you ain' gwan quit dat dairy?' An' I say, 'No, Miss Rene, I doan know ez I is.' But all de time I wuz studyin' 'bout Jim, tell I got so onres'less 'peared lak I wuz 'bleedged ter mek a start; an' here I come ter Mobile ter insult Mars Dan'l; but somehow I ain' said nothin' ter him yit."

"I'll make popper find him for you!" declared the autocratic daughter of Daniel Newsome, bringing her small fist down upon her knee.

"The Lawd reward you, honey!" said Hannah Calline, with misty eyes.

But when Mary Frances appealed to her father, he answered impatiently, "As well look for a needle in a haystack!"

Mary Frances, however, was not to be discouraged. She proclaimed herself ready to prosecute the search, if only her "popper" would show her how.

"Very well," said Mr. Newsome; "since your heart is set upon it, write to the postmaster at Danville, Kentucky, and ask for information as to Miss Patty Larkin's whereabouts. But I must warn you, my little daughter, that it is a questionable benefit you seek to confer on Hannah Calline; for aught we know, this Jim may be a worthless scamp, and she may be better off without him."

But Mary Frances could not believe this; neither could Hannah Calline. "Mars Dan'l," she remonstrated, "s'posen hit wuz you, an' yo' fust-bawn?" And Mr. Newsome said no more.

III.

Before an answer came to Mary Frances's letter, Mr. Newsome had found a carriage-driver, or rather a carriage-driver had found Mr. Newsome. This was a good-looking negro, presumably about thirty years old, — a little dandified, perhaps, but well mannered, — who presented himself late one afternoon at the back door.

"What did you say is your name?" Mr. Newsome asked. Though the name had been given, he could not recall it.

At that moment Hannah Calline came out on the gallery that extended along the wing containing the kitchen and servants' rooms, and sat down on the steps leading into the yard. Now Hannah Calline regarded the post of carriage-driver in Mars Dan'l's family as the reserved right of her yet undiscovered Jim, and the scowl she bent upon this interloper had the effect of disconcerting him to such an extent that he hesitated before he replied.

"My name is Jim, sir; Jim Brand is my name."

"Is that the name you gave me just now?" Mr. Newsome demanded sternly. He could have sworn that the man had given him a different name, — a name that began with a P, or possibly a B, but certainly a name of more than one syllable.

"Jim Brand's my name, sir," repeated the negro firmly. "If I named aire 'nother, must of been the name of some one that named you to me. There was several as recommended you to me, sir."

Mr. Newsome accepted this explanation, — not without reservation, however, — and Jim Brand, to Hannah Calline's infinite vexation, was engaged to drive the Newsome carriage. He was required to occupy a room over the carriage-house, which was in a yard back of the kitchen yard, and he moved in

the next day, with a "chist" and a trunk covered by an old army-blanket. The horses were brought back from the livery stable, and Mrs. Newsome resumed her drives on the Bay Shell Road.

It was soon found that Jim Brand was a treasure: not only was he a first-rate coachman, but he proved to be also an expert in dainty desserts, and he understood marketing to perfection; moreover, he never objected to any job as being "out of his line;" and when, one day, — the washer-woman having proved a delusion and a snare, — this all-accomplished carriage-driver took little Mary Frances's white lawn and fluted the multitudinous ruffles in time for the afternoon drive, Mrs. Newsome declared that she would buy Jim Brand, if she could.

Mr. Newsome shook his head. "I'm afraid there is another side to him," he said.

Hannah Calline held the same opinion, and expressed her sentiments freely to Mary Frances. "I been a-talkin' wid dis Jim," she said scornfully, "an' he tell me his white folks come from Tennessee, an' his marster wuz a gin'ral or somethin' in the army; but, honey, dis I know, — all de quality white folks ever I see come from Kaintuck or else from South Callina. An' s'posen we gits news of my Jim ter-morrer," — Hannah Calline had a sublime faith in to-morrow's possibilities regarding her Jim, — "which one on 'em gwan drive Mars Dan'l's kerridge? Dat 's de question is a-pesterin' me."

This question was "pesterin'" Mary Frances likewise. She shared her mother's prepossessions in favor of Jim Brand, but she felt that it was a point of family honor to put Hannah Calline's Jim in charge of the Newsome stable.

However, Hannah Calline's Jim was not found yet, and the letter that came at last from the postmaster at Danville, Kentucky, threw no light upon the search. Miss Patty Larkin, he wrote,

had married a Dr. Penniman, and removed with him to Tennessee some time before the war, and it was not known in Danville what had become of her.

Yet Hannah Calline was cheered by this letter; it brought her nearer to Miss Patty than she had been any time since she left "ole Kaintuck." "Well, sho'ly!" she exclaimed. "Miss Patty said she gwan marry a doctor ter straighten Jim's legs, an' I 'spect they mus' be straight by now. They wuz some Pennimans in ow neighborhood, an' one on 'em wuz a doctor, 'ceptin' he had a wife. I 'spect she must a died. Well! Miss Patty got married ef she warn' so young! I rekin we gwan hear agin shortly, honey. Dat man whey wrote dat letter gwan mek 'quiries, no doubt."

But Mary Frances knew better. She placed her reliance on her father. "Can't you find out where there are any Pennimans, popper?" she coaxed.

"Oh, let Hannah Calline go back to Monroe County, and rest content with Basheby and the others. I tell you it is hunting a needle in a haystack," said Mr. Newsome.

But Mary Frances was importunate, and her father had to promise to ransack the State of Tennessee for the name of Penniman; but that name had so familiar a sound in his ears that he determined to begin his inquiries nearer home. He was, however, on the eve of an important visit to Montgomery, and he found it convenient to defer investigation until his return. Meantime, during his absence, Mary Frances made a discovery.

It had been decided by that young lady that some geraniums she owned would be the better for transferring to larger pots, and Jim Brand was called on to perform the job. It was not the season for re-potting, as Jim Brand well knew, but what Miss Mary Frances commanded must be done.

"Cur'us," remarked Jim Brand, deftly balancing a flower-pot on his left hand, "how one thing puts you in mind o' another. These here geraniums makes me think of whey I used ter live, an' that always 'minds me of — *ghoses*."

"Ghosts?" repeated Mary Frances, from her seat under the mimosa-tree. "There are no such things."

"Dunno 'bout that," Jim answered. "Some folks have seen 'em. They wuz a gentleman lived close by whey we usened ter live. He had heaps of money, an' a big property in land an' niggers; but he wuz a pleasure-seekin' gentleman, an' he come ter the end of his means suddently. So he come home, one night, an' soon, nex' mawnin', he had out his saddle-hawse, whey nobody had n' nuver rode but hissef, an' he galloped down ter the spring befo' sun-up, an' out with his pistol an' fired two shots; an' one went through his hawse's head, an' t'other went through that man's heart; an' his wife, when she heard them shots, went ravin' 'stracted. So now folks say nobody can't farm that land, 'long o' that man's careerin' round on that hawse; an' every month o' June, come that day, you kin hear them two pistol-shots an' that scream of his crazy wife — What's the matter, Miss Mary Frances?"

For Mary Frances had risen up in great excitement. "That was in Kentucky," she said, "and you — *you are Hannah Calline's Jim!*"

"You rekin so?" queried Jim. "I been studyin' on that same ever sence I been here, cawse 'Hannah Calline' ain't no new name ter me; but I ain't had the heart ter say nothin', seein' she was so sot beginst me, she don't hardly take good-mawnin' from me."

"She 'll get over all that, when she knows," Mary Frances declared.

"She was sold from the Brasswood estate long befo' the wah," Jim explained. "I know all about it."

"That's so," said Mary Frances;

"and your name was n't always Jim Brand? — tell me truly."

"I ain't always been called Jim Brand," Jim admitted; "but it's the name I been goin' by sence I went with Colonel Brand, what married Dr. Penniman's daughter."

"I know!" Mary Frances nodded. "Dr. Penniman that married Miss Patty Larkin" —

"Yes 'm," Jim answered, glancing uneasily over his shoulder. "She married Dr. Penniman. She was a — a pow'ful manager, Miss Patty was, an' she an' Dr. Penniman did n't 'gree so mighty well together. They 'sputed considerable 'bout Miss Patty's property."

"Well, that's no matter now, so you're Hannah Calline's Jim," said Mary Frances, with serene indifference. "I'm going to tell mommer, first; you just wait, and then we 'll see!"

The child flew into the house, breathless with the wonderful tidings, while Jim Brand leaned against the mimosa-tree, and grinned over the good luck that had befallen him. To have such an industrious, able-bodied old woman for a mother was indeed a matter for self-gratulation.

Mary Frances told hurriedly the two stories, that fitted into each other like the parts of a dissecting map, and now she clamored for permission to make her discovery known to Hannah Calline.

"But, my dear," Mrs. Newsome objected, "you'd better wait until your father comes home, and let him examine the evidence."

"He won't be home until day after to-morrow," Mary Frances reminded her; "and poor Hannah Calline has been waiting so long. And besides, it's certainly true."

So Mary Frances was allowed to break the joyful tidings to Hannah Calline, who, between long-preparedness for meeting her son and utter astonishment at finding him in the obnoxious Jim Brand, was subdued to an almost

matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation.

"Honey, honey," she said, "sho'ly hit must be so! An' jes' ter think how I has *de-spised* dat Jim Brand in my sight! But I always 'lowed, sence freedom, dat I was gwan come up wid Jim some day. I'm all of a trimble, till I can't stan'. Tell him ter come, chile!"

Away went Mary Frances, and called Jim, who bore himself with a very filial grace in this most moving scene.

Hannah Calline, remembering her persistent prejudice against Jim Brand, was overcome with shame and remorse. "I ax yo' pardin, son, I humbly ax yo' pardin an' furgiveness," said she, with pathetic iteration, "dat I niver tuk ter you from de fust. Hit must a been Satan possessed me, sho'ly." And then, between laughter and tears, she babbled about Kentucky and Miss Patty Larkin. "An' you doan tell me, Jim, Mars Tom Brasswood — Gawd res' him! — is a-rid-in' that hawse yit? I mean his sper-it? Lawd! Ain' I glad I lef' there! An' Miss Patty, she kep' her word: she *said* she gwan marry a doctor ter git yo' legs straightened; an' de *is*, Jim!" she interjected, admiringly. "But who'd a b'lieved Miss Patty gwan marry at her time o' day? An' whey she now, an' po' Miss Connie?"

"Lawd knows!" replied Jim. "I ain't been 'mongst 'em this long time back. Miss Patty an' the doctor was constant swapping back'uds an' for'uds of their property, an' I was made over ter Colonel Brand, what married Dr. Penniman's oldes' daughter."

"Well, I'm plum' 'stracted fur joy!" Hannah Calline declared, wiping her eyes and smiling. "I ain' niver gwan quit thankin' Gawd. An' I humbly ax yo' pardin an' furgiveness, Jim, thet I wuz so plum' sot beginst you; but I gwan mek hit up ter you, I is dat!"

Mr. Newsome, when he returned, was disposed to reproach Mrs. Newsome for

allowing Hannah Calline to be so precipitate; but, upon investigation, there appeared no ground for doubt that Jim Brand was Hannah Calline's son.

And now began Jim's deterioration. With a doting mother ready to wait upon him at every turn, he quickly fell into the habit of shirking all the work that it was possible for Hannah Calline to do in his stead. She had no lack of warning that she was spoiling Jim, but she could see no fault in this long-lost, new-found son. When Mrs. Newsome remonstrated with her for doing Jim's work, she would answer, —

"'Pears lak I could n' do enough fur de way I did *de-spise* him in my sight, Miss Louisa."

"But Jim is young, and you are growing old; he should be studying your comfort, instead of your studying his," Miss Louisa insisted.

"I ain' *so* ole," said Hannah Calline resentfully; "but I 'se a heap mo' seasoned then Jim; he warn' niver that strong, nohow. An' I ain' skeered but what Jim gwan study my comfort. He 's mighty smart, Jim is; he un'erstan's business, an' he gwan put my wages money out ter intrus'."

"You old fool!" said Mr. Newsome. "You surely don't mean to turn your wages over to Jim?"

"*Now*, Mars Dan'l? Jim 's my son."

"More 's the pity!" muttered Mars Dan'l.

For Mr. Newsome had always distrusted Jim, and even Mrs. Newsome was beginning to lose faith in him. But competent coachmen were hard to find, and Mrs. Newsome, though willing to remain in town until August, was not willing to forego her daily drive; and Jim, whatever else he neglected, did not neglect the carriage and horses that exhibited his coachmanship so conspicuously, every afternoon, on the Bay Shell Road.

In those days, there were not so many carriages frequenting that popular drive

as there were before the war, but the primitive benches on the beach at Frascati, and even the old logs stranded there were crowded, every afternoon, with the denizens of the city, who had gasped all day with the heat; and Jim Brand liked nothing better than driving the Newsome carriage and horses past this crowd that came down to the beach in the street-cars. He felt that his lofty perch became him well, and he luxuriated in the sense of superiority it gave him.

Among the equipages that occasionally appeared on the drive, in those days, was a shabby, creaking little one-horse open carriage, of an ancient date, drawn by a raw-boned, spiritless sorrel nag, and driven by a poorly clad negro, young, but of a sober visage. The only occupant of the carriage was a small, white-haired, pale-faced old woman, in rusty black, with the lofty air of a princess. Superbly unconscious of her sorry outfit, she sat with her ungloved hands folded in her lap, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. Apparently she saw no one; but every one saw her, and many and various were the conjectures regarding her. It was rumored that she was very poor, that she was enormously wealthy, that she was insane, that she was a miser, that she was fabulously old, that she was much younger than she looked, and so on. No one knew whence she came, but it had been ascertained that her name was Mrs. Lassiter.

On a certain Friday afternoon, the Newsomes were taking their drive somewhat later than usual. They had just passed the toll-gate, when the shabby little open carriage, drawn by the starveling sorrel horse, was descried approaching from the opposite direction. The sober-faced driver looked back and said something to the small old white-haired woman, taking her solitary airing. She leaned forward with an intent gaze, and as the Newsome carriage

passed she stood up, shaking her fist, and shrieking shrilly, —

“*You rascal! You rascal!*”

Mr. Newsome's spirited horses gave a plunge, and apparently Jim Brand had much ado to control them; they had gone half a mile before their speed slackened. Then Jim turned, and said to Mr. Newsome, —

“That pusson orter be arrested, sir. See how she scared my hawses.”

Mr. Newsome had his doubts as to who was responsible for the horses' performance. “Which one of us is the rascal, Jim?” he asked good-naturedly, and Jim grinned.

“’Spect hit's yosef, Mr. Newsome; folks do say she have a powerful spite at lawyers. By good rights, 'pears ter me, she b'longs in the 'sylum; she's commonly jedged ter be crazy.”

Soon after this, Mr. Newsome was seized with an attack of fever that lasted two weeks. It was during this illness that Mary Frances's diamond ring, which had been given her on her last birthday, disappeared. She had a childish habit of taking it off to play with it, and she had laid it down in a safe place, as she thought; but when she looked for it, the ring was gone. Mary Frances was heart-broken, and Hannah Calline wearied herself in a fruitless search.

Mr. Newsome was not told of the loss until his recovery. He did not reprove Mary Frances for her carelessness, — he could never find it in his heart to reprove Mary Frances, — but he said at once that Jim Brand must be the thief.

Hannah Calline was loud and indignant in denial, but Jim met the accusation with composure.

“What proof can you bring thet I took hit?” he said. “Mo'n likely a rat whisked it off.”

“Not at all likely!” returned Mr. Newsome hotly. “I've no proof, but I believe you stole that ring, just as I believe you stole several other small articles of value I've missed since you

came here : a diamond button, a seal, a watch-chain, a silver match-safe."

At this Jim waxed insolent. "Mr. Newsome, sir," said he, with an immense swagger, "ef I was minded ter steal, I'd suttinly steal somethin' wuth havin'." Whereupon Mr. Newsome dismissed him.

Hannah Calline was in great distress, but she had taken on a faint reflection of Jim's swagger. Mars Dan'l and Miss Louisa became at once Mr. and Mrs. Newsome ; little Mary Frances she ignored, through sheer heart-break at the turn affairs had taken.

"Ef Jim gotter go, I gotter go too, Mrs. Newsome," she declared, when it was explained to her that she might stay.

"Very well," said Mr. Newsome ; "but remember that if you get into trouble, or need help, you can come back to us."

"I ain' lakly ter git in no trouble 'long with Jim, bless Gawd !" returned Hannah Calline. "Jim's my son, fust an' last, Mr. Newsome, an' I follers Jim."

She followed Jim, and the Newsomes lost sight of her for some months.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

SOME COLONIAL LAWYERS AND THEIR WORK.

DURING the greater part of the seventeenth century, lawyers did not constitute a class or profession in the American colonies. In New England, their presence in the community, not to mention their services, was deemed undesirable, if not dangerous. To be sure, among the Puritan leaders, at least Winthrop, Bellingham, Humphrey, and perhaps Pelham and Bradstreet, had received a legal training. Frequently, in their time, gentlemen would reside at the *Inns of Court* in order to prepare themselves for the public duties appertaining to a county magistracy or a seat in Parliament. In the case of Winthrop and his associates, their knowledge of the law, being duly subordinated to a knowledge of the Word of God, was found very useful in organizing and conducting the new government. But the law as a profession they had not followed with much zeal in England, and were not willing to tolerate in their new home. Even the body of the law they introduced only so far as it suited their ulterior purposes. They knew too well the condition of the law of England and

the circumstances of its practice at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Although the feudal spirit was extinct, many of its legal embodiments — notably military tenures — were not yet abolished. So many obsolete and useless statutes remained unrepealed that it was difficult to determine the law with certainty and perspicuity. Its digest and compilation was not only favored by leading jurists, like Sir Edward Coke, Lord Bacon, and Sir Matthew Hale, but also demanded by an outraged and exasperated people. At the same time, the law was to all but a few practically a closed book. Only the conduct of judicial proceedings was in English. They were reported in the French of the Norman Conquest, and recorded in the Latin of the monasteries.

Moreover, the Puritans had suffered from the law as an instrument of priestly and kingly oppression, so that to them the lawyers seemed to be leagued with the clergy not only in perpetuating abuses in the courts and in the Church, but especially in suppressing dissent. The threat of King James — "I will

make them conform, or will harry them out of the land, or else do worse" — had been executed through the dread courts of the High Commission and the Star Chamber. They had fled from king, courts, and priesthood. No wonder that they trembled at the least suggestion of the former oppression.

Furthermore, the economy of the Puritan church and state did not contemplate the existence of a class or caste, least of all a class of lawyers. Even the minister, theoretically, was not one of a class, but one of a congregation. For the law the Independents turned from man's invention to God's ordinance. In the Bible they found an all-sufficient rule, and for its application and interpretation they looked to the men of God, the minister and godly laymen.

This attitude of the Puritans toward the legal profession was illustrated in the experience of the first Boston lawyer, one Thomas Lechford, who came to Massachusetts Bay in 1638. Lechford was not a credit to the profession. He was deficient in education, in discretion, and in professional integrity. It does not appear that he had been called to the bar. He had simply resided at an Inn of Chancery, and had not risen above the rank of scrivener. Upon his arrival at Boston, instead of trying, by devotion to his calling, to remove the popular prejudice against him, he at once took it upon himself to attack some current religious beliefs. He seems to have suffered comparatively little for his audacity. According to John Cotton, he was "dealt with all both in conference and (according to his desire) in writing." Of course he was excluded from church fellowship, and hence from the privileges of a freeman and from civil office.

While thus at odds with the elders, he capped the climax of indiscretion by calling down upon himself the just indignation of the magistrates. Not

content with his proper work of conveyancer, scrivener, or draughtsman, he essayed the office of an advocate, to which it did not appear that he had any title. Having been engaged to prosecute an action at law, his zeal for his client led him into grave misconduct, the nature of which appears from the following judgment of the General Court: "Mr. Thomas Lechford, for going to the Jewry & pleading wth them out of Court, is debarred from pleading any man's cause hereafter, unlesse his owne, and admonished not to p^rsume to meddle beyond what hee shallbe called to by the Courte."

Shortly afterward he submitted a petition for pardon, acknowledging the justice of the court, and adding that he "is comforted in this — that he hopeth it may do him good and the example be a benefit to the public." He was allowed to resume his occupation. But however this incident affected the public, it seems not to have benefited him, for he could not resist the temptation to intermeddle. Presently he was offering advice to the governor and magistrates, and propounding queries to the elders. Finally, patience exhausted, the court again called him to account, and, as before, he escaped by craving mercy. The record is that "Mr. Thomas Lechford, acknowledging hee had overshot himselfe, and is sorry for it, promising to attend his calling, and not to meddle wth controversies, was dismissed."

His calling, however, hardly found him bread. He was not allowed to take fees for his services as an advocate, and was forced, as he complained, "to get a living by writing petty things." According to his journal, his total income for the two years after his arrival was about forty-seven pounds. At the end of the third year he gave up the struggle, and returned to England, declaring that "all was out of joint both in Church and Commonwealth," and quite disgusted at the general disregard

of "worthy lawyers of either gown." Soon afterward he tried to justify this conclusion and indignation by setting forth in detail, in a book entitled *Plain Dealing or News from New England*, his observations concerning the Puritan church and state.

Lechford's sojourn in Boston must have confirmed public opinion against the legal profession, if one may take John Cotton as a spokesman. In a sermon delivered in 1640, referring doubtless to Lechford, he administered "a reproof to unconscionable Advocates," that "bolster out a bad case by quirks of wit, and tricks and quilllets of Law. . . . And for men that profess Religion (as many Lawyers do) to use their tongues as weapons of unrighteousness unto wickedness . . . to plead in corrupt Causes, and to strain the Law to that purpose." Moreover, what had been but a custom now took the force of law. For the Body of Liberties, adopted in 1641 as the first code, gave permission to "every man that findeth himself unfit to plead his own cause in any court, to employ any man against whom the Court doth not except, to help him, provided he give him no fee or reward for his pains." Surely no discouragement to pleading as a profession, save its absolute interdiction, could have been found as effective as the prohibition of fees.

Besides the custom, just referred to, of employing men of superior abilities as assistants or patrons in pleading causes, there was another substitute for lawyers which had much less to commend it. A party to an action would consult regarding it, privately and beforehand, with some magistrate, — the very one, it might be, that was to sit upon the case at the public hearing. In 1641, the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, severely criticised this practice in a sermon before the General Court. But the usage was justified and maintained as avoiding the necessity of lawyers, and

enabling the court "to understand the cause aright." Several years later, the public conscience being aroused, such private hearings were forbidden, and resort then became more frequent to the other alternative, the patron, usually a man of prominence in one of the recognized occupations. Among those who usually performed this service, under the Puritan rule, were John Coggan, John Watson, and Anthony Checkley, merchants; Amos Richardson, tailor; and Benjamin Bullivant, physician and apothecary. It is likely that the patron often degenerated into the pettifogger. At any rate, he was tolerated only as a necessary evil that should be carefully circumscribed. In 1663, a law was passed excluding "usual and common Attorneys" from seats in the General Court.

The sentiment against lawyers was at this time nearly as strong in Virginia as in New England, although in the former it had sprung more from experience than from doctrine. Episcopacy, unlike Independency, was not hostile in spirit to the legal profession. But Virginia, it would seem, was a prey to a band of unscrupulous, broken-down attorneys from England; and the extent of the affliction appears from the legislation on their account. In 1643, an attempt was made to regulate the practice of law by a system of fees, licenses, and oaths, but without avail; and two years later it was enacted that "mercenary attorneys be wholly expelled from such office." As in New England, the expedient was adopted of allowing a magistrate or some one from the people to assist parties in pleading causes. This plan, however, was soon found unsatisfactory, and a second attempt was made to regulate, rather than exclude, the practice of law, but, as before, without avail. In 1658, all persons, attorneys or others, who should assist in pleading causes for a compensation were made liable to a fine of five thousand pounds of tobacco.

Fortunately, these worthless adven-

turers confined their attention to Virginia. The middle colonies, at this time, were not subjected to such a visitation. In an account of Pennsylvania and West New Jersey, by Gabriel Thomas, published in 1698, and dedicated to "Friend William Penn," is the following naive observation: "Of Lawyers and Physicians I shall say nothing, because this country is very peaceable and healthy; long may it so continue, and never have occasion for the tongue of the one nor the pen of the other, both equally destructive to men's estates and lives." Against the attorneys, the lawgivers, apparently, deemed some special precaution necessary; for the Fundamental Constitutions of East New Jersey provided that all parties might plead their causes either in person or by friends, no compensation being allowed.

With this practical exclusion from the colonies of men educated and devoted to the law, there was of course much crudeness in the early judicial systems. From devotion to particular religious theories, or from the tendency in new communities toward centralized government, the colonists disregarded an important English precedent, — the separation of the judiciary from the executive and the legislature. The highest court was identical, in Massachusetts, with the legislature, and, in the other colonies, generally with the executive. The very men that sat on the bench sat also in the executive council and in the legislature. As a result, the distinctions between law, morality, and religion were constantly overlooked. Not merely man's relations to his fellows, but even his relations to his God, were placed within the province of the legislature and the courts. To take a striking example, blasphemy and idolatry were capital crimes at the same time in Massachusetts and in Maryland. In Virginia, one neglecting the daily service of the Established Church might find

himself sentenced to the galleys for six months. If he did not attend the Sunday service, he might need to prepare for the next world.

The men who presided over these early tribunals were as much a product of the times as were the laws they applied or the justice they dispensed. Legal training was indeed a rare quality. But usually they were "able and judicious persons," according to the requirement of the Virginia statute. They came chiefly from the ruling class, — the Independent oligarchy in New England, the gentry or planter class in the South. Their deficiencies and eccentricities were overlooked by the people. The judgments of John Winthrop, the Puritan governor of Massachusetts, and of Thomas Olive, the Quaker governor of West Jersey, were equally acceptable, though delivered in the one case from the platform of the Boston meeting-house, and in the other from "the stumps in his meadow." It was reason and common sense, not legal precedents, that the judges consulted, considering each case as of novel occurrence. When these simple expedients did not suffice, — in cases of doubt or of other perplexity, — application was made, at least in New England, to the ministers.

Although, in the organization of nearly all the colonies, religion and its ministers had an important influence, in New England their power was preëminent. This was to be expected from the theocratic tendency in the government. It was also largely due to the merits of the profession. The ministers constituted the only class that uniformly received the best education afforded by the times. First Oxford and Cambridge universities, and then Harvard College, contributed much of their best product to make up this unique body of men, — the elders. Among these men, John Cotton long held the lead. "Whatever Mr. Cotton delivered," says Hubbard, "was soon put into an order of court, if

of civil, or set up as a practice in the church, if of an ecclesiastical concernment." Another person of great influence was Nathaniel Ward, at first minister of Ipswich, and later a man of scholarly leisure. These men more than any others gave form to the early laws of Massachusetts; for to them was assigned the office of drafting a code of laws. Aided by some of the magistrates, they prepared a hundred laws, reinforced by marginal references to the Bible. These were adopted in 1641 as the Body of Liberties. In a similar way were prepared the codes of Connecticut and New Haven.

In such a state of society, — with the ministers as the lawgivers and ultimate arbitrators, and the Scriptures as the source of the law, — evidently there was no place for lawyers. No profession can rise or grow except to supply a want in society; and the need of lawyers was not appreciated until the effects of their exclusion became apparent and the conditions of society changed.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century the system of administering justice began to discover its inherent defects. Through the lack of men fitted by legal training to lay before the courts the merits of causes with clearness and expedition, there was often a failure of justice or a protraction of trials, to the loss of the parties and the detriment of the public. Legal fees being small, the business of the courts and the evils of litigation increased. The system of patrons everywhere realized its tendency to become a nuisance. In 1680, the Virginia Assembly declared that the courts were hindered and troubled in their judicial proceedings by the impertinent discourses of many busy and ignorant men, under the pretense of assistance in pleading. Such persons were therefore forbidden to practice as attorneys unless previously licensed by the governor.

This example was soon followed in Massachusetts. There the condition of

the courts above described coincided with a decline in the direct influence of the elders in public affairs. In 1682, the surrender of the charter being in question, the ministers were publicly consulted by the magistrates for the last time. With the institution of the royal government church membership ceased to be essential to full civil rights, and the Puritan dream of a theocracy was finally dispelled.

As the minister withdrew into his proper sphere, the lawyer emerged into prominence and usefulness. Under the direction of Bullivant, the quondam patron and apothecary, and now the new attorney-general, President Dudley reorganized the judicial system. He introduced more order into legal proceedings, and distinctly recognized the legal profession. Only the persons duly admitted on oath could practice as attorneys; and their names and the fees fixed by law were published. Under President Dudley and his successor, Governor Andros, about a dozen attorneys were admitted. Their reputation — not to mention their attainments — was not good. Three of them, imported from New York, were employed by Andros as ready tools of his tyranny. Bullivant, perhaps the most prominent attorney, was at the same time apothecary, physician, lawyer, and politician. Although an Episcopalian, he was generally popular for his usefulness, good sense, and ready wit. Randolph, writing in 1688, lamented "the want we have of two or three honest attorneys (if any such thing in nature)." No doubt the profession was characterized less by honesty than by quick wits and easy consciences. It was no better in the other colonies. Of the lawyers of New York, at this time, it was said that "one of them was a dancing-master, another a Glover by trade, and a third . . . was condemned in Scotland for burning the Bible and blasphemy."

The bench, though more honest, was

hardly more efficient than the bar. Of the Massachusetts judges, the three most prominent at this time, Dudley, Stoughton, and Buckley, had been educated for the ministry. Whatever learning they may have had in matters theological, they knew very little concerning the rules of evidence or the forms of legal practice. In one case, Chief Justice Dudley informed the defendant that he had no more privileges than not to be sold as a slave, and charged the jury that the court "expected a good verdict from them, seeing the matter had been so sufficiently proved against the criminals." In the trial of the Salem "witches," in 1692, the evidence presented was of a kind unique in American judicial history. If the prisoner denied his guilt, in the first place the afflicted persons testified as to the person tormenting them; then the "confessors," those who had voluntarily acknowledged themselves to be witches, related in court what they knew of the accused; and finally any volunteer was allowed to present as evidence against the prisoner whatever he chose, whether or not it bore upon the charges in the indictment. Often it was admitted in evidence against the accused that a wart or mole had been found upon his body, upon examination by the jury for "witch marks." When in one case the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, the accusers raised a clamor and the judges expressed dissatisfaction. The jury, obedient to the public will, reversed their verdict.

Evidently this was more a popular than a judicial tribunal, yielding to the impulse of the hour rather than maintaining the independence of a court. At this trial at Salem not a person concerned had any special training in the law. Of the judges, beside Chief Justice Stoughton, Samuel Sewall had been educated to the ministry. Wait Still Winthrop and Bartholomew Gedney were practicing physicians, and Jonathan Curwin and John Richards were

merchants. At least three of these had some reputation in military affairs, and as many had been prominent in the conduct of the government. It can be said of Samuel Sewall alone that he is remembered chiefly for his connection with the courts. From his journal it appears that, with a natural bent for the law, he had pursued some legal study and had instituted some reforms in the courts. But in general a legal education was not deemed essential in those chosen to interpret the law. Frequently other callings, for which they had some aptitude or preparation, were followed at the same time. Apparently there was thought to be no incompatibility between dispensing justice and prescribing medicines.

But adherence to the Puritan faith and practice was still deemed a valuable qualification, if not a requisite, in a judge. Often the utterance from the bench took the form of a sermon. It was this conservatism in Samuel Sewall that endeared him to the people. In his diary he quaintly describes the opening for the court of the new Town House in Boston, incidentally revealing some traits of his character and the customs of his day: "Dr. Cotton Mather having ended prayer, the clerk called the Grand Jury, giving their charge which was to enforce the Queen's proclamation, and especially against travelling on the Lord's day. I said . . . seeing the former decayed building is consumed, and a better built in the room, let us pray that God would take away our filthy garments and clothe us with a change of raiment, that our sins may be buried in the ruins and rubbish of the former house, and not be suffered to follow into this. . . . May the judges always discern the right, and dispense justice with a most stable permanent impartiality. Let this large transparent costly glass serve to oblige the attorneys always to set things in their true light."

The eighteenth century opened a new era in the administration of justice. A decided improvement was early noticeable in the forms of proceedings, in the dignity and impartiality of the courts, and in the ability and integrity of the attorneys. In Massachusetts this was due largely to four men, whose careers extended over the first half of the eighteenth century. They constituted the first group of eminent lawyers in Massachusetts. They were Benjamin Lynde, Paul Dudley, John Read, and Robert Auchmuty, the elder. The first three were graduates of Harvard College. Lynde and Dudley, after a thorough course in law at the Temple, London, returned to the colony, and were soon called to the bench of the Superior Court, filling between them the position of its chief justice from 1728 to 1751. Lynde was the first member of that court that had received a careful legal training. When he took his seat on the bench, in 1712, the significance of the event was emphasized by Judge Sewall. This noble representative of the old school, in addressing the jury, expressed the hope that they would now "have the advantage of an Inns of Court education superadded to that of Harvard College." Indeed, from this time may be dated the rise of the law as a liberal profession. A thorough knowledge of law and a high sense of honor were in some cases associated with distinction in literature or science. Paul Dudley was not only a jurist, but also a theologian and a naturalist; and his scholarship was recognized abroad by an election to the Royal Society.

While Lynde and Dudley lent learning and ability to the bench, their contemporaries, John Read and Robert Auchmuty, attained eminence at the bar. Read, spending his early manhood in the study of theology and in the work of the ministry, was not admitted to the bar till about 1720, when nearly forty years of age. Yet such were his assiduity

and versatility that he soon attained the highest rank. James Otis spoke of him as "the greatest common lawyer the country ever saw." He was eccentric withal. It is related of him that he would "travel *incognito* in the other colonies, and occasionally would volunteer in the defense of actions, and always astonish both courts and juries by his profound learning, his captivating eloquence, and his sparkling wit." Like Chief Justice Dudley, John Read possessed scholarship apart from his profession. He contributed to literature a Latin grammar and some political essays.

Through the exertions of these men much was done toward systematizing the practice of law, and elevating the character of the profession in Massachusetts. As a result, the Puritan prejudice gave way, and lawyers began to take a prominent part in public life. Robert Auchmuty filled acceptably the public offices of director of the Land Bank and representative of the province in England. John Read had the honor of being the first lawyer ever chosen a member of the General Court, representing Boston for the first time in 1738. After several terms in the lower house, he became a member of the council. His reputation and ability were as great in the legislature as at the bar.

In fact, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the Revolution, politics more and more employed the services of the legal profession; and for this work they were well fitted by their broad experience in affairs and by their simple but vigorous discipline. The standard for admission to the bar had everywhere been raised. The distinction between barristers and attorneys was recognized. In Massachusetts, a practice of three years in the inferior court was required for admission to the higher tribunal; and in 1766 the rule was adopted that after the third year of study one might become an attorney, after the fifth a

counselor, and after the seventh a barrister. In Virginia, only those attorneys were barristers who were such according to the law of England; and any one desiring to practice in the lower courts was required to pass an examination by a committee of the bar. In New York, three years at college or seven years in an office were required for admission. Of course the range of legal studies was limited. In New England, comparatively few followed the example, set by Benjamin Lynde and Paul Dudley, of a residence at the Inns of Court. In Virginia, more enjoyed this privilege, among them notably Colonel Byrd, of Westover, who was admitted to the bar in the Middle Temple. The scarcity of books on law as well as the laxity in admission to practice is illustrated in the experience of James Otis, the elder. While he was by chance attending court, having as yet no intention of becoming a lawyer, he was induced to assist a party to a cause who had no counsel. He succeeded so well that, urged by the court and by his friends, he decided to take up the law. He procured "such books as were then to be obtained, — Coke's Institutes, Brownlow's Entries, and Plowden's Commentaries and Reports, — and commenced reading and practicing." A private library was thought to be considerable if it contained fifty volumes. John Read's books, inventoried shortly after his death in 1749, were but forty-three in number, and were valued at less than two hundred pounds.

Even in England the choice of books was not much larger. Sir William Blackstone did not publish his Commentaries till 1765. What the student of law lacked through scarcity of books he tried, it would seem, to make up in method of study, if we are to judge from the directions given by Lord Chief Justice Reeves: "Read Wood's Institutes cursorily, and for explanation of the same Jacob's Dictionary. Next

strike out what lights you can from Bohun's *Institutio Legalis*, and Jacob's practicing Attorney, Companion, and the like, helping yourselves by Indexes. Then read and consider Littleton's Tenures without notes, and abridge it. Then venture on Coke's Commentaries. After reading it once, read it again, for it will require many readings. Abridge it. Commonplace it. Make it your own, applying to it the faculties of your mind. Then read Sergeant Hawkins to throw light on Lord Coke. Then read Wood again to throw light on Sergeant Hawkins. And then read the Statutes at large to throw light on Mr. Wood."

Undoubtedly such a process, if carried out, was likely to throw much light on the books involved. At any rate, it gave strength and keenness of mind; and these qualities were possessed to a remarkable degree by the last group of colonial lawyers. Many of them had also a liberal education. Indeed, the time was fast passing away, especially in New England, when it could be said that the ministry was the only educated class in the community; for many college graduates, of social position and of high promise, turned to the practice of law, both for its own growing importance and as a desirable road to politics. As a result, the profession rapidly increased in numbers. According to Emory Washburn, late professor in the Harvard Law School, there were in 1768 "twenty-five barristers in the whole of Massachusetts, which, there is reason to believe, was more than double the number of those who were in practice twenty years before that date. Of these, ten were in Boston." At the opening of the Revolution, there were thirty-six barristers, and at least ten attorneys not yet made barristers. The profession was rapidly gaining the public esteem and confidence. In learning, ability, and integrity, the bar of Massachusetts was equaled by that of no other colony, Virginia possibly excepted.

Until near the close of the colonial period there were few lawyers in Virginia whose character or attainments made them conspicuous. One of the few was Sir John Randolph, long attorney-general of the colony. In his *Breviate Book*, Randolph mentions a contemporary, Williams Hopkins, "a very ingenious lawyer and a good pleader," and laments his death as a "loss to this poor country which is not like to abound (at present, at least) in Great Geniuses." Within a few decades, this complaint was no longer pertinent; for there came forward at the bar a group of young men, of whom several possessed culture, wealth, and social position, all had marked abilities, and some proved to be "great geniuses."

In other colonies, also, — particularly Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and South Carolina, — the legal profession had attained, prior to the Revolution, a position of respectability and influence; but in none so much as in Massachusetts and Virginia did it constitute a conspicuous and powerful class. In these colonies, it accepted and performed to a large degree the duty of arousing and guiding the public sentiment for the preservation of liberty against the encroachments of Great Britain. From the lawyer's work sprung the Revolution.

In this great, this crowning service which the legal profession in the colonies was called to do the country, many distinguished lawyers took part, among others John Adams, Joseph Hawley, and Josiah Quincy in Massachusetts, and Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Richard Henry Lee in Virginia. But, with exceptions, the chief work of these men was at a later stage, — conducting the war for independence or organizing and administering a national government. But to James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry is due the honor of being the first to lay bare the designs of England and to stir their countrymen to resist-

ance, — and that, too, in the regular work of their profession.

The first case that called into action this double capacity of lawyer and patriot was in Massachusetts. In it were engaged several leaders at the bar, and its incidents have been preserved with great care. It was the argument before the Superior Court upon the application for the Writs of Assistance, in 1761. The counsel in this case were Jeremiah Gridley for the application, and Oxenbridge Thacher and James Otis, Jr., against it. All three were graduates of Harvard College. Both Gridley and Thacher had studied theology and been preachers. The former had afterward successively taught school and edited a newspaper. Having finally applied himself to the law, he had become distinguished particularly for the extent and accuracy of his learning. His experience and eminence at the bar had made his office a favorite resort for students. Among many others, Thacher and Otis themselves had thus obtained their legal education. Otis's rise had been very rapid. Within a few years after his admission to the bar he had been appointed advocate-general. He had held this office till 1761, and then had resigned it rather than sustain the application in this case. Of the three, Gridley excelled as a scholar, Thacher as a reasoner, and Otis as an orator. Such were the antagonists in this famous contest. The scene is graphically described by John Adams, an eye-witness. The court sat in the council-chamber of the Old State House, Boston. "In this chamber near the fire were seated five judges with Lieut. Governor Hutchinson at their head, as Chief Justice, all in their new robes of scarlet English cloth, in their broad bands and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated at a long table all the Barristers of Boston and its neighboring County of Middlesex, in their gowns, bands and tye-wigs. They were not seated on

ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate when the Gauls broke in upon them."

The question at issue arose out of the attempt of England to enforce her monopoly of the colonial commerce as instituted by the Acts of Trade. In spite of these acts, there had sprung up with the West Indies a lively contraband trade in sugar and molasses, which His Majesty's officers of customs were powerless to prevent. They had therefore applied to the Superior Court for writs of assistance in a general form, directed to any person, and authorizing him to enter any house or other private inclosure, in search for smuggled goods. It was the question of granting such writs which the court was to decide.

The counsel had been particularly requested "to look into the books and consider the question;" and it is safe to say that in America no argument before — and few since — was presented with so much learning, ability, and eloquence. It was chiefly to this consideration of legal precedents that Gridley and Thacher applied themselves. But Otis declared at the outset that he appeared not only in behalf of his clients, but also "out of regard to the liberties of the subject." His argument soon transcended "the books," and grasped the ultimate bearings of the question. He did not deny the legality of special writs of assistance, granted to certain persons on oath, to search specified places within a definite time. But a writ like the one in question, with no limitations whatever to its use, he denounced as "the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty." Indeed, this was the point upon which he dwelt, — the effect on his countrymen, as Englishmen, not of these writs alone, but also of the Navigation Act and the Acts of Trade. "Considered as revenue laws, they destroyed all our security of property, lib-

erty, life, every right of nature and the English constitution, and the charter of the province."

"Otis," says John Adams, "was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried everything before him."

The Writs of Assistance were not granted. But, more than that, the growing public sentiment against the encroachments of Great Britain had found voice. Thenceforth this protest increased in volume and spread over all the colonies. John Adams truly said, "Mr. Otis's oration against writs of assistance breathed into this nation the breath of life."

Two years later, in 1763, a case was argued in Virginia, the effect of which at the South was similar to that of the Massachusetts case at the North. It presents equal interest in its incidents and in the persons engaged. It was the Parsons' Cause. In order to understand the point at issue, let it be borne in mind that in Virginia the Church of England was established by law, and hence the clergy, like other public servants, received salaries out of the public revenues. In 1748, this salary was fixed by law at sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, and for its collection and payment the parish vestry were made responsible. What value in pounds sterling the clergymen actually realized varied, of course, from year to year, with the market price of tobacco. In 1758, tobacco being scarce, the price went up, and the clergy were expecting that this rise would offset their losses through a fall in price the preceding year. But at this point the legislature authorized vestries to pay the salaries in the depreciated paper currency, at a fixed rate — much below

the market price — for each pound of tobacco due. Great losses resulted to the clergy. Owing to the growing dissent from the Established Church, they were unpopular, and could not obtain redress. Hence they sent an agent to England, and obtained the royal disallowance of the legislative interference. They thereupon brought suits in the province against their vestries. In the case of the Rev. James Maury, rector of Fredericksville parish, Louisa, the court, in view of the royal disallowance, declared the Act of 1758 not to be law. Hence it only remained for a jury to determine what damages the rector had sustained by the unwarranted curtailment of his salary.

At this point — their case apparently hopeless — the vestry turned to Patrick Henry. For this service the young attorney was ill prepared, to judge from his early history. After some grounding in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, his schooling had ended with his fourteenth year. Within the next eight years of his life he had failed twice in trade and once in farming. In 1760, at the age of twenty-three, he had at last gained a success, — admission to the bar, — but by what means it would have been difficult to explain, for he had studied law but one month, and during this time had read only Coke on Littleton and the Virginia Statutes. Since then, however, for nearly four years, his success in practice had been remarkable; and he was now engaged for a final effort to save the sinking cause.

At the argument before the jury for the assessment of damages, there was much to embarrass the new attorney. In the chair of the presiding magistrate sat none other than his own father, and on the bench, also, were some twenty learned clergymen of the province. Moreover, the evidence pointed to large damages against his clients. But the dense crowd in the court-room vibrated with sympathy in his behalf, and the

jury, if not likewise disposed, were of the lower class, — a facile clay for the skillful hand. It was soon evident that he perceived his opportunity, and could use it to his will. Like his contemporary, James Otis, he turned from the immediate legal issues to the ulterior relations involved. He first played upon the sentiment against the clergy. They were supported at the public expense, he declared, chiefly for the purpose of enjoining obedience to the civil laws, and hence they had forfeited their claim to consideration, — especially to damages in this case, — having presumed to dispute the people's will as embodied in the Act of 1758. But he went much farther. The government of the colony, he asserted, was the only power that could give force to its laws; and "a king, by disallowing acts of this salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerated into a tyrant, and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience."

From an awkward and faltering opening, the speaker had been gradually kindled and transformed by his thought, until at last his hearers were completely overcome by his insinuating argument and his wonderful eloquence. The jury, after a delay of barely five minutes, rendered a verdict of one penny damages; the court speedily overruled a motion for a new trial; and the young orator was borne from the court-room on the shoulders of the crowd.

The effect of these two striking incidents in judicial and colonial history was immediate and manifold. To James Otis, Jr., and Patrick Henry it gave a reputation for eloquence unprecedented at the time, and hardly equaled in our annals. It also brought an increase of practice quite beyond, it is safe to say, the merits of their professional attainments as compared with those of their contemporaries. Moreover, it brought them into extraordinary prominence in politics. They were soon chosen to their

respective legislatures, and there continued, though not with uniform consistency, the agitation they had begun at the bar.

But more important still was the effect of their words upon their respective communities. In Massachusetts, the party divisions that had unconsciously been forming now took clearer outline. Some conspicuous leaders, including members of the bar, boldly joined the Tory ranks, and others, hitherto lukewarm, earnestly espoused the colonial cause. In Virginia, expression was emphatically given to the rising sentiment of the people against a church imposed

upon them and separated from their needs, yet compelling its support from their hands. At the same time the thought was suggested that the people of the colonies had rights, long overlooked, but belonging to them as Englishmen, which should be enforced, though conflicting with the will of Great Britain. Should the haughty planters renounce the popular cause, then would Patrick Henrys arise up in their stead. In short, the Writs of Assistance Case and the Parsons' Cause supplied the arguments and the men that turned the wavering colonists toward resistance and revolution.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

I.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

"It often happens," says Thomas à Kempis, "that a stranger whom the voice of fame has made illustrious loses all the brightness of his character the moment he is seen and known." Abundant illustration could be found of the unwelcome truth which these words convey; but I quote them here only to say that they are not true of the man of whom I write.

It was in the fall of 1867, while occupying a position on the staff of a New York daily journal, that I received, one day, a letter from the State Department, Washington, offering me the position of stenographic secretary to William H. Seward. Up to that time, though familiar with his public career, I had never seen Mr. Seward personally. It is one indication of the unsuspiciousness of his character that he called to this position a person whom he had not even

seen, and whose previous connection with a daily paper might have been supposed to unfit him for the important duty of keeping state secrets. Though fond of games of chance, it must not be supposed that the Secretary of State was amusing himself with one in this instance, or that he had drawn his bow wholly at a venture. It rather illustrates the degree to which my predecessor, Mr. D. C. McEwen, had won his confidence; for, on voluntarily resigning, he had been invited to name a successor.

It is not possible to hear of a man who for twenty years has been a centre of public attention without forming some general impression of his personality. In these days of photographs, engravings, and plausible caricatures, the external features of a public man soon become familiar to the eye. Yet the imagination has to endow them with life, and the ideal does not always correspond with the real. As I walked into the State Department, the William H. Seward I met was not entirely the one I

had pictured. His figure was less commanding than I had fancied, — a fancy derived, perhaps, from the stateliness of his orations. The mark of the assassin's knife was upon him, and had left the muscles of his face on one side much contracted and made his utterance thick. But it was unmistakably William H. Seward who welcomed me with impassive courtesy and the faint kindling of a smile on the scarred cheek. There was the lofty and slightly receding brow, the large head running well back, long rather than wide in its development, and that strong aquiline nose, which one soon recognized as the outgrowth of his character as well as of his face.

Not a word was spoken by the Secretary of State as to the confidential nature of the duties I was to perform, no pledge was exacted, nor did he utter a syllable of caution, or seek, in this interview or at any other time, to effect a mutual understanding. Mr. Seward was possessed of acuteness and caution. But they did not create suspicion. He had the fine instincts of the gentleman and the keen intuition, sharpened by long experience, of the practiced student of human nature. Instead of putting his new secretary upon probation, he took it for granted that he was entirely familiar with the duties of his office, and that his newspaper experience had not rendered him a public gossip. Far more assuring than any effusive welcome was this restrained but characteristic courtesy which assumed that mutual confidence already existed. I was treated as if I had held the position for years. It was this utter absence of suspicion, the implicit faith in his assistant, his tacit assumption that the man whom he had called to this office would recognize its obligations without a single word from him, which immediately made the relation intimate and pleasant. The only time that I ever knew him to allude to this delicate subject at all was on one occasion when a third person was in the room, who

seemed not wholly at ease by reason of my presence. Mr. Seward ventured a smiling assurance that his stenographer was familiar with the duties of his position.

I entered the service of Mr. Seward at a time when things were politically at loose ends. The war was over, but its smoke had not disappeared. The frayed-out sovereignty of the seceded States had not yet been woven together. It was the era of reconstruction, — a period of conflicting views, strong party feeling, and manifold complications. President Johnson had made his famous tour through the country, which did more to increase the popularity of Mr. Petroleum V. Nasby than that of Andrew Johnson. Mr. Seward had lost caste with the Republican party through his participation in that tour. It was a time of angry, eruptive feeling. The conflict between the President and Congress had assumed threatening proportions, and was soon to culminate in the gusty outbreak of the impeachment trial. The cloud had lifted from our foreign relations. Englishmen were no longer sending cruisers to prey on our commerce, under the Confederate flag. France had received a dispatch from Mr. Seward, one of the triumphs of his diplomatic career, inviting her, in decorous but imperative English, to withdraw her troops from Mexico. Napoleon was not in a condition to decline the invitation, but little dreamed that a few years later his own fortunes would be as completely wrecked as those of Maximilian, his victim. Thus the great question of foreign intervention which had darkened the national horizon had been swept away by the last gun of the war. Europe had concluded that we were capable of settling our difficulties ourselves. But England's position in the war had left a legacy of dispute. The Alabama claims was a hot subject to handle. In South America there was a volcanic state of political eruption, and Mexico's head

was swimming a little from the excitement of fresh revolution.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Seward's work as a statesman, though it had reached its climax, was by no means completed. Yet this period of his life is far less familiar to the public than that which preceded it. Mr. Lincoln died at the climax of his fame. Mr. Seward escaped by a narrow margin. Had he died then, the country would have been filled with monuments commemorating his martyrdom. As it is, there are many who assume that the attempt on his life, which so nearly succeeded, was the real end of his public career. I doubt if Mr. Seward will ever receive his full share of recognition and gratitude for the work he did after he once more resumed his seat in the cabinet. Yet this work had an important influence on our political and diplomatic history.

No one could occupy the position of confidential secretary, in close personal relation to Mr. Seward, without receiving revelations of the man not enjoyed by the public, and without witnessing some of the processes by which American history was enacted. It was a rare privilege to be admitted behind the curtain which separated the Secretary of State from the public eye. It was an admission to confidences which are still and always will be held sacred. But it is gratifying to think that a large part of such experience the public at this later date may freely share.

The State Department at that time was quartered in a brick building on Fourteenth Street, between R and S, which had been built for an orphan asylum, and was rented temporarily by the government. The building compares but poorly with the elegant structure in which the State Department is now housed, but it answered well for a term of years. Mr. Seward was living on Fifteenth Street, near Lafayette Square. His house was about a mile distant from

the Department, and his coupé going back and forth on Fourteenth Street was a familiar sight. He usually appeared at the Department about half past nine or ten in the morning, and entered the large room in which he did his work by a back staircase communicating directly with the driveway. Immediately adjoining this room, on one side, was the office of the Assistant Secretary, then held by his son, Hon. Frederick Seward. Double doors opened into the large diplomatic room, used for the reception of foreign ministers. A private staircase led from the Secretary's room to the State Department library above. On arriving at his office, Mr. Seward found the mail before him on his desk. The chief clerk had opened and arranged official communications. There were dispatches from consuls and ministers from all quarters of the globe. Sometimes it was a formal acknowledgment from some remote consulate of a dispatch received from the Department, sometimes a paper weighty in purport from the centre of European political influence. Some consul, in his lonely remoteness in Africa, Asia, or Manitoba, had endeavored to make up by literary activity what the consulate seemed to lack in commercial importance. The same mail which brought a detailed description of a new line of foreign industry, which a consul thought might profitably be introduced into this country, contained the interesting particulars of a brawl in which some wandering citizen of the United States had appealed for the protection of the government. Or it may have been a dispatch from Mr. Adams or Reverdy Johnson on the Alabama claims, or a treaty or protocol with reference to a South American state. In addition to dispatches from our own consuls and ministers, there were communications from the representatives of other powers in this country. The inclosures with these dispatches were frequently voluminous, and the copies

of original papers sent were often written in foreign languages. The mail was sifted by the assistant secretaries, and the merely routine matter was referred to the heads of the different departments, who recorded and filed communications, and prepared suitable acknowledgments, and submitted them at the close of the day for Mr. Seward's signature. But it was only the mechanical, routine work which was thus taken out of his hands. The Secretary kept intimately familiar with the details of the whole consulate and diplomatic system. There was no portion of the globe that might not suddenly demand his attention. At one side of the room was a series of several large maps, mounted on rollers and easily pulled down, like a window-shade. Mr. Seward never undertook to answer the dispatch of a consulate with whose location he was not already familiar without finding its position on the map. His knowledge of foreign geography when he entered the Department was, he told me, somewhat vague; but under this self-imposed tutelage it soon became extensive. There was nothing out of the ordinary routine of communication that did not receive his personal attention, or was not the subject of conference with the assistant secretaries or chiefs of bureaus. He never delegated to a subordinate any part of the responsibility which belonged to himself. On the other hand, he trusted his subordinates to the fullest extent. He was not fussy about details. Sometimes a few lines on the corner of a communication indicated the spirit or general nature of the reply, and the bureau clerks were trusted to put it into diplomatic language. The Assistant Secretary, Mr. Frederick Seward, had general charge of the consular bureau, and relieved his father of a great amount of work and responsibility. Mr. Hunter, who had been in the Department for some thirty years or more, was an authority on all subjects of diplomatic

precedent, and a general conservator of its traditions.

But after he had assigned to his subordinates all the work which he could commit to them, there was still a large balance requiring Mr. Seward's personal attention. The government exacted from him a certain amount of penmanship every day. The chief clerk could frank the Department mail on the envelope, but he could not sign dispatches. The passport bureau was also a function of the State Department, and every passport that went from the office must bear on it the signature of the Secretary of State. He could not leave the State Department for a few days without signing a large number of passport blanks in advance. One would suppose that the seal of the Department authenticated by an assistant secretary would be sufficient, without turning the prime minister of the United States into a writing-machine. This mechanical labor was the most irksome portion of Mr. Seward's duties. He had recovered from the attempt on his life with the powers of his mind unimpaired, but his right hand had lost much of its cunning. It was painful for him to write a letter, and a task even to sign his name. The capitals in his signature were distinguishable, but it was little more than an impatient wave line, a heavy trailing of the hand, that joined the *S* and the *d*. We have wondered whether the foreign officials who scrutinized the travelers' passports could read the signature at the bottom. It reminded one of the shambling gait of Homer's crook-horned oxen.

Mr. Seward's mechanical difficulty in wielding a pen rendered the use of a stenographer a necessity. It was not without much mental effort and the exercise of determined resolution that he succeeded in changing his previous habit of composing with pen in hand to the habit of thinking aloud. The art of dictation is one that must be acquired. It is easily mastered for the straight-

forward routine of business correspondence; it is less easily applied to the studied formality and sinuous elegance of diplomatic papers. Mr. Seward, though capable of great dexterity in veiling a theme, did not accept Talleyrand's definition of diplomacy as the art of concealing thought. Some of his papers are remarkable for the force which they concentrate on a single idea, and their vigor is not diminished by the courtesy with which they are expressed. But his words were carefully weighed, and they were chosen with as much care as David chose his smooth stones from the brook. The task of phrasing his thought through a stenographer he found so difficult at first that he feared he would have to abandon it. Eventually dictation became a relief to him, and his capacity for work was much increased. From his impaired utterance it was not always easy to understand him, especially, as was frequently the case, when he was smoking a cigar during the operation. I dare not say how many cigars he consumed in the course of a day. No one could better appreciate Lowell's tribute to the poetic satisfaction of this form of indulgence than the Secretary of State, and no one could less appreciate it than his stenographer. When dictating a long dispatch, he would frequently rise from his desk and pace up and down the large room, with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed steadily on the floor. Ringing the bell to summon a messenger, the dictation would be suspended for a few minutes, that some important paper might be produced. While waiting for the document, he would resume his promenade, and tell his amanuensis a story which some aspect of the case had suggested. This fund of reminiscence was large, and I have often felt that if courtesy in diplomatic usage had permitted me to introduce these interpolations, an element of popularity would have been added to the strength and elegance of his state papers. He dictated

slowly, often revising a good deal as he went along, and leaving much to the stenographer's conception of the sense as to which of the alternative phrases should be retained. A slight gesture or a simple deprecating shake of the head was often the only indication that a sentence was to be crossed out, and replaced by one that followed. He did not phrase his thought silently before he uttered it. He simply thought aloud. It was interesting to watch his mental operations. To write out in order all that he actually said in dictating a dispatch would have produced a curious confusion or succession of words; but there was no confusion of ideas. Thus he would sometimes begin a letter with "Respected Friend," then change it to "Honored Sir," or substitute two or three other titles, the last naturally representing his final choice. It was therefore necessary for his amanuensis to be something more than a phonograph echoing all his utterances. An amusing instance of the result of taking down his words with Chinese servility, without paying any attention to the sense, was afforded by a young man who undertook to relieve me during a severe illness. He showed the literal awe in which he held the Secretary by successively writing the several titles with which Mr. Seward had begun a communication, while the body of the letter presented the same curious exhibition of literary patchwork. Mr. Seward had got over any delicacy about revealing his mental operations to a stenographer, but he naturally did not wish to have them revealed to the public with the same freedom.

When a dispatch was important, I usually re-read to him the notes I had taken. He revised severely, sometimes striking out a whole line, and substituting a single word which seemed to gather up all the energy and dignity of the sentence. Accustomed as he had been for years to the careful and precise use of the pen, a man of his mental habit and com-

mand of language could not easily be guilty of crudities or careless forms of expression. But he did not allow the habit of dictation to lower in any degree his standard of English composition. Accuracy was more important to him than facility. He came to use the pen of a stenographer precisely as he would have used his own. Sometimes he found it better to strike out the whole of a dispatch and begin again, but he generally got the logical order right to start with; and his labor was mainly spent in shading his thought or condensing it. His revisions seldom, if ever, had the effect of diluting his thought. If he repeated a word or added a synonym, it was not the result of careless redundancy, but because he felt that it added vitality to the sentence. On one occasion, Mr. Hunter, the Second Assistant Secretary, called the attention of Mr. Seward to a sentence in a dispatch in which he had used in close juxtaposition three words meaning nearly the same thing. "I know it," said Mr. Seward, "but I want them there for emphasis." I did not preserve this example, but I remember that the words were so arranged that they gave the effect of several successive blows. One might have been sufficient for the rhythm or the sense of the period, and a mere rhetorician of the dogmatic type would have condemned the iteration; but Mr. Seward's object was to prolong a mental impression, and so reinforce the conviction.

After a dispatch had been read to him from stenographic notes, it was transcribed on every other line of wide-ruled dispatch paper. He went over it again carefully in the transcript. If excessive revision was demanded, it was re-dictated; but in the case of ordinary dispatches the first copy of my notes, with a few verbal corrections made with his pencil, was sent to the diplomatic division to which it belonged, to be re-copied for his signature.

Though preferring and generally securing conditions of composure in preparing his dispatches, Mr. Seward was capable, under pressure, of turning out work with rapidity. More than once I have been called, on a cabinet day, half an hour before the appointed time, to receive a dispatch or communication to be read to the President and discussed in cabinet session. The carriage was waiting at the door before he got through. Then the hot shorthand must be transcribed at a rate of speed not conducive to legibility, and placed in a large portfolio which he carried with him to the cabinet meetings. There were times when dispatches from abroad, communications from resident ministers, and resolutions from Congress all converged. The Secretary's absence from Washington for a few days created an excessive accumulation of documents. But as a general thing Mr. Seward drove his work instead of allowing it to drive him. He stayed at the Department from ten o'clock until three, unless an unusually large mail or more exigent business detained him later. If the weather were fine, he often walked most of the way home, having the coupé go along with him in case he felt inclined to take it. He never went to the Department evenings, and it was very rare that I was summoned to his house in the evening to continue the work. On Sundays, however, he occasionally dictated an important dispatch. There were times when the foreign relations of the United States were so complacent that two hours a day would serve to clear the dispatch box on the Secretary's table; and I recall one week of my association with him in which, though present every day at the Department, he dictated nothing from Monday until Friday. The State Department library, which he did much to develop, was an unfailing pleasure and resource to him in the dull seasons of diplomacy, and I am bound to say that his stenographer never complained of *ennui* in this library. The price of such

intervals of calm was paid for at other seasons, when diplomatic logomachy was at its height.

It was gratifying to find that the assassin's knife had left no scar upon Mr. Seward's mind. It was still characterized by keenness of discernment, largeness of grasp, an unusual power to see through the mazes of diplomatic entanglements, and the habit of coördinating great principles and applying them with practical sagacity to the smallest cases. In clearness of perception, in vigor of thought, in vividness of memory and power of expression, he had suffered no decline.

Mr. Seward's absorption in the business of the State Department brought him less frequently before the public as an orator than during his earlier political career. It was part of the duties of his office to receive the foreign ministers who presented their credentials. He always wrote the formal speech which the President was to make in reply to the foreign ambassadors. Such work was rather an exhibition of etiquette than a presentation of argument. It was always done with grace and dignity. But apart from these and various other minor speech-making episodes, I had an opportunity to watch the construction and delivery of the last formal political oration which Mr. Seward made to his townsmen in Auburn, New York. It was his custom to go home every year and vote, and from time to time he was called upon to expound the issues of the elections. He was a prophet not without honor in his own country. I doubt if he ever addressed an audience with more pleasure than those which from time to time gathered to hear him at Auburn. The address he delivered just previous to the presidential election in 1868 had great public interest from Mr. Seward's political relations at that time. Grant had been nominated by the Republicans, Seymour by the Democrats. Mr. Seward's support of Mr. Johnson

during the convulsion which ended in the impeachment trial, involving him in a prolonged contention with Congress and the Republican party, awakened much interest as to how he would cast his vote in the election pending, and what counsel he would give to his townsmen. He had been subjected to severe criticism. A large number of his former political friends had stood opposed to him in this conflict. In speaking to his constituents at Auburn, on this occasion, it was felt that he was speaking to the whole country.

Mr. Seward brought to the preparation of this important speech the same method with which he constructed his more important dispatches. He made no skeleton, no plan of architecture; it was slowly evolved in dictation, and gradually assumed form and proportion. He never dictated scraps of thought, side suggestions, headings, or memoranda. He began with the introduction, and dictated his speech precisely as if he had been suddenly called upon to deliver it extemporaneously, though not with the fluency which he would have exhibited on such an occasion. On the contrary, it was not prepared in any heat of inspiration, but was a cool, slow process of intellectual elaboration. He could not work with any comfort in the middle of a speech unless he had fashioned it right to start with. He would write his introduction over three or four times, if necessary, before advancing to the body of his speech. He grudged no such pains himself, but as if to justify himself to his stenographer, he reminded me that Gibbon had written the introduction to his history several times before he was satisfied with it.

As with the introduction, so with the body of the speech. It grew by the same slow process of evolution. If not intense or impassioned in composition, his style was elevated, restrained, and intellectually clear and broad. The first draft of his speech was cast with a pro-

portion and finish with which a host of minor orators might have been amply content. But his stenographer knew well enough that this first structure was practically to be razed to the ground, and an ampler and more elegant one reared in its stead. To be sure, it was of the same general architecture, for Mr. Seward, as I have before remarked, very seldom inverted or wholly reconstructed the logical order of his speeches. It was built, too, of the same carefully pressed brick, which is not an inapt figure for his smooth and solid sentences. But there was a fresh application of mortar to bind the parts together with increasing solidity, here and there new windows of illustration, and more graceful decorations. But the end was not yet. Though the speech was not again completely taken to pieces, it was gone over for a third time with the same minute care. My transcript of his dictation had been re-copied by a clerk. This third copy was cut up and revised with indefatigable attention. I am sure the address was written not less than four times, and parts of it not less than five, before it was considered to be in a shape for public delivery. Even then it was not done. Mr. Seward wrote not to get the speech out of his mind, but to get his mind thoroughly into his speech. If he had had two weeks more to work on it, I should not have been surprised if he had written it over two or three times more. His oration was not really finished until he had delivered it.

An incident will show how plastic his material was in his hands even after the intellectual statue of his speech had been cast and thoroughly polished. Mr. Seward, accompanied by Mr. Diman (a confidential clerk in the Department of State) and myself, started from Washington for Auburn, with the speech in our possession. We arrived at Jersey City in the morning, and took breakfast together at Taylor's. In the course of the conversation, which turned somewhat

on the subject of political revolution, Mr. Diman told a story of a man who, during the French Revolution, went into a bookstore in Paris and asked for a copy of the French constitution.

"We do not deal in periodical publications," was the reply.

Mr. Seward laughed, and said, "That is so good I must use it;" and when certain portions of the address were recast again, after our arrival in Auburn, the story was happily introduced. It will be found on page 545, volume v. of Seward's Works.

But although Mr. Seward re-wrote his speech so often, he did not commit it verbally to memory. By this constant occupation with his materials his mind became thoroughly infused with his subject, and instead of being drained and depleted by the process, its creative power was only intensified. As a good illustration of this I may refer to the final delivery of the speech itself. Much was my surprise to find, after reaching Auburn, that the voluminous manuscript, so carefully prepared, was not to be used on the platform. It was really intended for the press. Mr. Seward could not speak to his townsmen from such a pile of paper. In the few days which intervened before the delivery of the address, his work at Auburn consisted, not in elaborating it, but in going through it and making a careful abstract, which, re-written by a clerk in a bold hand, with not more than fifty or sixty words on a page, covered about twenty pages of foolscap. The abstract presented a complete epitome of all the points in the speech. They were suggested by phrases and catchwords. Mr. Seward then went over this abstract, and made another, much shorter. With these few pages he was to go before the audience.

When the time came, the orator stood somewhat on the left of the platform, with a small table before him, on which was placed the brief syllabus of his

speech. At the other end of the platform I sat at a table, with the complete manuscript of the speech before me. I was not near enough to prompt the speaker, if he had needed me, without at least raising my voice loud enough to be heard by the audience. But no such service was necessary. Mr. Seward had been besieged by the press for copies of his oration. He had concluded to give it out impartially through the medium of the Associated Press. As fast, therefore, as he delivered it, I gave it out page by page to the press messengers. The orator was delivering his address directly to his townsmen, while I, as his agent, was indirectly delivering it to fifty millions of people.

It was interesting to note that the two speeches were not coincident in language. The introduction in both was substantially the same, but slight departures were soon evident, and began to multiply. The speaker's brain was acting with fresh creative power. The plan of the speech was firmly wrought in his mind, but the verbal vestment was not the same. I took my pencil, and, opening my note-book, followed him stenographically for some time, simply to watch the working of his mind. Evidently his elaborate preparation had not fettered him. The structure of his sentences was frequently inverted. Sometimes they would lose in polish and elegance, but gain in force and directness. He was not reading from the brain; he was thinking on his feet. Much of his thought naturally flowed into channels of expression which he had previously moulded. But he was sensitive to the influences about him, and not only new expressions, but new ideas and illustrations, which had not been hammered out on the forge, came to him at the time, and were flashed out with spontaneous effect. A nearly verbatim report of his speech was made for one of the Auburn papers. After returning to Washington, Mr. Seward

and myself compared this report with the speech as originally written. In preparing it for publication in pamphlet form, he relied almost entirely upon the carefully prepared manuscript issued to the press. In this he was right. The speech as he gave it from brief notes had more of the fire and freedom of extemporaneous delivery, but as published from manuscript it had more of the calmness, dignity, and intellectual sobriety of a state paper. In his oratorical habit, Mr. Seward thus differed considerably from Edward Everett. Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, on the occasion of the delivery of one of Mr. Everett's great speeches, likewise sat with a manuscript before him, and Mr. Everett, he says, did not vary a single preposition from the text.

I find myself tempted most of all to dwell upon Mr. Seward's characteristics as a man. His career as a statesman is open to the view of all who wish to turn to the annals of the nation. His orations and speeches, together with a sketch of his life, written and edited by the late Geo. E. Baker, are before the public in the five volumes of his published works. The diplomatic records contain his state papers, but the personal life of the man is a book open only to those who had the privilege of turning its leaves.

One of the things that impressed me about Mr. Seward was the interesting union of native kindness of heart with a manner which was calmly undemonstrative. I say "calmly" rather than "coldly," for with all his impassiveness Mr. Seward was not a chilly man. There was an even-tempered, genial radiation which was soon felt by those who came within the range of his personal life. It was not a warmth which was intense, but, like a well-regulated furnace, he gave out about so much heat all the time. He was not mercurial, or fitful, or capricious, in his treatment of others. Without doing or saying much he soon

made one feel at home in his presence. There is a reserve which chills; there is a reserve which reassures, because by its disdain of formalities and gushing conventionalism it is seen to be an attribute of sincerity. He was one of the most democratic of men. It made no difference whether the man who called upon him was a cabinet minister, an ambassador from a foreign court, or a day laborer; there was no toadyism, nothing which by the remotest connection could be identified with the snob. In his intercourse with diplomatic representatives he formed some intimate friendships. But if a foreign representative obtained admission to the inner circle of his confidence, it was not because of the uniform he wore or the credentials he brought. The simplicity of Mr. Seward's republican manners was never sacrificed. He understood the value of forms, and paid due respect to all diplomatic traditions, but he was not a fussy or punctilious ritualist.

There was nothing cynical in his calm manner. This almost stoical self-control had been developed through long years of self-discipline. His power to restrain his emotions did not involve their suppression. His native kindness of heart was sure to reveal itself. I shall not forget the quiet, undemonstrative, yet unmistakable kindness with which he first welcomed me. The relation was to be an intimately personal one, but it was established at once in Mr. Seward's manner and by his few words as distinctly as if he had issued a public proclamation to that effect. "I am glad to see you," he said, as he took my hand. "I leave to-night for Auburn. Will you go with me, or will you take a night's rest here, and join me there later?" The indication in these words that the Secretary of State had some thought for the personal comfort of the young man whom he had just summoned to be his stenographer was a pleasing introduction to his fel-

lowship. Though fatigued by the journey of the night before, the temptation to go with him was too inviting to be resisted, and I joined the party in the evening at the station. A special paymaster's car had been placed at Mr. Seward's service, and among the party, in addition to his valet and negro servant, were his son, Major Augustus Seward, and Postmaster-General Randall. Hardly had we got well under way when a game of whist was proposed. Though I had the most meagre knowledge of the game, I could not courteously decline to make up the set. Mr. Seward, his son and the Postmaster-General were expert players. My own playing must have been phenomenal, but one could not have gathered from the Secretary's manner the slightest hint that it was not absolutely satisfactory. He bore this infliction of ignorance and incapacity with the same composure that he bore all other trials. It was my fortune to make many such trips with him, and as he always traveled in a special car these journeys were uniformly pleasant.

His equanimity might have been mistaken for indifference. He was indeed indifferent to a good many things, and among them to the gnat-like swarms of criticism that frequently buzzed in the air from the partisan press. He was never insensitive to argument, but he brushed aside petty barbs of malice as if they were so many flies. A characteristic illustration of his composure was given during the impeachment trial. From the outset he did not believe that Johnson would be convicted. The defense of the President had been committed to Mr. Seward's lifelong friend, William M. Evarts. Mr. Seward did not attend the long trial except two or three times, nor, to my knowledge, did he do anything to influence the decision. All Washington was at a white glow of excitement. The result hung on a single vote, yet no one could learn from

Mr. Seward that anything unusual was happening. On the critical day of the trial, I went down to his room to learn the result of the test vote. He was lying on the sofa, with a copy of Rousseau in his hand, smoking and reading. I asked the latest news from the Senate. He told me. Impeachment had failed by one vote. He smiled, and went on reading, as if the country had not just passed through a crisis of tremendous importance.

A story was current in the Department, among the clerks whose term of service ran back into the war period, that on one occasion an Episcopalian minister, whom Mr. Seward knew to be a sympathizer with the rebellion, came to the Department to ask some favor of him. It is said that Mr. Seward's indignation waxed so hot that he could only find relief by damning the man up and down, especially down. I cannot vouch for this story, — it was an unverified tradition of the Department; but it is almost a comfort to know that he could sometimes lose his self-control. No want of respect for the ministry must be inferred from this anecdote. He venerated the cloth whenever there was a man beneath it. Rev. Dr. Bellows, whose immense labors as president of the Sanitary Commission were of national value, won his esteem and friendship; and when an agent was needed to go to St. Thomas to report on its resources, Rev. Dr. Hawley, an able Presbyterian minister of Auburn, was chosen for the task.

Mr. Seward was not a saint, but he was a religious man. He attended with regularity the Episcopal church, and I have not forgotten how, when at church with him at his home in Auburn, he guided me through the then unfamiliar mazes of the Prayer-Book. I do not know that I ever found him reading his Bible out of church, but at some period of his life he must have absorbed a good deal of it, for he quoted it often

with much felicity. Especially did he turn to the Bible whenever he wrote a Thanksgiving proclamation; for these proclamations were, at least during Mr. Johnson's administration, prepared by Mr. Seward, and merely received the signature of the President. He delighted to weave into them the reverent gratitude and the fine old English of the Psalms. One of these proclamations was written under circumstances of peculiar personal feeling. After recovering from the attempt on his life, he was in doubt, as he told me, whether his mind would act as it had done previously. By an interesting coincidence his first official duty was to write the Thanksgiving proclamation. His own occasion for thanks at his recovery was redoubled when he found that his brain responded to his heart, and that he could in some measure express the sentiment he felt.

Mr. Seward was broad in his theological views. He went through the ritual of the Church with the same punctiliousness that he observed the ritual of diplomacy; but he complacently ignored narrow theological dogmas. Summing up a little conversation on religion that we had one day, as we rode to the office, he said, "In my view the best preparation for the life hereafter is a good life now and here."

It is a delicate and responsible task to raise the curtain which conceals the domestic life of a great man from public view. The sacred privacy of the family must be respected. It is from within, not from without, that the veil should be lifted. Yet it would be an artificial reticence which forbade one to testify to the genial and delightful character of Mr. Seward in his domestic relations. It was not possible for him, through so many years of public life, to maintain the domestic retirement of the private citizen. His home was always more or less open to the public. In Washington this was inevitably the case. A

public man there can never rid himself of the regalia of the state. The word "home" to Mr. Seward was rather a synonym for Auburn. It was a relief to seek every year at intervals the covert of its friendly shade. "Shade" is not a figure of speech, for he would never have a tree on his place cut if he could help it. His home seemed literally set in a grove of tall trees, many of which had grown up with his growth, and were deemed a part of the family heritage.

At his Auburn home it was always a pleasure for him to receive the visits of many old friends who had been identified with him in his early political life. His son, William H. Seward, lived at the old homestead; and among the pleasures which the Secretary of State had in going home were the hours spent with his grandchildren, who were just at the age when children most appreciate the luxury of a grandfather. He became a willing prey to their most exacting and demonstrative affections. There is one scene which comes up whenever I think of his last speech to his townsmen, the composition of which I have previously described. It is the picture of Mr. Seward sitting in the sunny library at Auburn, with a golden-haired little boy burrowing in his lap, one arm around the child, while the other held the manuscript of his speech, which he read and revised under these distracting influences. The little boy pulled at his watch-chain, investigated his pockets, asked innumerable questions, and furnished what would have been to most men formidable interruptions. But no one could have discovered a sign of impatience or of annoyance on the face of the willing victim, nor any intellectual aberration of his mind. The grandfather in him took care of the child, while the Secretary of State went on with his speech.

I often accompanied Mr. Seward in his daily walks at Auburn. His life

had been so long identified with the growth of the town that he made an interesting guide-book. He was not wholly fond of the new architecture; he liked the combination of ancient simplicity with that baronial hospitality which seemed to belong to the old-fashioned estates. On one occasion he criticised an old-fashioned house with a new-fashioned fence, which was of such a light and frivolous character that it gave no indication of the dignity and maturity of the old gentleman who owned it. One Sunday morning, a golden October day, when Auburn was brilliant with autumnal foliage, we walked to the cemetery. "It seems but a few years ago," he said, as we paused by a familiar mound, "since I saw the first grave opened in this ground. Now it is a city of the dead." Then pointing to the grave of his daughter, "There lies the most perfect being I ever knew."

Though Mr. Seward went to Auburn to escape from the pressure of public cares, his large sense of hospitality often led him to invite favorite members of the diplomatic corps to his summer home; and it was a great event for the town when he received there Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese embassy, and entertained them in a style in which republican simplicity was combined with some of the elegance of Oriental hospitality.

Only once did I visit with Mr. Seward his birthplace at Florida, New York, a little town in Orange County, which his birth has hardly rescued from obscurity. The house in which he was born was then standing. It was not like the home of Lincoln or Grant, a log-cabin, but it was a home devoid of all pretension; and the old friends and relatives who recalled the thin, pale, studious schoolboy revealed the humbleness of his early circumstances, and the moral sturdiness of the people among whom he had his origin.

I have dwelt, in these reminiscences,

upon Mr. Seward's personal characteristics rather than upon his public work. One of his distinguishing traits must not be overlooked, his courtesy and gallantry to women. A long and severe sickness which overtook me in Washington, in the summer of 1868, furnished a new insight into his character; and it will be altogether to the advantage of the reader if I drop my pen now, as I did then, and let the woman who picked it up describe her own unique experiences.

Samuel J. Burrows.

II.

TWO MONTHS WITH MR. SEWARD.

It was a hot August morning in Washington, and what that means only one who has spent an entire summer in that now beautiful city can understand. It was not then a beautiful city. There were no pavements, except perhaps on Seventh Street. Cows, geese, and pigs by the score wandered at large; the shade trees that now beautify the streets were unplanted, and few fine residences had been erected. The sun beat down in pitiless fury, and clouds of fine dust filled the air. It was an uncomfortable time for the well and a weary time for the sick, and Mr. Seward's private secretary was that morning taken ill. He insisted that the Secretary of State must be informed without a moment's delay, and I must carry the message.

"I am sorry for your husband, madam, but I am also sorry for myself, for I have never had such an accumulation of work since the war," said Mr. Seward.

"Perhaps I can find some one to take his place," I mildly suggested.

"I do not want any one else. The advantage to me of your husband and his predecessor, Mr. McEwen, is that they bring head as well as hand to their work."

Seeing that he was really disappoint-

ed, and knowing that none of the clerks in the Department could write shorthand, my sympathy got the better of my judgment, and I incautiously said, "If I only knew a little more of stenography, I would gladly do my husband's work till he is better," not dreaming that it was to be a serious illness.

"Oh, do you, also write shorthand?" returned Mr. Seward eagerly.

"Only a little," I made haste to reply, trying to beat a hasty retreat from the possibility of being asked to give evidence of my ignorance.

"Well, go right up in the library, and we will see how we get on together."

In vain I urged that I was only beginning the study, that I had never taken a dictation in my life, that I had left my husband ill in bed, that he had not for a moment thought of my remaining, etc. To the first he said that a trial would show whether I was capable; to the last that he would telegraph at once to my husband not to expect me till I came. Then I was shown to a little alcove in the library at the head of a private staircase which led to his room, provided with note-book and pencils, and told to wait till I should hear the "little bell."

It was not long before the tinkle of the famous bell summoned me below, but the call was obeyed with laggard step. Surely this was an ordeal for one who had simply picked up the rudiments of an art which it requires long drudgery to attain.

"Be seated, madam," said the Secretary, pointing to a comfortable chair with a footstool, which I was sure my husband had never needed. "To the minister at St. Petersburg," etc., and then followed a long diplomatic dispatch, full of technical terms, referring to matters of which I had but the dimmest knowledge, names of Russians, instructions for procedure in such and such cases, with corrections and erasures, one after another, in accordance with the frequent

"Strike that out, madam," till the whole was a sea of intermixed shorthand and longhand that would have made an expert smile—or swear. Secretly I was asking myself whether I should ever be able to unravel the tangle in the secluded quiet of my alcove, when the suave voice of the Secretary settled the question by saying, "That is all at present. You may now read to me what you have just written."

That sudden power of speech was given to Balaam's ass was not more wonderful than that by some hocus-pocus of magic or inspiration I was able to read off, without break or stumble, the long and involved dispatch which Mr. Seward had dictated. Doubtless it was in part a trick of memory stimulated by the unwonted occasion. But it sealed my fate for the next two months,—months which, for their mingled pleasure, anxiety, and suffering, have never been matched in a not uneventful life.

"That will do perfectly, madam. You may act as my private secretary till your husband's return."

And so I did. If, at the end of that time, a feeling of pride was born as the disbursing agent paid over the full amount of salary for the full amount of work,—work that had often to be carried home and finished at midnight,—surely that pride may be condoned.

Apart from the thought of the home anxiety during that trying time, the remembrance of the insight into the life and character of a man like William H. Seward is unalloyed pleasure. Thrown, through the exigencies of a busy life, into contact with many of the distinguished men of that and later times in Washington, none of them ever impressed me as being more kindly, more genuine, more democratic. Mr. Garfield alone, for whom I did much similar work, could approach him in these respects in my estimation. Mr. Seward's kindness began with the first day's work. At three o'clock he rang his bell, and

when I appeared, note-book in hand, he simply told me that his coupé would take me home. Every day through all the hot August weather, he either sent me home in his carriage or took me when he went himself; sometimes to his own house first, to get some dainty for my sick husband. On cabinet days, when he was likely to be gone an hour or more, he always bade me go out for exercise; and if he chanced to overtake me, as he came back, would pick me up, and tell me as much of cabinet affairs as it was proper for him to divulge. When my husband was able to go out, he sent his barouche that he might go to drive, and a man to carry him down-stairs and up again; and though it was an unusually busy day, he considerably said to me, "Jump into the office carriage, drive home, and go out with your husband; it will double his pleasure to have you there."

A simple noon luncheon of bread and meat, with chocolate or coffee, was usually served to Mr. Seward in an adjoining room, to which he always invited me; but I seldom accepted unless he would otherwise have been alone, as he had a dread of solitude ever after the time of the assassination. On such occasions he was as genial and delightful as if he had been entertaining the English minister. I remember one day his telling about the purchase of Alaska, which had recently been effected, and his saying that I should probably live long enough to have the value of Alaska appreciated, though he never should. He added that if he had not become weary of the discussion which the purchase had excited, he should have advised the further acquirement of Greenland and some other territory. Another time he told me about a trip which he had taken the previous day with President Johnson. He thought the President was an unhappy and lonely man. To cheer him up, Mr. Seward had taken his own carriage and servant and a ham-

per of luncheon, and he and the President had driven quietly a long distance into the country, and had spent a Sunday afternoon together, away from all the cares and pomp of state. "I think it did the poor man good," said Mr. Seward.

It was a time of wars and rumors of wars. There were revolutions in South America, excited times in Japan, trouble in Russia, and complications in Brazil which became serious through the attitude of the American minister. One day Mr. Seward overtook me on my way from a flying visit to my home, as he was returning from a cabinet meeting. He signaled to me to wait, and took me into his coupé. As soon as I was seated he said, "Well, I hope I have to-day warded off a war with Brazil." He then went on to describe the heated cabinet meeting and the opinions of certain of the members. Then he laughed, and said, "But they say one must never tell a woman secrets, and here I am telling you *state secrets!*" But his lightness of tone seemed to imply that he had not much to fear from the revelation.

Often in dictating private letters he would say, "It seems to me it would be more interesting for you to know what you are writing about," and he would hand me the personal letters to himself that came from ministers abroad, who wrote of life behind the scenes in royal courts; or sometimes it would be delightful correspondence from distinguished persons in this country, with many of whom he kept up a very close intimacy. The letters which he wrote in reply were a pleasant contrast to the more formal diplomatic correspondence. I recall one day especially, when he had a very troublesome dispatch to send to Japan, one that he dictated several times before it was worded to his satisfaction. A more nervous man would have been fretted and tired by it, for it involved heavy responsibility. But

no sooner had he dictated the usual formal close to the dispatch than he went on, as though it were all one subject, "My dear Nellie, — Who has been daring to kill my little Nellie's chickens?" and then followed a charming letter to his grandchild. I smiled as I followed his voice with my pencil. "You smile, madam," he said. "You wonder how I can go from serious things to light. But it was not a light thing to the little girl to lose her pets. Then, again, it is the power of habit. When I first assumed this position, I could not sleep nights for the sense of responsibility. Now I have learned that it is better to do my best, and then sleep. It is easier to bear responsibility when one has slept well."

This very change in correspondence tended also to lessen the mental strain, for strain it was to the end. His work never became mere formal routine. I wish, as a proof of this, that I could recall his opinions and the interest he expressed when there once came up a question of trouble between missionaries and some Eastern nation. He had a sympathetic heart beneath his undemonstrative exterior. He was not himself especially witty, but he had a keen sense of wit in others, and had a large fund of anecdote. I can still hear his little chuckle of amusement as he recalled an incident in his early days, during one of the presidential campaigns. I think it must have been after the war with Mexico, but I am not sure. Any way, "Peace" was one of the watchwords, and it was used on banners and on transparencies, and wherever it could be brought in. An illiterate little tailor in the same town with Mr. Seward, not wishing to be outdone in the way of display, had made a brilliant transparency for his shop window, and called Mr. Seward in to witness the lighting of it. It was put in place, the light set behind it, and they stepped out on the sidewalk to see the effect, where, in glowing

letters of light, were the words, "*Peace and plenty.*"

One day, after I had taken notes for several hours, so many that I must transcribe most of them at home to have the work ready for the engrossing clerks the next morning, I was summoned downstairs by the musical tinkle of the little bell. Mr. Seward knew that my notebook was full, and he was such a reasonable and compassionate man that it seemed to me something unusual must have occurred if I were to be asked to do more. But no one hesitated when the summons came from the Secretary's room. In a moment I stood before him, equipped for writing.

"Sit down, madam." I sat down, and watched his face, round which a pleasant smile was playing. He took up a pair of scissors from the desk, and cut a strip from the margin of a dispatch that was lying before him. Then he took his pen, which he could only use with pain and weariness, and wrote the date and his own name upon it. Turning toward me, he handed me the scrap of paper, saying, "Here is a little fly from the city of the great philosophers. Keep it. Long after I am gone, that little fly will remind you not only of Athens, but of the time that you helped me here." It lies before me now, the time-yellowed strip of paper, with the green, gauzy wings of the insect which had been unconsciously folded within the dispatch, and the words, "*Athens, August 8, 1868, William H. Seward,*" still distinct, as he said, "long after he is gone." To say that its weight in gold would not purchase this trifle would be a light estimate to put upon it.

It was a constant surprise to see how respectful the Secretary was to suggestions from others. He was never overbearing nor arrogant to those with whom he was in daily association. It is not the place of a clerk to call in question the work of his superior, and such ques-

tioning would rarely be borne with good grace by great men. But as an evidence of his sincere modesty, let me recall an incident that occurred after I had been some time in the office and was more conversant with the work, and had learned to read a little between the diplomatic lines. Interesting negotiations were going on with reference to a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Diplomacy had an opportunity for wearing its softest velvet gloves. Every step seemed to be taken with a cat-like tread. After the coming and going of various representatives and a great deal of discussion, much of which Mr. Seward related to me as we were drinking chocolate together during a frightful thunder-storm, he began an important dispatch on the subject. He worded it very carefully, but at the close of the first version came the command, "Cross that all out, madam." This was repeated I know not how many times. I think no other dispatch, while I was there, was re-dictated so often. At length he was satisfied, and I returned to my alcove to transcribe it. When I came to a certain passage, I was morally sure that the words did not say what he meant them to imply. I tripped down the stairs, tapped at his door, and was admitted. I read the notes aloud slowly and asked if they were right. "Yes, madam, that is quite right." A little chagrined, I went back to my desk. The more I studied the passage, the more convinced I was that it wholly misrepresented the Secretary's meaning. I plucked up courage and went down again, this time having transcribed the sentence, which was rather involved. I laid it before the Secretary, and asked him to read it himself. He glanced hastily through it, and said, "Why, yes, that is right; of course it is." My humiliation increased, and I slunk up the stairs like one caught in a meddling plot. But when I began to write again, my common sense would not let me go on. I *knew* it was wrong.

I re-wrote the entire dispatch in long-hand, went down-stairs, asked for audience with Mr. Seward, and, overwhelmed with blushes and apologetic feelings, asked the privilege of telling him where I thought the dispatch was wrong. "Certainly," was the gracious response. I read it as it was written.

"Now what would you have me say instead?" he asked.

With my heart in my mouth, lest after all I might be wrong, I told him what I supposed the meaning ought to be, but that the involution of the sentence made it read just the contrary. He paused a moment, and wrinkled his brow in thought. "You are right, madam," he cried, and instantly changed the entire passage, and re-dictated it, so that there was no possibility of a misunderstanding. I was about to retire, when he called me back, and frankly said, "Let me thank you; and if in addition it is any satisfaction to you to know it, let me tell you that you are the first woman in the United States to know of these proceedings, and you may have the further satisfaction of knowing that you have saved the Secretary of State from a serious mistake." A less modest man would have held his peace; a less honest one would have laid the blame on the amanuensis; a less approachable man would have frozen any attempt on the part of a subordinate to set him right in a verbal error.

My memory of Mr. Seward at his office is much more cheerful than of him in his home. The shadow left by the death of a beloved wife and daughter seemed to linger in the house, while the ever-present sentinel, pacing back and forth before the door, though suggesting security from rough-handed invasion, yet gave an oppressive air to the place. Within it was quiet and solemn, the only noisy members of the family being a number of rare foreign birds which, from their great cage in the bay-window, used to scream with delight when Mr. Seward

came home at night. I have watched him feed them and talk to them with as much gentleness and interest as any woman could have done. So far as I remember, these were his only pets. At public receptions, of course everything was brilliant and attractive to the world at large; but though these were as agreeable as such gatherings usually are, we felt that we lost *our* Mr. Seward then. He belonged to the world, and seemed much farther off than in the retirement of the office, with the neighboring city sleeping in the quiet of sultry summer heat.

It was so warm during the time I was employed with him at the Department that every one who could get away had fled northward or to the cool depths of Virginian forests, and we had few interruptions in our work from outsiders. It went on smoothly and swiftly, unbroken save when Mr. Seward himself paused for a few moments' rest and chat. My husband was eventually able to be sent to the country, — a mere skeleton in frame, but with new life and hope beating in veins and heart. Of course I was detained at his post, for, as it was the summer vacation, not a substitute was to be found in the city. Phonographers were not so numerous then as they are now. But there came a day when I was summoned to Delaware by the severe illness of a sister. The telegram followed me to the Department of State. I laid it before Mr. Seward. The look of distress on his face was genuine. He was sorry for me in my sorrow, — sorry that he must act as a master, and not as a friend. He could not be left without an amanuensis.

"I will try once more to find some one to take my place," I said.

Again and again I had tried, but in vain. When the Secretary was at cabinet meeting, that day, I went down town, and fortunately found a young man who understood shorthand, who was willing to come and relieve me for a month. He

met me at the Department, and I introduced him to Mr. Seward, who forthwith dictated a letter to him and sent him to a desk to write it out. I flew to my alcove, put my papers to rights, and made ready to leave by the night train for Wilmington. While busy about this I was called to the Secretary's room. "Madam," said Mr. Seward, "I will send for the young man and dictate another letter to him, and I wish you to stay here to see how we get on." The messenger was told to call the new amanuensis. He came in as though he had peas in his shoes. He sat down, and Mr. Seward began to dictate and the young man to write. I could see that his hand trembled, and that he did not cross out the words when Mr. Seward changed the form of sentences. It was not a long letter. When the "yours truly" was reached, Mr. Seward in the kindest tones said, "Please read to me what you have written." The youth began. He tried a dozen times, Mr. Seward patiently helping him, suggesting what the word which he could not decipher might be, and in no way showing impatience or disgust. The tyro went to another room to transcribe his notes. Mr. Seward turned to me, as I sat there with grief tugging at my heart, and said very quietly, "Well, madam, how do you think we get on?"

"Oh, Mr. Seward," I cried, "he will never do! I will stay; only give me plenty of work to do. Do not let me have one moment to think."

In the most sympathetic terms, Mr. Seward deplored the necessity which compelled him to accept my services under the circumstances, but it was plainly my duty to stick to my post, since my sister needed my presence only, not my care. After it was decided that I should stay, Mr. Seward's thoughts reverted to "the poor young man," as he called him. "It seems," said he, "almost unfair to turn him off with such a slight trial. What shall we do with him?"

"I brought him, and I will dismiss him," I said.

I had no bowels of compassion for such incompetency, especially when it stood so painfully in my way. But it was evident that the Secretary could not bear to hurt his feelings. I hunted him up, told him that Mr. Seward was not quite satisfied, and that he might go. Instead of being overwhelmed with reproaches, I was met by beaming smiles, and never have I seen so good a personification of the way Christian must have looked when his burden fell off at the wicket-gate.

Mr. Seward heeded my request. I was so busy for the entire day that I had not a moment in which to ask myself what were the chances for life and death in that neighboring State. It was only at night, when I had to find my way to my lonely home, that I realized how much I was sacrificing for the sake of filling my husband's post. I felt almost like a prisoner of state.

The next day one of the congressional reporters returned from his vacation, and, learning that I had been seeking him, called at the State Department, and sent in a note saying that he was at liberty to serve Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward read the note, and asked, "Shall we try him, madam?" "Oh, yes," I begged. The dispatch which was dictated to him was of course mere play to the expert. Mr. Seward's face shone. "Now, madam, I am happy to say you may go to your sister. Take the coupé, and drive right to the station." I looked up at the clock; it was on the stroke of twelve. "The train is just leaving the depot. There will be no other until Monday morning," was my mournful reply. That day, however, closed my duties as private secretary to the Secretary of State, and I think it is the only time that the office has been even temporarily filled by a woman.

After Mr. Seward had made his journey round the world, and had nearly fin-

ished his history of that remarkable experience, I was again summoned to him when he was living in Auburn. This time it was not the tinkle of the little bell, whose tones are still so pleasant to memory, but a telegram, saying that he would like my assistance in going over the book and finishing its preparation for the press. The message was long in reaching me, as I chanced to be in Quebec when it was sent, and it was not forwarded. The delay led him to feel that it was impossible to find me, and some one else was engaged. Not knowing this, when the message finally found me, I hurried on to Auburn. The cordial greeting that I received from the poor sick man, the warm assurance that his first choice as an as-

sistant was "that little woman," as he told me they used to call me at the Department, was ample satisfaction for the journey. That was my last sight of the honored man. He was at his summer home by the side of one of the peaceful New York lakes. We spent a delightful day with him, and left at eventide. He was sitting on the piazza, faithful friends round him, a fair picture spread before him. His head and heart were unchanged, but the poor limbs were all stricken, and the devoted servant-man who for so many years had ministered to him was like a mother to him then. He could not take our hands, nor even nod his head: but when we turned for one more good-by look, he was still smiling, and so I ever picture him.

Isabel C. Barrows.

THE CHRISTMAS OF 1888.

Low in the east, against a white cold dawn,
The black-lined silhouette of the woods was drawn;
And on a wintry waste
Of frosted streams and hillsides bare and brown,
Through thin cloud-films a pallid ghost looked down,—
The waning moon, half-faced!

In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting earth,
What sign was there of the immortal birth?
What herald of the One?
Lo! swift as thought the heavenly radiance came,
A rose-red splendor swept the sky like flame,
Up rolled the round, bright sun!

And all was changed. From a transfigured world
The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of home-hearths curled
Up the still air unblown.
In Orient warmth and brightness, did that morn
O'er Nain and Nazareth, when the Christ was born,
Break fairer than our own?

The morning's promise noon and eve fulfilled
In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-hilled
And sunset fair as they:

A sweet reminder of His holiest time,
 A summer-miracle in our winter clime,
 God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old and far,
 And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's star
 Seemed here, as there and then:
 Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian palm,
 Our heart's desire the angels' midnight psalm,
 Peace, and good-will to men!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TICONDEROGA, BENNINGTON, AND ORISKANY.

EVER since the failure of the American invasion of Canada, it had been the intention of Sir Guy Carleton, in accordance with the wishes of the ministry, to invade New York by way of Lake Champlain, and to secure the Mohawk Valley and the upper waters of the Hudson. The summer of 1776 had been employed by Carleton in getting together a fleet with which to obtain control of the lake. It was an arduous task. Three large vessels were sent over from England, and proceeded up the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids, where they were taken to pieces, carried overland to St. John's, and there put together again. Twenty gun-boats and more than two hundred flat-bottomed transports were built at Montreal, and manned with 700 picked seamen and gunners; and upon this flotilla Carleton embarked his army of 12,000 men.

To oppose the threatened invasion, Benedict Arnold had been working all the summer with desperate energy. In June the materials for his navy were growing in the forests of Vermont, while his carpenters with their tools, his sail-makers with their canvas, and his gunners with their guns had mostly to be brought from the coast towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. By the end of September he had built a little fleet

of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas, and fitted it out with seventy guns and such seamen and gunners as he could get together. With this flotilla he could not hope to prevent the advance of such an overwhelming force as that of the enemy. The most he could do would be to worry and delay it, besides raising the spirits of the people by the example of an obstinate and furious resistance. To allow Carleton to reach Ticonderoga without opposition would be disheartening, whereas by delay and vexation he might hope to dampen the enthusiasm of the invader. With this end in view, Arnold proceeded down the lake far to the north of Crown Point, and taking up a strong position between Valcour Island and the western shore, so that both his wings were covered and he could be attacked only in front, he lay in wait for the enemy. Wilkinson, who twenty years afterward became commander-in-chief of the American army, and survived the second war with England, was then at Ticonderoga, on Gates's staff. Though always personally hostile to Arnold, he calls attention in his Memoirs to the remarkable skill exhibited in the disposition of the little fleet at Valcour Island, which was the same in principle as that by which Macdonough won his brilliant

victory, not far from the same spot, in 1814.

On the 11th of October, Sir Guy Carleton's squadron approached, and there ensued the first battle fought between an American and a British fleet. At sundown, after a desperate fight of seven hours' duration, the British withdrew out of range, intending to renew the struggle in the morning. Both fleets had suffered severely, but the Americans were so badly cut up that Carleton expected to force their rear the next day, and capture them. But Arnold, during the hazy night, by a feat scarcely less remarkable than Washington's retreat from Long Island, contrived to slip through the British line with all that was left of his crippled flotilla, and made away for Crown Point with all possible speed. Though he once had to stop to mend leaks, and once to take off the men and guns from two gondolas which were sinking, he nevertheless, by dint of sailing and kedging, got such a start that the enemy did not overtake him until the next day but one, when he was nearing Crown Point. While the rest of the fleet, by Arnold's orders, now crowded sail for their haven, he in his schooner sustained a desperate fight for four hours with the three largest British vessels, one of which mounted eighteen twelve-pounders. His vessel was woefully cut up, and her deck covered with dead and dying men, when, having sufficiently delayed the enemy, he succeeded in running her aground in a small creek, where he set her on fire, and she perished gloriously, with her flag flying till the flames brought it down. Then marching through woodland paths to Crown Point, where his other vessels had now disembarked their men, he brought away his whole force in safety to Ticonderoga. When Carleton appeared before that celebrated fortress, finding it strongly defended, and doubting his ability to reduce it before the setting in of cold weather, he decid-

ed to take his army back to Canada, satisfied for the present with having gained control of Lake Champlain. This sudden retreat of Carleton astonished both friend and foe. He was blamed for it by his generals, Burgoyne, Phillips, and Riedesel, as well as by the king; and when we see how easily the fortress was seized by Phillips in the following summer, we can hardly doubt that it was a grave mistake.

Arnold had now won an enviable reputation as the "bravest of the brave." In his terrible march through the wilderness of Maine, in the assault upon Quebec, and in the defense of Lake Champlain, he had shown rare heroism and skill. The whole country rang with his praises, and Washington regarded him as one of the ablest officers in the army. Yet when Congress now proceeded to appoint five new major-generals, they selected Stirling, Mifflin, St. Clair, Stephen, and Lincoln, passing over Arnold, who was the senior brigadier. None of the generals named could for a moment be compared with Arnold for ability, and this strange action of Congress, coming soon after such a brilliant exploit, naturally hurt his feelings and greatly incensed him. Arnold was proud and irascible in temper, but on this occasion he controlled himself manfully, and listened to Washington, who entreated him not to resign. So astonished was Washington at the action of Congress that at first he could not believe it. He thought either that Arnold must really have received a prior appointment, which for some reason had not yet been made public, or else that his name must have been omitted through some unaccountable oversight. It turned out, however, on further inquiry, that state jealousies had been the cause of the mischief. The reason assigned for ignoring Arnold's services was that Connecticut had already two major-generals, and was not in fairness entitled to any more! But beneath this alleged reason there lurked

a deeper reason, likewise founded in jealousies between the States. The intrigues which soon after disgraced the Northern army and imperiled the safety of the country had already begun to bear bitter fruit. Since the beginning of the war, Major-General Philip Schuyler had been in command of the Northern department, with his headquarters at Albany, whence his ancestors had a century before hurled defiance at Frontenac. His family was one of the most distinguished in New York, and an inherited zeal for the public service thrilled in every drop of his blood. No more upright or disinterested man could be found in America, and for bravery and generosity he was like the paladin of some mediæval romance. In spite of these fine qualities, he was bitterly hated by the New England men, who formed a considerable portion of his army. Beside the general stupid dislike which the people of New York and of New England then felt for each other, echoes of which are still sometimes heard nowadays, there was a special reason for the odium which was heaped upon Schuyler. The dispute over the possession of Vermont had now raged fiercely for thirteen years, and Schuyler, as a member of the New York legislature, had naturally been zealous in urging the claims of his own State. For this crime the men of New England were never able to forgive him, and he was pursued with vindictive hatred until his career as a general was ruined. His orders were obeyed with sullenness, the worst interpretation was put upon every one of his acts, and evil-minded busybodies were continually pouring into the ears of Congress a stream of tattle, which gradually wore out their trust in him.

The evil was greatly enhanced by the fact that among the generals of the Northern army there was one envious creature who was likely to take Schuyler's place in case he should be ousted from it, and who for so desirable an ob-

ject was ready to do any amount of intriguing. The part sustained by Charles Lee with reference to Washington was to some extent paralleled here by the part sustained toward Schuyler by Horatio Gates. There is indeed no reason for supposing that Gates was capable of such baseness as Lee exhibited in his willingness to play into the hands of the enemy; nor had he the nerve for such prodigious treason as that in which Arnold engaged after his sympathies had become alienated from the American cause. With all his faults, Gates never incurred the odium which belongs to a public traitor. But his nature was thoroughly weak and petty, and he never shrank from falsehood when it seemed to serve his purpose. Unlike Lee, he was comely in person, mild in disposition, and courteous in manner, except when roused to anger or influenced by spite, when he sometimes became very violent. He never gave evidence either of skill or of bravery; and in taking part in the war his only solicitude seems to have been for his own personal advancement. In the course of his campaigning with the Northern army, he seems never once to have been under fire, but he would incur no end of fatigue to get a private talk with a delegate in Congress. Like many others, he took a high position at the beginning of the struggle simply because he was a veteran of the Seven Years' War, having been one of the officers who were brought off in safety from the wreck of Braddock's army by the youthful skill and prowess of Washington. At present, and until after the end of the Saratoga campaign, such reputation as he had was won by appropriating the fame which was earned by his fellow-generals. He was in command at Ticonderoga when Arnold performed his venturesome feat on Lake Champlain, and when Carleton made his blunder in not attacking the stronghold; and all this story Gates told to Congress as the story of

an advantage which he had somehow gained over Carleton, at the same time anxiously inquiring if Congress regarded him, in his remote position at Ticonderoga, as subject to the orders of Schuyler at Albany. Finding that he was thus regarded as subordinate, he became restive, and seized the earliest opportunity of making a visit to Congress. The retreat of Carleton enabled Schuyler to send seven regiments to the relief of Washington in New Jersey, and we have already seen how Gates, on arriving with this reinforcement, declined to assist personally in the Trenton campaign, and took the occasion to follow Congress in its retreat to Baltimore.

The winter seems to have been spent in intrigue. Knowing the chief source of Schuyler's unpopularity, Gates made it a point to declare, as often and as loudly as possible, his belief that the State of New York had no title to the Green Mountain country. In this way he won golden opinions from the people of New England, and rose high in the good graces of such members of Congress as Samuel Adams, whose noble nature was slow to perceive his meanness and duplicity. The failure of the invasion of Canada had caused much chagrin in Congress, and it was sought to throw the whole blame of it upon Schuyler for having, as it was alleged, inadequately supported Montgomery and Arnold. The unjust charge served to arouse a prejudice in many minds, and during the winter some irritated letters passed between Schuyler and Congress, until late in March, 1777, he obtained permission to visit Philadelphia and vindicate himself. On the 22d of May, after a thorough investigation, Schuyler's conduct received the full approval of Congress, and he was confirmed in his command of the Northern department, which was expressly defined as including Lakes George and Champlain, as well as the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

The sensitive soul of Gates now took
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fresh offense. He had been sent back in March to his post at Ticonderoga, just as Schuyler was starting for Philadelphia, and he flattered himself with the hope that he would soon be chosen to supersede his gallant commander. Accordingly, when he found that Schuyler had been reinstated in all his old command and honors, he flew into a rage, refused to serve in a subordinate capacity, wrote an impudent letter to Washington, and at last got permission to visit Congress again, while General St. Clair was appointed in his stead to the command of the great Northern fortress. On the 19th of June, Gates obtained a hearing before Congress, and behaved with such unseemly violence that, after being repeatedly called to order, he was turned out of the room, amid a scene of angry confusion. Such conduct should naturally have ruined his cause, but he had made so many powerful friends that by dint of more or less apologetic talk the offense was condoned.

Throughout these bickerings Arnold had been the steadfast friend of Schuyler; and although his brilliant exploits had won general admiration he did not fail to catch some of the odium so plentifully bestowed upon the New York commander. In the chaos of disappointment and wrath which ensued upon the disastrous retreat from Canada in 1776, when everybody was eager to punish somebody else for the ill fortune which was solely due to the superior resources of the enemy, Arnold came in for his share of blame. No one could find any fault with his military conduct, but charges were brought against him on the ground of some exactions of private property at Montreal which had been made for the support of the army. A thorough investigation of the case demonstrated Arnold's entire uprightness in the matter, and the verdict of Congress, which declared the charges to be "cruel and unjust," was heartily indorsed by Washington. Never-

theless, in the manifold complications of feeling which surrounded the Schuyler trouble, these unjust charges succeeded in arousing a prejudice which may have had something to do with the slight cast upon Arnold in the appointment of the new major-generals. In the whole course of American history there are few sadder chapters than this. Among the scandals of this eventful winter we can trace the beginnings of the melancholy chain of events which by and by resulted in making the once heroic name of Benedict Arnold a name of opprobrium throughout the world. We already begin to see, too, originating in Lee's intrigues of the preceding autumn, and nourished by the troubles growing out of the Vermont quarrel and the ambitious schemes of Gates, the earliest germs of that faction which ere-long was to seek to compass the overthrow of Washington himself.

For the present the injustice suffered by Arnold had not wrought its darksome change in him. A long and complicated series of influences was required to produce that result. To the earnest appeal of Washington that he should not resign he responded cordially, declaring that no personal considerations should induce him to stay at home while the interests of his country were at stake. He would zealously serve even under his juniors, who had lately been raised above him, so long as the common welfare was in danger. An opportunity for active service soon presented itself. Among the preparations for the coming summer campaign, Sir William Howe thought it desirable to cripple the Americans by seizing a large quantity of military stores which had been accumulated at Danbury in Connecticut. An expedition was sent out, very much like that which at Lexington and Concord had ushered in the war, and it met with a similar reception. A force of 2000 men, led by the royal governor, Tryon, of North Carolina fame, landed at Fair-

field, and marched to Danbury, where they destroyed the stores and burned a large part of the town. The militia turned out, as on the day of Lexington, led by General Wooster, who was slain in the first skirmish. By this time Arnold, who happened to be visiting his children in New Haven, had heard of the affair, and came upon the scene with 600 men. At Ridgefield a desperate fight ensued, in which Arnold had two horses killed under him. The British were defeated. By the time they reached their ships, 200 of their number had been killed or wounded, and, with the yeomanry swarming on every side, they narrowly escaped capture. For his share in this action, Arnold was now made a major-general, and was presented by Congress with a fine horse; but nothing was done toward restoring him to his relative rank, nor was any explanation vouchsafed. Washington offered him the command of the Hudson at Peekskill, which was liable to prove one of the important points in the ensuing campaign; but Arnold for the moment declined to take any such position until he should have conferred with Congress, and fathomed the nature of the difficulties by which he had been beset; and so the command of this important position was given to the veteran Putnam.

The time for the summer campaign was now at hand. The first year of the independence of the United States was nearly completed, and up to this time the British had nothing to show for their work except the capture of the city of New York and the occupation of Newport. The army of Washington, which six months ago they had regarded as conquered and dispersed, still balked and threatened them from its inexpugnable position on the heights of Morristown. It was high time that something more solid should be accomplished, for every month of adverse possession added fresh weight to the

American cause, and increased the probability that France would interfere.

A decisive blow was accordingly about to be struck. After careful study by Lord George Germaine, and much consultation with General Burgoyne, who had returned to England for the winter, it was decided to adhere to the plan of the preceding year, with slight modifications. The great object was to secure firm possession of the entire valley of the Hudson, together with that of the Mohawk. It must be borne in mind that at this time the inhabited part of the State of New York consisted almost entirely of the Mohawk and Hudson valleys. All the rest was unbroken wilderness, save for an occasional fortified trading-post. With a total population of about 170,000, New York ranked seventh among the thirteen States; just after Maryland and Connecticut, just before South Carolina. At the same time, the geographical position of New York, whether from a commercial or from a military point of view, was as commanding then as it has ever been. It was thought that so small a population, among which there were known to be many Tories, might easily be conquered and the country firmly held. The people of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were regarded as lukewarm supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and it was supposed that the conquest of New York might soon be followed by the subjection of these two provinces. With the British power thus thrust, like a vast wedge, through the centre of the confederacy, it would be impossible for New England to coöperate with the Southern States, and it was hoped that the union of the colonies against the Crown would thus be effectually broken.

With this object of conquering New York, we have seen Carleton, in 1776, approaching through Lake Champlain, while Howe was wresting Manhattan Island from Washington. But the plan was imperfectly conceived, and the co-

operation was feeble. How feeble it was is well shown by the fact that Carleton's ill-judged retreat from Crown Point enabled Schuyler to send reinforcements to Washington in time to take part in the great strokes at Trenton and Princeton. Something, however, had been accomplished. In spite of Arnold's desperate resistance and Washington's consummate skill, the enemy had gained a hold upon both the northern and the southern ends of the long line. But this obstinate resistance served to some extent to awaken the enemy to the arduous character of the problem. The plan was more carefully studied, and it was intended that this time the coöperation should be more effectual. In order to take possession of the whole State by one grand system of operations, it was decided that the invasion should be conducted by three distinct armies operating upon converging lines. A strong force from Canada was to take Ticonderoga, and proceed down the line of the Hudson to Albany. This force was now to be commanded by General Burgoyne, while his superior officer, General Carleton, remained at Quebec. A second and much smaller force, under Colonel St. Leger, was to go up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, land at Oswego, and, with the aid of Sir John Johnson and the Indians, reduce Fort Stanwix; after which he was to come down the Mohawk Valley and unite his forces with those of Burgoyne. At the same time, Sir William Howe was to ascend the Hudson with the main army, force the passes of the Highlands at Peekskill, and effect a junction with Burgoyne at Albany. The junction of the three armies was expected to complete the conquest of New York, and to insure the overthrow of American independence.

Such was the plan of campaign prepared by the ministry. There can be no doubt that it was carefully studied, or that, if successful, it would have

proved very disastrous to the Americans. There is room for very grave doubt, however, as to whether it was the most judicious plan to adopt. The method of invading any country by distinct forces operating upon converging lines is open to the objection that either force is liable to be separately overwhelmed without the possibility of reinforcement from the other. Such a plan is prudent only when the invaded country has good roads, and when the invaders have a great superiority in force, as was the case when the allied armies advanced upon Paris in 1814. In northern and central New York, in 1777, the conditions were very unfavorable to such a plan. The distances to be traversed were long, and the roads were few and bad. Except in the immediate neighborhood of Albany and Saratoga, the country was covered with the primeval forest, through which only the trapper and the savage could make their way with speed. The Americans, too, had the great advantage of operating upon interior lines. It was difficult for Burgoyne at Fort Edward, St. Leger before Fort Stanwix, and Howe in the city of New York to communicate with each other at all; it was impossible for them to do so promptly; whereas nothing could be easier than for Washington at Morristown to reach Putnam at Peekskill, or for Putnam to forward troops to Schuyler at Albany, or for Schuyler to send out a force to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. In view of these considerations, it seems probable that Lord George Germaine would have acted more wisely if he had sent Burgoyne with his army directly by sea to reinforce Sir William Howe. The army thus united, and numbering more than 30,000 men, would have been really formidable. If they had undertaken to go up the river to Albany, it would have been hard to prevent them. If their united presence at Albany was the great object of the cam-

paign, there was no advantage in sending one commander to reach it by a difficult and dangerous overland march. The Hudson is navigable by large vessels all the way to Albany, and by advancing in this way the army might have preserved its connections; and whatever disaster might have befallen, it would have been difficult for the Americans to surround and capture so large a force. Once arrived at Albany, the expedition of St. Leger might have set out from that point as a matter of subsequent detail, and would have had a base within easy distance upon which to fall back in case of defeat.

It does not appear, therefore, that there were any advantages to be gained by Burgoyne's advance from the north which can be regarded as commensurate with the risk which he incurred. To have transferred the Northern army from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson by sea would have been far easier and safer than to send it through a hundred miles of wilderness in northern New York; and whatever it could have effected in the interior of the State could have been done as well in the former case as in the latter. But these considerations do not seem to have occurred to Lord George Germaine. In the wars with the French, the invading armies from Canada had always come by way of Lake Champlain, so that this route was accepted without question, as if consecrated by long usage. Through a similar association of ideas an exaggerated importance was attached to the possession of Ticonderoga. The risks of the enterprise, moreover, were greatly underestimated. In imagining that the routes of Burgoyne and St. Leger would lie through a friendly country, the ministry fatally misconceived the whole case. There was, indeed, a powerful Tory party in the country, just as in the days of Robert Bruce there was an English party in Scotland, just as in the days of Miltiades there was a

Persian party in Attika. But no one has ever doubted that the victors at Marathon and at Bannockburn went forth with a hearty godspeed from their fellow-countrymen; and the obstinate resistance encountered by St. Leger, within a short distance of Johnson's Tory stronghold, is an eloquent commentary upon the error of the ministry in the estimate of the actual significance of the loyalist element on the New York frontier.

It thus appears that in the plan of a triple invasion upon converging lines the ministry were dealing with too many unknown quantities. They were running a prodigious risk for the sake of an advantage which in itself was extremely open to question; for should it turn out that the strength of the Tory party was not sufficiently great to make the junction of the three armies at Albany at once equivalent to the complete conquest of the State, then the end for which the campaign was undertaken could not be secured without supplementary campaigns. Neither a successful march up and down the Hudson River nor the erection of a chain of British fortresses on that river could effectually cut off the southern communications of New England, unless all military resistance were finally crushed in the State of New York. The surest course for the British, therefore, would have been to concentrate all their available force at the mouth of the Hudson, and continue to make the destruction of Washington's army the chief object of their exertions. In view of the subtle genius which he had shown during the last campaign, that would have been an arduous task; but, as events showed, they had to deal with his genius all the same on the plan which they adopted, and at a great disadvantage.

Another point which the ministry overlooked was the effect of Burgoyne's advance upon the people of New England. They could reasonably count upon

alarming the yeomanry of New Hampshire and Massachusetts by a bold stroke upon the Hudson, but they failed to see that this alarm would naturally bring about a rising that would be very dangerous to the British cause. Difficult as it was at that time to keep the Continental army properly recruited, it was not at all difficult to arouse the yeomanry in the presence of an immediate danger. In the western parts of New England there were scarcely any Tories to complicate the matter; and the flank movement by the New England militia became one of the most formidable features in the case.

But whatever may be thought of the merits of Lord George's plan, there can be no doubt that its success was absolutely dependent upon the harmonious coöperation of all the forces involved in it. The ascent of the Hudson by Sir William Howe, with the main army, was as essential a part of the scheme as the descent of Burgoyne from the north; and as the two commanders could not easily communicate with each other, it was necessary that both should be strictly bound by their instructions. At this point a fatal blunder was made. Burgoyne was expressly directed to follow the prescribed line down the Hudson, whatever might happen, until he should effect his junction with the main army. On the other hand, no such unconditional orders were received by Howe. He understood the plan of campaign, and knew that he was expected to ascend the river in force; but he was left with the usual discretionary power, and we shall presently see what an imprudent use he made of it. The reasons for this inconsistency on the part of the ministry were for a long time unintelligible; but a memorandum of Lord Shelburne, lately brought to light by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, has solved the mystery. It seems that a dispatch, containing positive and explicit orders for Howe to ascend the Hudson, was duly drafted, and, with many other papers, awaited the

minister's signature. Lord George Germaine, being on his way to the country, called at his office to sign the dispatches ; but when he came to the letter addressed to General Howe, he found it had not been "fair copied." Lord George, like the old gentleman who killed himself in defense of the great principle that crumpets are wholesome, never would be put out of his way by anything. Unwilling to lose his holiday, he hurried off to the green meadows of Kent, intending to sign the letter on his return. But when he came back the matter had slipped from his mind. The document on which hung the fortunes of an army, and perhaps of a nation, got thrust unsigned into a pigeon-hole, where it was duly discovered some time after the disaster at Saratoga had become part of history.

Happy in his ignorance of the risks he was assuming, Burgoyne took the field about the 1st of June, with an army of 7902 men, of whom 4135 were British regulars. His German troops from Brunswick, 3116 in number, were commanded by Baron Riedesel, an able general, whose accomplished wife has left us such a picturesque and charming description of the scenes of this adventurous campaign. Of Canadian militia there were 148, and of Indians 503. The regular troops, both German and English, were superbly trained and equipped, and their officers were selected with especial care. Generals Phillips and Fraser were regarded as among the best officers in the British service. On the second anniversary of Bunker Hill this army began crossing the lake to Crown Point ; and on the 1st of July it appeared before Ticonderoga, where St. Clair was posted with a garrison of 3000 men. Since its capture by Allen, the fortress had been carefully strengthened, until it was now believed to be impregnable. But while no end of time and expense had been devoted to the fortifications, a neighboring point which commands the whole position had been

strangely neglected. A little less than a mile south of Ticonderoga, the narrow mountain ridge between the two lakes ends abruptly in a bold crag, which rises 600 feet sheer over the blue water. Practiced eyes in the American fort had already seen that a hostile battery planted on this eminence would render their stronghold untenable ; but it was not believed that siege-guns could be dragged up the steep ascent, and so, in spite of due warning, the crag had not been secured when the British army arrived. General Phillips at once saw the value of the position, and, approaching it by a defile that was screened from the view of the fort, worked night and day in breaking out a pathway and dragging up cannon. "Where a goat can go, a man may go ; and where a man can go, he can haul up a gun," argued the gallant general. Great was the astonishment of the garrison when, on the morning of July 5th, they saw red coats swarming on the top of the hill, which the British, rejoicing in their exploit, now named Mount Defiance. There were not only red coats there, but brass cannon, which by the next day would be ready for work. Ticonderoga had become a trap, from which the garrison could not escape too quickly. A council of war was held, and under cover of night St. Clair took his little army across the lake, and retreated upon Castleton in the Green Mountains. Such guns and stores as could be saved, with the women and wounded men, were embarked in 200 boats, and sent, under a strong escort, to the head of the lake, whence they continued their retreat to Fort Edward on the Hudson. About three o'clock in the morning a house accidentally took fire, and in the glare of the flames the British sentinels caught a glimpse of the American rear-guard just as it was vanishing in the sombre depths of the forest. Alarm guns were fired, and in less than an hour the British flag was hoisted over the empty

fortress, while General Fraser, with 900 men, had started in hot pursuit of the retreating Americans. Riedesel was soon sent to support him, while Burgoyne, leaving nearly 1000 men to garrison the fort, started up the lake with the main body of the army. On the morning of the 7th, General Fraser overtook the American rear-guard of 1000 men, under Colonels Warner and Francis, at the village of Hubbardton, about six miles behind the main army. A fierce fight ensued, in which Fraser was worsted, and had begun to fall back, with the loss of one fifth of his men, when Riedesel came up with his Germans, and the Americans were put to flight, leaving one third of their number killed or wounded. This obstinate resistance at Hubbardton served to check the pursuit, and five days later St. Clair succeeded, without further loss, in reaching Fort Edward, where he joined the main army under Schuyler.

Up to this moment, considering the amount of work done and the extent of country traversed, the loss of the British had been very small. They began to speak contemptuously of their antagonists, and the officers amused themselves by laying wagers as to the precise number of days it would take them to reach Albany. In commenting on the failure to occupy Mount Defiance, Burgoyne made a general statement on the strength of a single instance, — which is the besetting sin of human reasoning. "It convinces me," said he, "that the Americans have no men of military science." Yet General Howe at Boston, in neglecting to occupy Dorchester Heights, had made just the same blunder, and with less excuse; for no one had ever doubted that batteries might be placed there by somebody.

In England the fall of Ticonderoga was greeted with exultation, as the death-blow to the American cause. Horace Walpole tells how the king rushed into the queen's apartment, clapping his

hands and shouting, "I have beat them! I have beat all the Americans!" People began to discuss the best method of reëstablishing the royal governments in the "colonies." In America there was general consternation. St. Clair was greeted with a storm of abuse. John Adams, then president of the Board of War, wrote, in the first white heat of indignation, "We shall never be able to defend a post till we shoot a general!" Schuyler, too, as commander of the department, was ignorantly and wildly blamed, and his political enemies seized upon the occasion to circulate fresh stories to his discredit. A court-martial in the following year vindicated St. Clair's prudence in giving up an untenable position and saving his army from capture. The verdict was just, but there is no doubt that the failure to fortify Mount Defiance was a grave error of judgment, for which the historian may fairly apportion the blame between St. Clair and Gates. It was Gates that had been in command of Ticonderoga in the autumn of 1776, when an attack by Carleton was expected, and his attention had been called to this weak point by Colonel Trumbull, whom he laughed to scorn. Gates had again been in command from March to June. St. Clair had taken command about three weeks before Burgoyne's approach; he had seriously considered the question of fortifying Mount Defiance, but had not been sufficiently prompt. In no case could any blame attach to Schuyler. Gates was more at fault than any one else, but he did not happen to be at hand when the catastrophe occurred, and accordingly people did not associate him with it. On the contrary, amid the general wrath, the loss of the Northern citadel was alleged as a reason for superseding Schuyler by Gates; for if he had been there, it was thought that the disaster would have been prevented.

The irony of events, however, alike ignoring American consternation and

British glee, showed that the capture of Ticonderoga was not to help the invaders in the least. On the contrary, it straightway became a burden, for it detained an eighth part of Burgoyne's force in garrison at a time when he could ill spare it. Indeed, alarming as his swift advance had seemed at first, Burgoyne's serious difficulties were now just beginning, and the harder he labored to surmount them the more completely did he work himself into a position from which it was impossible either to advance or to recede. On the 10th of July his whole army had reached Skenesborough (now Whitehall), at the head of Lake Champlain. From this point to Fort Edward, where the American army was encamped, the distance was twenty miles as the crow flies; but Schuyler had been industriously at work with those humble weapons the axe and the crowbar, which in warfare sometimes prove mightier than the sword. The roads, bad enough at their best, were obstructed every few yards by huge trunks of fallen trees, that lay with their boughs interwoven. Wherever the little streams could serve as aids to the march, they were choked up with stumps and stones; wherever they served as obstacles which needed to be crossed, the bridges were broken down. The country was such an intricate labyrinth of creeks and swamps that more than forty bridges had to be rebuilt in the course of the march. Under these circumstances, Burgoyne's advance must be regarded as a marvel of celerity. He accomplished a mile a day, and reached Fort Edward on the 30th of July.

In the mean time Schuyler had crossed the Hudson, and slowly fallen back to Stillwater, about thirty miles above Albany. For this retrograde movement fresh blame was visited upon him by the general public, which at all times is apt to suppose that a war should mainly consist of bloody battles, and which can seldom be made to understand the

strategic value of a retreat. The facts of the case were also misunderstood. Fort Edward was supposed to be an impregnable stronghold, whereas it was really commanded by highlands. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited it somewhat later, declared that it could be taken at any time by 500 men with four siege-guns. Now for fighting purposes an open field is much better than an untenable fortress. If Schuyler had stayed in Fort Edward, he would probably have been forced to surrender; and his wisdom in retreating is further shown by the fact that every moment of delay counted in his favor. The militia of New York and New England were already beating to arms. Some of those yeomen who were with the army were allowed to go home for the harvest; but the loss was more than made good by the numerous levies which, at Schuyler's suggestions and by Washington's orders, were collecting under General Lincoln in Vermont, for the purpose of threatening Burgoyne in the rear. The people whose territory was invaded grew daily more troublesome to the enemy. Burgoyne had supposed that it would be necessary only to show himself at the head of an army, when the people would rush by hundreds to offer support or seek protection. He now found that the people withdrew from his line of advance, driving their cattle before them, and seeking shelter, when possible, within the lines of the American army. In his reliance upon the aid of New York loyalists, he was utterly disappointed; very few Tories joined him, and these could offer neither sound advice nor personal influence wherewith to help him. When the yeomanry collected by hundreds, it was only to vex him and retard his progress.

Even had the loyalist feeling on the Vermont frontier of New York been far stronger than it really was, Burgoyne had done much to alienate or stifle it

by his ill-advised employment of Indian auxiliaries. For this blunder the responsibility rests mainly with Lord North and Lord George Germaine. Burgoyne had little choice in the matter except to carry out his instructions. Being a humane man, and sharing perhaps in that view of the "noble savage" which was fashionable in Europe in the eighteenth century, he fancied he could prevail upon his tawny allies to forego their cherished pastime of murdering and scalping. When, at the beginning of the campaign, he was joined by a party of Wyandots and Ottawas, under command of that same redoubtable Charles de Langlade who, twenty-two years before, had achieved the ruin of Braddock, he explained his policy to them in an elaborate speech, full of such sentimental phrases as the Indian mind was supposed to delight in. The slaughter of aged men, of women and children and unresisting prisoners, was absolutely prohibited; and "on no account, or pretense, or subtlety, or prevarication," were scalps to be taken from wounded or dying men. An order more likely to prove efficient was one which provided a reward for every savage who should bring his prisoners to camp in safety. To these injunctions, which must have inspired them with pitying contempt, the chiefs laconically replied that they had "sharpened their hatchets upon their affections," and were ready to follow their "great white father."

The employment of savage auxiliaries was indignantly denounced by the opposition in Parliament, and when the news of this speech of Burgoyne's reached England it was angrily ridiculed by Burke, who took a sounder view of the natural instincts of the red man. "Suppose," said Burke, "that there was a riot on Tower Hill. What would the keeper of his majesty's lions do? Would he not fling open the dens of the wild beasts, and then address them thus? 'My gentle lions, my hu-

mane bears, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth! But I exhort you, as you are Christians and members of civilized society, to take care not to hurt any man, woman, or child!'" The House of Commons was convulsed over this grotesque picture; and Lord North, to whom it seemed irresistibly funny to hear an absent man thus denounced for measures which he himself had originated, sat choking with laughter, while tears rolled down his great fat cheeks.

It soon turned out, however, to be no laughing matter. The cruelties inflicted indiscriminately upon patriots and loyalists soon served to madden the yeomanry, and array against the invaders whatever wavering sentiment had hitherto remained in the country. One sad incident in particular has been treasured up in the memory of the people, and celebrated in song and story. Jenny McCrea, the beautiful daughter of a Scotch clergyman of Paulus Hook, was at Fort Edward, visiting her friend Mrs. McNeil, who was a loyalist and a cousin of General Fraser. On the morning of July 27th, a marauding party of Indians burst into the house, and carried away the two ladies. They were soon pursued by some American soldiers, who exchanged a few shots with them. In the confusion which ensued the party was scattered, and Mrs. McNeil was taken alone into the camp of the approaching British army. Next day, a savage of gigantic stature, a famous sachem, known as the Wyandot Panther, came into the camp with a scalp which Mrs. McNeil at once recognized as Jenny's, from the silky black tresses, more than a yard in length. A search was made, and the body of the poor girl was found hard by a spring in the forest, pierced with three bullet-wounds. How she came to her cruel death was never known. The Panther plausibly declared that she had been accidentally shot during the scuffle with the soldiers, but his veracity was open to question, and the few facts that were

known left ample room for conjecture. The popular imagination soon framed its story with a romantic completeness that thrust aside even these few facts. Miss McCrea was betrothed to David Jones, a loyalist who was serving as lieutenant in Burgoyne's army. In the legend which immediately sprang up, Mr. Jones was said to have sent a party of Indians with a letter to his betrothed, entreating her to come to him within the British lines, that they might be married. For bringing her to him in safety the Indians were to receive a barrel of rum. When she had entrusted herself to their care, and the party had proceeded as far as a spring, where the savages stopped to drink, a dispute arose as to who was to have the custody of the barrel of rum, and many high words ensued, until one of the party settled the question offhand by slaying the lady with his tomahawk. It would be hard to find a more interesting example of the mushroom-like growth and obstinate vitality of a romantic legend. The story seems to have had nothing in common with the observed facts, except the existence of the two lovers and the Indians and a spring in the forest.¹ Yet it took possession of the popular mind almost immediately after the event, and it has ever since been repeated, with endless variations in detail, by American historians. Mr. Jones himself — who lived, a broken-hearted man, for half a century after the tragedy — was never weary of pointing out its falsehood and absurdity; but all his testimony, together with that of Mrs. McNeil and other witnesses, to the

facts that really happened was powerless to shake the hold upon the popular fancy which the legend had instantly gained. Such an instance, occurring in a community of shrewd and well-educated people, affords a suggestive commentary upon the origin and growth of popular tales in earlier and more ignorant ages.

But in whatever way poor Jenny may have come to her death, there can be no doubt as to the mischief which it swiftly wrought for the invading army. In the first place, it led to the desertion of all the savage allies. Burgoyne was a man of quick and tender sympathy, and the fate of this sweet young lady shocked him as it shocked the American people. He would have had the Panther promptly hanged, but that his guilt was not clearly proved, and many of the officers argued that the execution of a famous and popular sachem would enrage all the other Indians, and might endanger the lives of many of the soldiers. The Panther's life was accordingly spared, but Burgoyne made it a rule that henceforth no party of Indians should be allowed to go marauding save under the lead of some British officer, who might watch and restrain them. When this rule was put in force, the tawny savages grunted and growled for two or three days, and then, with hoarse yells and hoots, all the five hundred broke loose from the camp, and scampered off to the Adirondack wilderness. From a military point of view, the loss was small, save in so far as it deprived the army of valuable scouts and guides.

¹ I leave this as I wrote it in June, 1882. Since then another version of the facts has been suggested by W. L. Stone in Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*. In this version, Mr. Jones sends a party of Indians under the half-breed Duluth to escort Miss McCrea to the camp, where they are to be married by Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain. It is to be quite a fine little wedding, and the Baroness Riedesel and Lady Harriet Ackland are to be among the spectators. Before Du-

luth reaches Mrs. McNeil's house, the Wyandot Panther (here known by the name of a different beast, *Le Loup*) with his party attacks the house and carries off the two ladies. The Panther's party meets Duluth's near the spring. Duluth insists upon taking Jenny with him, and high words ensue between him and the Panther, until the latter, in a towering rage, draws his pistol and shoots the girl. This version, if correct, goes a good way toward reconciling the legend with the observed facts.

But the thirst for vengeance which was aroused among the yeomanry of northern New York, of Vermont, and of western Massachusetts was a much more serious matter. The lamentable story was told at every village fireside, and no detail of pathos or of horror was forgotten. The name of Jenny McCrea became a watchword, and a fortnight had not passed before General Lincoln had gathered on the British flank an army of stout and resolute farmers, inflamed with such wrath as had not filled their bosoms since the day when all New England had rushed to besiege the enemy in Boston.

Such a force of untrained yeomanry is of little use in prolonged warfare, but on important occasions it is sometimes capable of dealing heavy blows. We have seen what it could do on the memorable day of Lexington. It was now about to strike, at a critical moment, with still more deadly effect. Burgoyne's advance, laborious as it had been for the last three weeks, was now stopped for want of horses to drag the cannon and carry the provision bags; and the army, moreover, was already suffering from hunger. The little village of Bennington, at the foot of the Green Mountains, had been selected by the New England militia as a centre of supplies. Many hundred horses had been collected there, with ample stores of food and ammunition. To capture this village would give Burgoyne the warlike material he wanted, while at the same time it would paralyze the movements of Lincoln, and perhaps dispel the ominous cloud that was gathering over the rear of the British army. Accordingly, on the 13th of August, a strong detachment of 500 of Riedesel's men, with 100 newly arrived Indians and a couple of cannon, was sent out to seize the stores at Bennington. Lieutenant-Colonel Baum commanded the expedition, and he was accompanied by Major Skene, an American loyalist, who assured Bur-

goyne on his honor that the Green Mountains were swarming with devoted subjects of King George, who would flock by hundreds to his standard as soon as it should be set up among them. That these loyal recruits might be organized as quickly as possible, Burgoyne sent along with the expedition a skeleton regiment of loyalists, all duly officered, into the ranks of which they might be mustered without delay. The loyal recruits, however, turned out to be the phantom of a distempered imagination: not one of them appeared in the flesh. On the contrary, the demeanor of the people was so threatening that Baum became convinced that hard work was before him, and next day he sent back for reinforcements. Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman was accordingly sent to support him, with another body of 500 Germans and two field-pieces.

Meanwhile, Colonel Stark was preparing a warm reception for the invaders. We have already seen John Stark, a gallant veteran of the Seven Years' War, serving with distinction at Bunker Hill and at Trenton and Princeton. He was considered one of the ablest officers in the army; but he had lately gone home in disgust, for, like Arnold, he had been passed over by Congress in the list of promotions. Tired of sulking in his tent, no sooner did this rustic Achilles hear of the invaders' presence in New England than he forthwith sprang to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye 800 stout yeomen were marching under his orders. He refused to take instructions from any superior officer, but declared that he was acting under the sovereignty of New Hampshire alone, and would proceed upon his own responsibility in defending the common cause. At the same time he sent word to General Lincoln, at Manchester in the Green Mountains, asking him to lend him the services of Colonel Seth Warner, with the gallant regiment which had checked the advance of Fraser at

Hubbardton. Lincoln sent the reinforcement without delay, and, after marching all night in a drenching rain, the men reached Bennington in the morning, wet to the skin. Telling them to follow him as soon as they should have dried and rested themselves, Stark pushed on, with his main body, and found the enemy about six miles distant. On meeting this large force, Baum hastily took up a strong position on some rising ground behind a small stream, everywhere fordable, known as the Walloomsac River. All day long the rain fell in torrents, and while the Germans began to throw up intrenchments, Stark laid his plans for storming their position on the morrow. During the night a company of Berkshire militia arrived, and with them the excellent Mr. Allen, the warlike parson of Pittsfield, who went up to Stark and said, "Colonel, our Berkshire people have been often called out to no purpose, and if you don't let them fight now they will never turn out again." "Well," said Stark, "would you have us turn out now, while it is pitch dark and raining buckets?" "No, not just this minute," replied the minister. "Then," said the doughty Stark, "as soon as the Lord shall once more send us sunshine, if I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again!"

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and a steam came up from the sodden fields. It was a true dog-day, sultry and scorching. The forenoon was taken up in preparing the attack, while Baum waited in his strong position. The New Englanders outnumbered the Germans two to one, but they were a militia, unfurnished with bayonets or cannon, while Baum's soldiers were all regulars, picked from the bravest of the troops which Ferdinand of Brunswick had led to victory at Creveld and Minden. But the excellent German commander, in this strange country, was no match for the astute Yankee on his

own ground. Stealthily and leisurely, during the whole forenoon, the New England farmers marched around into Baum's rear. They did not march in military array, but in little squads, half a dozen at a time, dressed in their rustic blue frocks. There was nothing in their appearance which to a European veteran like Baum could seem at all soldier-like, and he thought that here at last were those blessed Tories, whom he had been taught to look out for, coming to place themselves behind him for protection. Early in the afternoon he was cruelly undeceived. For while 500 of these innocent creatures opened upon him a deadly fire in the rear and on both flanks, Stark, with 500 more, charged across the shallow stream and assailed him in front. The Indians instantly broke and fled screeching to the woods, while yet there was time for escape. The Germans stood their ground, and fought desperately; but thus attacked on all sides at once, they were soon thrown into disorder, and after a two hours' struggle, in which Baum was mortally wounded, they were all captured. At this moment, as the New England men began to scatter to the plunder of the German camp, the relieving force of Breymann came upon the scene; and the fortunes of the day might have been changed, had not Warner also arrived with his 500 fresh men in excellent order. A furious charge was made upon Breymann, who gave way, and retreated slowly from hill to hill, while parties of Americans kept pushing on to his rear to cut him off. By eight in the evening, when it had grown too dark to aim a gun, this second German force was entirely dispersed or captured. Breymann, with a mere corporal's guard of sixty or seventy men, escaped under cover of darkness, and reached the British camp in safety. Of the whole German force of 1000 men, 207 had been killed and wounded, and more than 700 had been captured. Among the spoils of victory were 1000

stand of arms, 1000 dragoon swords, and the four field-pieces. Of the Americans 14 were killed and 42 wounded.

The news of this brilliant victory spread joy and hope throughout the land. Insubordination which had been crowned with such splendid success could not but be overlooked, and the gallant Stark was at once taken back into the army, and made a brigadier-general. Not least among the grounds of exultation was the fact that an army of yeomanry had not merely defeated, but annihilated, an army of the Brunswick regulars, with whose European reputation for bravery and discipline every man in the country was familiar. The bolder spirits began to ask the question why that which had been done to Baum and Breymann might not be done to Burgoyne's whole army; and in the excitement of this rising hope, reinforcements began to pour in faster and faster, both to Schuyler at Stillwater and to Lincoln at Manchester. On the other hand, Burgoyne at Fort Edward was fast losing heart, as dangers thickened around him. So far from securing his supplies of horses, wagons, and food by this stroke at Bennington, he had simply lost one seventh part of his available army, and he was now clearly in need of reinforcements as well as supplies. But no word had yet come from Sir William Howe, and the news from St. Leger was anything but encouraging. It is now time for us to turn westward and follow the wild fortunes of the second invading column.

About the middle of July, St. Leger had landed at Oswego, where he was joined by Sir John Johnson with his famous Tory regiment, known as the Royal Greens, and Colonel John Butler with his company of Tory rangers. Great efforts had been made by Johnson to secure the aid of the Iroquois tribes, but only with partial success. For once the Long House was fairly divided against itself, and the result of the present campaign did not redound

to its future prosperity. The Mohawks, under their great chief Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, entered heartily into the British cause, and they were followed, though with less alacrity, by the Cayugas and Senecas; but the central tribe, the Onondagas, remained neutral. Under the influence of the missionary, Samuel Kirkland, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras actively aided the Americans, though they did not take the field. After duly arranging his motley force, which amounted to about 1700 men, St. Leger advanced very cautiously through the woods, and sat down before Fort Stanwix on the 3d of August. This stronghold, which had been built in 1756, on the watershed between the Hudson and Lake Ontario, commanded the main line of traffic between New York and Upper Canada. The place was then on the very outskirts of civilization, and under the powerful influence of Johnson the Tory element was stronger here than in any other part of the State. Even here, however, the strength of the patriot party turned out to be much greater than had been supposed, and at the approach of the enemy the people began to rise in arms. In this part of New York there were many Germans, whose ancestors had come over to America during the horrors of the Thirty Years' War; and among these there was one stout patriot whose name shines conspicuously in the picturesque annals of the Revolution. General Nicholas Herkimer, commander of the militia of Tryon County, a veteran over sixty years of age, no sooner heard of St. Leger's approach than he started out to the rescue of Fort Stanwix; and by the 5th of August he had reached Oriskany, about eight miles distant, at the head of 800 men. The garrison of the fort, 600 in number, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort, had already laughed to scorn St. Leger's summons to surrender, when, on the morning of the 6th, they heard a distant firing to the east-

ward, which they could not account for. The mystery was explained when three friendly messengers floundered through a dangerous swamp into the fort, and told them of Herkimer's approach and of his purpose. The plan was to overwhelm St. Leger by a concerted attack in front and rear. The garrison was to make a furious sortie, while Herkimer, advancing through the forest, was to fall suddenly upon the enemy from behind; and thus it was hoped that his army might be crushed or captured at a single blow. To insure completeness of coöperation, Colonel Gansevoort was to fire three guns immediately upon receiving the message, and upon hearing this signal Herkimer would begin his march from Oriskany. Gansevoort would then make such demonstrations as to keep the whole attention of the enemy concentrated upon the fort, and thus guard Herkimer against a surprise by the way, until, after the proper interval of time, the garrison should sally forth in full force.

In this bold scheme everything depended upon absolute coördination in time. Herkimer had dispatched his messengers so early on the evening of the 5th that they ought to have reached the fort by three o'clock the next morning, and at about that time he began listening for the signal-guns. But through some unexplained delay it was nearly eleven in the forenoon when the messengers reached the fort, as just described. Meanwhile, as hour after hour passed by, and no signal-guns were heard by Herkimer's men, they grew impatient, and insisted upon going ahead, without regard to the preconcerted plan. Much unseemly wrangling ensued, in which Herkimer was called a coward and accused of being a Tory at heart, until, stung by these taunts, the brave old man at length gave way, and at about nine o'clock the forward march was resumed. At this time his tardy messengers still lacked two hours of reaching the fort,

but St. Leger's Indian scouts had already discovered and reported the approach of the American force, and a strong detachment of Johnson's Greens under Major Watts, together with Brant and his Mohawks, had been sent out to intercept them.

About two miles west of Oriskany, the road was crossed by a deep semi-circular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambuscade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear-guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear-guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate. The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting, and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where

they had gone down in a death-grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket-ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech-tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder-clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree-tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife, and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away, and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal-guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander help-

less and more than one third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison of Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers, Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly, to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willett took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and sent to be unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards, and all Johnson's papers, maps, and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willett returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the national banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the Revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one third of its whole number; and of those lost, nearly all were killed, as it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given

on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these was the indomitable Herkimer, whose shattered leg was so unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

For some little time no one could tell exactly how the results of this fierce and disorderly day were to be regarded. Both sides claimed a victory, and St. Leger vainly tried to scare the garrison by the story that their comrades had been destroyed in the forest. But in its effects upon the campaign, Oriskany was for the Americans a success, though an incomplete one. St. Leger was not crushed, but he was badly crippled. The sacking of Johnson's camp injured his prestige in the neighborhood, and the Indian allies, who had lost more than a hundred of their best warriors on that fatal morning, grew daily more sullen and refractory, until their strange behavior came to be a fresh source of anxiety to the British commander. While he was pushing on the siege as well as he could, a force of 1200 troops, under Arnold, was marching up the Mohawk Valley to complete his discomfiture.

As soon as he had heard the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, Washington had dispatched Arnold to render such assistance as he could to the Northern army, and Arnold had accordingly arrived at Schuyler's headquarters about three weeks ago. Before leaving Philadelphia, he had appealed to Congress to restore him to his former rank relatively to the five junior officers who had been promoted over him, and he had just learned that Congress had refused the request. At this moment, Colonel Willett and another officer, after a perilous journey through the wilderness, arrived at Schuyler's headquarters, and, bringing the news of Oriskany, begged that

a force might be sent to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. Schuyler understood the importance of rescuing the stronghold and its brave garrison, and called a council of war; but he was bitterly opposed by his officers, one of whom presently said to another, in an audible whisper, "He only wants to weaken the army!" At this vile insinuation, the indignant general set his teeth so hard as to bite through the stem of the pipe he was smoking, which fell on the floor and was smashed. "Enough!" he cried. "I assume the whole responsibility. Where is the brigadier who will go?" The brigadiers all sat in sullen silence; but Arnold, who had been brooding over his private grievances, suddenly jumped up. "Here!" said he. "Washington sent me here to make myself useful: I will go." The commander gratefully seized him by the hand, and the drum beat for volunteers. Arnold's unpopularity in New England was mainly with the politicians. It did not extend to the common soldiers, who admired his impulsive bravery and had unbounded faith in his resources as a leader. Accordingly, 1200 Massachusetts men were easily enlisted in the course of the next forenoon, and the expedition started up the Mohawk Valley. Arnold pushed on with characteristic energy, but the natural difficulties of the road were such that after a week of hard work he had only reached the German Flats, where he was still more than twenty miles from Fort Stanwix. Believing that no time should be lost, and that everything should be done to encourage the garrison and dishearten the enemy, he had recourse to a stratagem, which succeeded beyond his utmost anticipation. A party of Tory spies had just been arrested in the neighborhood, and among them was a certain Yan Yost Cuyler, a queer, half-witted fellow, not devoid of cunning, whom the Indians regarded with that mysterious awe with which fools and lunatics are wont

to inspire them, as creatures possessed with a devil. Yan Yost was summarily condemned to death, and his brother and gypsy-like mother, in wild alarm, hastened to the camp, to plead for his life. Arnold for a while was inexorable, but presently offered to pardon the culprit on condition that he should go and spread a panic in the camp of St. Leger. Yan Yost joyfully consented, and started off forthwith, while his brother was detained as a hostage, to be hanged in case of his failure. To make the matter still surer, some friendly Oneidas were sent along to keep an eye upon him and act in concert with him. Next day, St. Leger's scouts, as they stole through the forest, began to hear rumors that Burgoyne had been totally defeated, and that a great American army was coming up the valley of the Mohawk. They carried back these rumors to the camp, and toward evening, while officers and soldiers were standing about in anxious consultation, Yan Yost came running in, with a dozen bullet-holes in his coat and terror in his face, and said that he had barely escaped with his life from the resistless American host which was close at hand. As many knew him for a Tory, his tale found ready belief, and when interrogated as to the numbers of the advancing host he gave a warning frown, and pointed significantly to the countless leaves that fluttered on the branches overhead. Nothing more was needed to complete the panic. It was in vain that Johnson and St. Leger exhorted and threatened the Indian allies. Already disaffected, they now began to desert by scores, while some, breaking open the camp chests, drank rum till they were drunk, and began to assault the soldiers. All night long the camp was a perfect Pandemonium. The riot extended to the Tories, and by noon of the next day St. Leger took to flight and his whole army was dispersed. All the tents, artillery, and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. The garrison,

sallying forth, pursued St. Leger for a while, but the faithless Indians, enjoying his discomfiture, and willing to curry favor with the stronger party, kept up the chase nearly all the way to Oswego; laying ambushes every night, and diligently murdering the stragglers, until hardly a remnant of an army was left to embark with its crestfallen leader for Montreal.

The news of this catastrophe reached Burgoyne before he had had time to recover from the news of the disaster at Bennington. Burgoyne's situation was now becoming critical. Lincoln, with a strong force of militia, was hovering in his rear, while the main army before him was gaining in numbers day by day. Putnam had just sent up reinforcements from the Highlands; Washington had sent Morgan with 500 sharpshooters; and Arnold was hurrying back from Fort Stanwix. Not a word had come from Sir William Howe, and it daily grew more difficult to get provisions.

Just at this time, when everything was in readiness for the final catastrophe, General Gates arrived from Philadelphia, to take command of the Northern army, and reap the glory earned by other men. On the first day of August, before the first alarm occasioned by Burgoyne's advance had subsided, Congress had yielded to the pressure of Schuyler's enemies, and removed him from his command; and on the following day Gates was appointed to take his place. Congress was led to take this step through the belief that the personal hatred felt toward Schuyler by many of the New England people would prevent the enlisting of militia to support him. The events of the next fortnight showed that in this fear Congress was quite mistaken. There can now be no doubt that the appointment of the incompetent Gates was a serious blunder, which might have ruined the campaign, and did in the end occasion much trouble, both for Congress and for Washington. Schuy-

ler received the unwelcome news with the noble unselfishness which always characterized him. At no time did he show more zeal and diligence than during his last week of command; and on turning over the army to General Gates he cordially offered his aid, whether by counsel or action, in whatever capacity his successor might see fit to suggest. But so far from accepting this offer, Gates treated him with contumely, and would not even invite him to attend his first council of war. Such silly behavior called forth sharp criticisms from discerning people. "The new commander-in-chief of the Northern department," said Gouverneur Morris, "may, if he please, neglect to ask or disdain to receive advice; but those who know him

will, I am sure, be convinced that he needs it."

When Gates thus took command of the Northern army, it was stationed along the western bank of the Hudson, from Stillwater down to Halfmoon, at the mouth of the Mohawk, while Burgoyne's troops were encamped along the eastern bank, some thirty miles higher up, from Fort Edward down to the Battenkill. For the next three weeks no movements were made on either side; and we must now leave the two armies confronting each other in these two positions, while we turn our attention southward, and see what Sir William Howe was doing, and how it happened that Burgoyne had as yet heard nothing from him.

John Fiske.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. BRYCE's voluminous study of institutions and life in our country appears most opportunely for American readers.¹ To take the nearest reason, — we have just passed through one of our great quadrennial elections, and are still politically minded, but no longer engrossed with the immediate exigency. There is no period so well adapted for the consideration of political principles as that which occurs when the outgoing administration of one great party stays its aggressive power, and the incoming administration of the other has not yet shown its full purpose. But in a wider aspect such a book is especially timely. There is an unmistakable current of thought in the direction of an examination of political ideas. Not only is there a marked increase of special study in academic circles and among those whose pursuits tend to mere speculative

interest, but the common schools are clamoring for text-books and courses of study in civil government, and historical investigation is turning very distinctly to subjects which involve political elements.

To all students thus particularly affected, and to that large body of intelligent Americans whose general interest is only more intensely expressed by these special classes, Mr. Bryce's book will be extremely welcome and very serviceable, not only because it contains the mature judgment of a sympathetic critic, but because through its large groupings and its reiterations of certain leading ideas it formulates the criticism which has been prevalent among thoughtful Americans, and shapes for them more definitely the political evils which have made them uneasy. It is easier, for example, to talk about a book which holds American institutions up to view than to talk about those institutions themselves.

¹ *The American Commonwealth.* By JAMES BRYCE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Mr. Bryce has made it easy to talk about his book because he disarms personal criticism at once. He is so fair, so frank, so unfailingly courteous, that it is impossible for an American to be angry with him even when he is saying very disheartening things. He gains the ear of Americans, not by flattering them, but by speaking the truth in kindness; and his evidently earnest desire to understand and to explain wins the reader to his side at once, and converts a possible antagonist or apologist into a companion in study. Perhaps no one cause, if we set aside the paramount one of the generous temper of the book, so makes the American reader a friend of the English writer as the minute thoroughness of the knowledge displayed. To find an Englishman speaking American political language without an English accent is to acknowledge him as naturalized in American thought; and as we are, on the whole, happier interpreters of our earlier colonial history than are English historical writers who have equal access to documents regarding a period when America and England were scarcely yet separate in idea, so it is a supreme advantage to have a contemporaneous critic who knows us as we know ourselves, yet enjoys an outside vantage-ground which we do not possess.

Yet the American reader, before he finishes the fifteen hundred pages set before him, is likely to discover the defect of Mr. Bryce's virtue. He perceives at once that Mr. Bryce means to spare no pains; that he means patiently to sift facts and impressions, and to balance gain and loss with a fair and open spirit; and that he means, to use General Grant's expressive phrase, to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer. The very leisurely movement of the book is a part of Mr. Bryce's style; it is characteristic of the calm, even flow of his thought. The long summaries with which he condenses his examination of groups of facts are expressive

of the judicial habit which lends so decided a value to the discussion. The foot-notes, dropped to the bottom of nearly every page, illustrate the amount of material which he has gathered, and the modification which his delicate shading of thought constantly makes of some broad generalization. But the load under which writer and reader stagger is too heavy. It cannot be said that any page of the book is dull, or that any one portion of his vast subject is too minutely considered; but when one undertakes so comprehensive a task as the appraisal of a great nation, he is bound, for his own sake as well as for his readers', to consider the bulk of his endeavor, and to ask himself whether the total impression produced is not likely to be vague and unproductive in proportion as the processes by which the result is sought are multiplied. It is not merely that the very bigness of Mr. Bryce's book discourages readers, but the most enthusiastic and conscientious become impatient over the repetitions, the accumulation of illustrations, the lack of compactness of statement.

We regret this the more because, as we have intimated above, Mr. Bryce's book is of the utmost value to American students of American civilization; and we greatly fear that its force is dissipated by its absence of concentration. It is a book which ought to be read and pondered. Instead, it will be dipped into, and many who begin with reading every line will soon find themselves taking a hop, skip, and a jump across the pages. Nor do we think it an answer to this that the book was written for Englishmen. The greatest worth of the work is not that it informs Englishmen about America, but that it enables Americans to understand themselves better. It is rare that an author can thus lay a nation under obligation to him, and we have a right to complain when this obligation is diminished by the author's prodigality.

Now that we have relieved ourselves of the one grievance which the book raises, and have thanked this generous giver by wishing he had given us less, we turn to the more agreeable task of examining the nature of the gift. The first two of the six parts into which the work is divided consist of a full and admirably arranged statement of the national government and the state governments. The American reader will find few facts here not already familiar to him, but he will be interested in reading so orderly and yet almost colloquial a presentation of the subject. He will be amazed at the accuracy and fullness of Mr. Bryce's knowledge; and it really is an evidence of the clearness and comprehensibility of our government as it is found in constitution and administrative order that the whole scheme can be set forth so lucidly and so exhaustively. The most notable fact in Mr. Bryce's exposition is the emphasis which he lays upon the functions of the state governments. He has discovered and recognized for its full value what foreigners are slow to perceive, — that the federal government is but one component part of the system which is to be compared with representative governments in other parts of the world; and though he says what is obvious to Americans, he clears the air for all after-discussions by the very fullness with which he presents this part of his subject.

Yet we are not sure that Mr. Bryce perceives the full meaning of the relation which the States hold to the Union. He has fallen a little into the way of speaking which has so often characterized commentators on the Constitution, and belongs to a too legal interpretation of national life. The Constitution, he says, "is a scheme designed to provide for the discharge of such and so many functions of government as the States do not already possess and discharge." True; but if he had said "cannot possess," he would have struck deeper. The

constitution presupposes the state governments, but with equal force the state governments presuppose some authority in which they find their completion, as the colonies supposed the crown. To our mind, the complete autonomy of separate States was never a part of the consciousness of those States. It was only afterward, in the theory of doctrinaires, that such a notion was broached. And this, we apprehend, had much to do with the determination that the President should be independent in his position; that he should be the choice of the people at large, and not a creature of Congress. There was an instinctive sense that the nation required a representative chief; the very existence of a diversified source of power calls for a unit of expression. The imagination has its part to play in governmental construction, and the growth of the nation in power is attended by a corresponding increase in the dignity of the conception of the President's office. Mr. Bryce says, with great sagacity, "A vigorous personality attracts the multitude, and attracts it the more the huger it grows; while a chief magistrate's influence excites little alarm when exerted in leading a majority which acts through the constitutional organs of government. There may, therefore, be still undeveloped possibilities of greatness in store for the Presidents of the future." He makes this possibility to turn rather upon the personality of the occupant of the chief magistrate's chair, but it seems to us inherent in the office. That is to say, as the tendency of political power is away from the formal institutions of government and toward the spontaneous action of the people, — for this the whole course of Mr. Bryce's study demonstrates, — the chief voice of the people becomes more commanding. It is not too much to say that Mr. Cleveland forced the issue upon which the last presidential and congressional canvass turned.

Mr. Bryce shows his political judgment in his discussion of the question whether or not members of the cabinet should sit in Congress. He refuses to treat the subject either as a panacea for ills or as a mere specific expedient, but recognizes the fact that such a procedure supposes a radical change in existing political methods. But we doubt if the English conception of the cabinet has not somewhat affected his judgment of the body of men who hold the corresponding place in America, and influenced him to depreciate the actual political force resident in them. He sees that they have little direct initiative in legislation, but he overlooks, we think, the force expended in administration. The cabinet is in effect a distribution of the presidential function as executive. The power of the President flows through his secretaries, and as that power increases in importance, so they partake of the increment. The legislative enactment by which, in a certain emergency, the presidential succession falls to the cabinet helps to increase its dignity, and we cannot discover that in the minds of the people the idea of the cabinet has diminished in importance historically. We doubt if there is as keen an interest in the several States when senators are to be elected as there is when the President is making up his "slate."

Like other Englishmen, Mr. Bryce finds it hard to reconcile himself to that custom in our country — for it is only a custom — which requires a representative to be a resident of his district. There is an apparent effort on his part to get rid of his English prejudices in this regard, and to think with Americans, but he is perplexed by two facts: first, that it narrows the choice; and second, that the custom is universally accepted as a matter of course. Why, he seems to ask himself, should Americans, so quick to perceive defects in the working of their political machinery, fail to see this egregious mistake, which keeps first-rate men

out of Congress because they happen to live in a part of the State where their party is in the minority? Nor is it easy to find an answer which does not take for granted a decline in the relative consequence of Congress. Yet we think Mr. Bryce will find the solution in that indestructible, fundamental organization of the republic which he himself has clearly recognized. The States in their relation to the Union symbolize on a large scale the play of centrifugal and centripetal forces. This play goes on in the lower political organisms, even when these are as artificial as congressional districts. The force which keeps alive small political units is the force which makes each unit jealous of its power and function. To go outside of a district for a candidate would be virtually to surrender a right; and this local jealousy of inherent power, though it may occasionally result in a misfortune to the public at large, is too important and radical an element in our political life lightly to be disregarded. The reform of politics constantly calls for the restriction of areas, and in the better period to which we look forward, when the individual voter shall have a fairer show, the neighborhood to be represented will contract or expand as the election has a more or less local significance.

Mr. Bryce's style is usually conversational in its simplicity and naturalness, but it rises now and then to the dignity of real eloquence. Such is the passage with which he closes his chapter on *The House at Work* : —

"I have spoken of the din of the House of Representatives; of its air of restlessness and confusion, contrasting with the staid gravity of the Senate; of the absence of dignity both in its proceedings and in the bearing and aspect of individual members. All these things notwithstanding, there is something impressive about it, something not unworthy of the continent for which it legislates. This huge gray hall, filled with

perpetual clamor ; this multitude of keen and eager faces ; this ceaseless coming and going of many feet ; this irreverent public, watching from the galleries and forcing its way on to the floor, all speak to the beholder's mind of the mighty democracy, destined in another century to form one half of civilized mankind, whose affairs are here debated. If the men are not great, the interests and the issues are vast and fateful. Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this hall become the theatre in ages yet far distant, when the parliaments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance ! ”

The third and fourth parts of Mr. Bryce's book, those relating to the Party System and to Public Opinion, have the greatest importance for American readers. Both the existing order and the tendency of things are set forth with a fullness and a precision which leave little to be desired. Mr. Bryce is constantly looking for the sources of our political life, and the patience as well as honesty of his search is rewarded by results never before, we think, so satisfactorily obtained by any political pathologist. The whole of this portion is of singular value to thoughtful readers, for it calls them away from appearances to realities, and discloses more specifically than has hitherto been done the main regions of danger in our political system. The only defect which we note is a too faint reference to one healthy sign of our political life ; we mean the ease with which leagues and societies are formed for the accomplishment of political results, not directly selfish, and the persistence with which such organizations are carried on. The gradual transformation of political parties into machines for perpetuating political power has led to the formation of leagues irrespective of party, designed to effect some individual political reform. Such leagues as the Civil Service Reform Association, the Indian Rights

Society, the International Copyright League, illustrate our meaning. These voluntary organizations, in proportion as they are unselfish, not only represent a healthy condition of the public conscience, but they serve to counteract the debasing activity of professional politics. They may be taken as substitutes for parties forced upon us by the withdrawal of parties from principles to places, but we think it is quite as just to regard them as indications of a more flexible working of democratic institutions. Much of the burden of Mr. Bryce's book is to the effect that there is a gradual deepening of the political consciousness of the people, a greater capacity for the exercise of power directly, a less dependence upon the old political machinery. What is the outcome of all this multitudinous assembling and voting which has been going on, until the ballot is as easy to the mind as the pen to the hand ? Is it not in the production of a tissue in the body politic which enters into the entire life ; not a garment which is worn or thrown aside ? Mr. Bryce more than once speaks of the legal habit of mind which Americans have acquired. We are curious to know whether they have not also acquired a voting and a legislative habit more distinctly than other modern nations ; and we are free to conjecture that when we have sloughed off the spoils system, there will be a healthy activity of the political function, which will find its way to desirable results by just such direct ways as the leagues offer. Something of the same process may be noted in the growth of commissions in the executive part of the government.

The last two parts of this work, devoted to Illustrations and Reflections and Social Institutions, are the most readable, and we may add the most grateful. It is by these parts that Mr. Bryce may be said to justify the conclusions which he reaches with regard to the political future of America. The

argument in his mind seems to be: A wide survey of American life discloses certain indestructible elements of nobility which lie at the basis of all progress. The equality postulated in political instruments has become a vital part of the national life. It is no longer a doctrine; it is an unconscious habit. Therefore the grave evils which appear in political and party life cannot be irremediable. The people who bear with them, and even condone them, are in the last resort the judges; and there is reason to believe that there is virtue in the people which will assert itself in the gradual adjustment of instruments and institutions to the need of the higher life.

Thus it comes about that the reader who has accompanied Mr. Bryce through the swamps of political malfeasance emerges into the freer air of popular life with a sense not only of relief, but of courage. He has seen the worst, and bad enough it is; but his companion and friend knew that there was a better view beyond, and his own faith is reassuring. The chapters on the Strength of American Democracy, on the Universities, the Churches and the Clergy, the Pleasantness of American Life, the Future of Political Institutions, and Social and Economic Future are the work not of a mere optimist, who wishes to believe and to prophesy smooth things; they impress one as the conviction of a close observer, who has throughout his studies worked upon the inductive plan, and who has constantly sought to explain Democracy by the American People, not the American People by Democracy. It is impossible to read these chapters and feel merely complacent. They are stimulants to nobler life; they are instinct with a faith in supreme good; and they force upon every American reader a conviction of his responsibility, not of his good fortune alone.

There is one passage in the final chapter which may be quoted both for its melancholy beauty and because it illus-

trates well the subtle character of Mr. Bryce's reflections at the close of his long task. He has been speaking of the vastness of the civilized society of America in the not distant future, and of its probable effect upon literature. He imagines a traveler thirty years hence finding everywhere "nothing but civilization, a highly developed form of civilization, stretching from the one ocean to the other; the busy, eager, well-ordered life of the Hudson will be the life of those who dwell on the banks of the Yellowstone, or who look up to the snows of Mount Shasta from the valleys of California." Then he proceeds:—

"The Far West has hitherto been to Americans of the Atlantic States the land of freedom and adventure and mystery,—the land whose forests and prairies, with trappers pursuing the wild creatures, and Indians threading in their canoes the maze of lakes, have touched their imagination, and supplied a background of romance to the prosaic conditions which surround their own lives. All this will have vanished; and as the world has by slow steps lost all its mystery since the voyage of Columbus, so America will from end to end be to the Americans even as England is to the English. What new background of romance will be discovered? Where will the American imagination of the future seek its materials when it desires to escape from dramas of domestic life? Where will bold spirits find a field in which to relieve their energies when the Western world of adventure is no more? As in our globe, so in the North American continent, there will be something to regret when all is known, and the waters of civilization have covered the tops of the highest mountains."

So far as literature, and not action, is concerned, we conceive that there will be gain, and not loss; for the riches of material are in the blending of the forces of memory and imagination. In another generation, Washington Territory

may be freed from the romantic element which now appeals to the dweller in Massachusetts, but both Washington Territory and Massachusetts will have the historic frontier lighted by the fires of imagination. It must be remembered that the West is not romantic to itself, but to the grandchildren of the pioneers the places covered by civilization will possess in the mirror of time a reflection of themselves full of interest, and capable of lifting their occupiers out of the dull routine of their own everyday life. Walter Scott needed to go back only sixty years in imagination to weave his magic spell, but Scott was the voice of a civilization highly developed. The very development of our American civilization is to give us this advantage, that what was material for prose to our ancestors becomes material for poetry to us.

It is easy to follow Mr. Bryce in the speculations which engage him in the last chapters of his work. He seems almost to be musing by himself, and one hardly likes to break in upon his study. So we will close our very inadequate notes on his great survey of America by listening to the words with which he leaves his readers:—

“In Europe, whose thinkers have seldom been in a less cheerful mood than they are to-day, there are many who seem to have lost the old faith in progress; many who feel, when they recall the experiences of the long pilgrimage of mankind, that the mountains which stand so beautiful in the blue of distance, touched here by flashes of sunlight and there by shadows of the clouds, will, when one comes to traverse them, be no Delectable Mountains, but scarred by storms and seamed by torrents, with wastes of stone above, and marshes stagnating in the valleys. Yet there are others whose review of that pilgrim-

age convinces them that though the ascent of man may be slow, it is also sure; that if we compare each age with those which preceded it, we find that the ground which seems for a time to have been lost is ultimately recovered; we see human nature growing gradually more refined, institutions better fitted to secure justice, the opportunities and capacities for happiness larger and more varied, so that the error of those who formed ideas never yet attained lay only in their forgetting how much time, and effort, and patience under repeated disappointment must go to that attainment.

“This less sombre type of thought is more common in the United States than in Europe; for the people not only feel in their veins the pulse of youthful strength, but remember the magnitude of the evils they have vanquished, and see that they have already achieved many things which the Old World has longed for in vain. And by so much as the people of the United States are more hopeful, by that much are they more healthy. They do not, like their forefathers, expect to attain their ideals either easily or soon, but they say that they will continue to strive towards them; and they say it with a note of confidence in the voice which rings in the ear of the European visitor, and fills him with something of their own hopefulness. America has still a long vista of years stretching before her, in which she will enjoy conditions far more auspicious than England can count upon. And that America marks the highest level, not only of material well-being, but of intelligence and happiness, which the race has yet attained will be the judgment of those who look not at the favored few for whose benefit the world seems hitherto to have framed its institutions, but at the whole body of the people.”

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Puz-
zling Laugh-
ter.

SINCE it is impossible to know exactly what any other person thinks, knowledge of human nature can be little else than self-knowledge acting under the direction of imagination, which enables a person to see that motives and passions which he has but slightly felt may, under some circumstances, dominate and control other people. He who most perfectly understands himself will generally best understand human character, if he has sufficient imaginative power to apply to the study. But at times that force seems to fail, and then self-knowledge becomes a hindrance rather than a help to the comprehension of minds not our own. We grow stupidly sure, in such hours, that what we would not hold it rational to think or do no one could reasonably think or do. The clue to the labyrinth falls from our fingers, and the secret motive, the Rosamond whom in our Eleanor-like jealousy we seek, stays hidden and safe in the inner circle. Lately, something of that sort happened to me, and I should like to take counsel with the wise about the matter. There is a kind of humor and a sense of the ridiculous which, though always grotesque and often repulsive in its manifestation, is also very pathetic, and has always been very comprehensible to me. It has its birth in the vivid realization of a violent contrast between one's hopes, desires, or expectations and some painful reality. A few rhymes were published soon after the downfall of the Paris Commune, in which occurred a touching specimen of the ghastly mirth that comes when lips quiver through a smile. The lines were supposed to be spoken by a girl, as she went with her lover to the place where they were to be executed together. The time was May, and she and he were to have been

married in June. "Droll," she says, and one fancies the convulsive shrug of her shoulders, — "droll to be *dead*, this bright weather."

My notion has been that only the subject of such experience perceives its drollness. I have thought the outsider could see only the tragedy and feel the pain, but that the sufferer's vision was sharpened by agony till he could recognize the grin with which fate defeated his desires. His laugh and jest appeared to me a defiant answer in kind to this ill-timed merriment on the part of destiny. With this theory still intact in my mind, I went, the other day, to see Verestschagin's pictures. They reminded me that some critic has said that the Russian does not argue nor moralize about wrong or injustice; he merely tells the facts, relying for impressiveness on his marvelous capacity for stating things just as they happen. Verestschagin's paintings incarnate this principle of action. The canvases are crowded with silent forms, each one of which depicts an agony more awful than that shown in Doré's illustrations of hell, because the pain here expressed is that which real beings on this solid earth have been forced to endure. Nor is there in the work of this artist anywhere an alleviating hint that divine justice is inflicting the suffering which his hand has so unrelentingly drawn.

While I was in the gallery, Verestschagin was showing the pictures to the crowd, talking about them in quietly spoken broken English. He paused before one in which the foreground was filled with the figures of men recently slain in battle, and lying on the ground where they had died. In the background, the general, accompanied by officers, was represented riding in front of his victorious army, to whom he was

addressing words of triumphant congratulation. The soldiers were tossing their caps in air, and cheering. They were all seen to be excited with delight. The painter described their wild joy, and added, "I was there myself at the time. I was riding just behind the general. I, too, was very much elated at the victory we had won. But I observed that the dead men on the field were not elated."

This speech seemed to me pregnant with terribly ethical suggestions. It was calmly delivered, and the crowd of hearers broke into a general chuckle, as if it had been a pleasant bit of wit. I went away pondering, seeking to discover the motive of the laughter. Was it due to the persistent levity of that social habit which tries to make of all events, ideas, and human characteristics material for repartee and occasion for a mirth that masks as cleverness,—the habit which induces such constant expectation of epigrams and humorous expressions that men are sometimes led thereby to slip in their understanding, and to laugh at a sentence that has the sound of wit without perceiving that its significance is serious or sad?

Soon after this morning, I chanced to be in the company of some ladies and gentlemen who were discussing Verestschagin's pictures, and his purpose in painting them. I told them what I had heard him say about the corpses that did not share in the triumphant glee of the living soldiers, and when I repeated his words my listeners also laughed. Then I cast about anew for the cause of this phenomenon of amusement. I thought that perhaps it did not, as I had at first deemed, result from the conversational custom of giving a frivolous interpretation to all matters, but that possibly the bare phrases conveyed such images of horror that even though those who heard them could hardly have been translated by the hearing into that inner sense which elevates humor to the

side of tragedy, still their minds were so shocked as to recoil backward with nervous shudders that had the appearance only of mirthful movements.

Later yet I turned on myself accusingly, and wondered if I did not present the most ludicrously inappropriate mental condition of anybody concerned, since I had taken the thing so seriously, and then, because of my own narrowness of imagination, had been unable to feel that laughter was the proper tribute to Verestschagin's deft phrase. I pass the question on to my readers.

A Common — If there be one thing in
Vice. which mankind can be clearly seen to have made progress, it is in gentleness,—what we name humanity. It would to-day be impossible for men in any country calling itself civilized to practice such cruelties toward each other as were once common, even so late as the seventeenth century. That they were common so short a time back is appalling to think of. It was not only in periods of persecution, but every day and in private relations, that men manifested the temper of fiends rather than human beings; and the change that has come over us in this single respect seems to divide us with a sharp line from the men who could torture their fellows in ways we shrink to read of. No more sickening story is there than this record of human cruelty. Man by nature is not gentle, but cruel; the savage is cruel, the majority of children are cruel,—from ignorance and thoughtlessness rather than wanton heartlessness.

But though men are become sensitive where of old they were callous, and would not themselves be guilty of inhumanity to their fellows, or tolerate it in others, they have not yet learned the whole lesson, for they are still brutal to brutes,—to the creatures who have no voice to cry out in protest against their wrongs.

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, associations whose

efforts we hope do something toward awakening the universal sentiment of humanity ; but I wonder how long it will be before so-called civilized peoples cease to amuse themselves at the cost of helpless sufferers. As yet, where field sports are common, those who engage in them do not want to regard the practice as open to question ; they do not think because they will not. I shall not forget a certain beautiful August day, spent on the borders of Somerset and Devon, when for the first and last time I went to a "meet." My companions and I were less intent on the chase than the delights of long hours in that bright sunshine out on the broad, wind-swept moors. It was a good while before the hunt began. The game was not foxes, but deer.

We left our carriage, and roamed about over the heather in the neighborhood of the spot whence the hunt had started. Of the two women in our party one was English, but she had never before been at a deer-hunt. The sportsmen had been lost to sight for some time, and we were standing gazing idly about us, when suddenly against the clear sky line appeared a solitary deer, pausing for an instant, as though uncertain of its best course. Immediately after the huntsmen came riding up, and we two women, filled with love for the beautiful, harmless creature hesitating on the edge of death, involuntarily clapped our hands and cried out to startle it. The deer sprang forward, passing within two yards of us, and plunged down toward the shore, in the direction of Porlock. Doubtless the hunters would have been furious, if they had heard our warning shout. It did no more than delay the fate of the poor beast, which was run down and murdered two or three hours after.

In the evening, a few words were exchanged about the hunt by one of our party and an Englishman present. "Oh, that is all sentiment, you know," said the latter, between a sneer and a laugh, in

answer to F.'s remark. "Of course it is sentiment, — that is, feeling," observed F. ; "the whole matter is concluded by that," and dropped a subject it was useless to discuss.

Mr. Henry James has asserted in one of his essays that English social life is based upon sport, and I take it that his statement is an authoritative one. Then the English are not yet truly civilized. They do not have bull-fights, and so far are in advance of the Spaniards. If Germans and Frenchmen enjoy wolf-hunting and boar-hunting, they have something to say for themselves, since the contest with such formidable beasts is a fairer one.

The cruelties of the chase are practiced not only toward the game, but the horses, who are so often impelled to their own destruction. An English essayist records a conversation between two sportsmen, which he overheard in a railway carriage. One man recounted the story of a run in which, out of the fifteen horses used, eight were killed and five ruined for life. The same man calmly remarked : "It is of no use to keep a horse that has gone through such a day as that. Mind you, one palpitation of the heart is enough for one horse."

But how many minor cruelties other than sportsmen are guilty of, through want of thought and want of self-control !

In a very clever dialogue, invented by Mr. H. D. Traill, between a fox, a horse, a dog, a rabbit, and a cat, in which the subject of conversation is man, the noble horse remarks that man, on the whole, is not so bad as he is weak and lacking in self-control, losing his temper easily over any little obstacle to his hasty desires. Never was truer word spoken. Have we not seen a man lash his horse, for no fault of the beast's, — for nothing but to vent his spite at having been obliged by some person or thing in his way to pull up when he was in a hurry ? For myself, injustice toward a faithful

animal hurts my soul perhaps more than the blow hurts its body. I cannot endure the sight of children tormenting an amiable dog or kitten, because they are untaught to distinguish between a playmate and a plaything. Why should the creatures never have a will and pleasure of their own, even though it be sometimes contrary to ours? There is a kind of thoughtless cruelty very common; that is, the tying up of a dog all night and day, with the exception, perhaps, of a half hour's release from imprisonment. Who is there that could take a young child, every pulse swift with life, every muscle strung ready for active motion, and tie it in a chair or pen it in a corner, and listen unmoved to its lamentable cry for freedom to enjoy its healthy body as nature meant it should? What difference is there in this respect between a young child and a young dog? When both are old, enjoyment for them may come to be repose in an armchair and a kennel.

How to elect
a President.

— A very simple remedy for present election evils is to be found in proportional representation, — a plan closely analogous to that of choosing by popular vote, except that it is free from the latter's faults. The method proposed by Thomas Hare, of London, and Mr. Andrae, of Denmark, for the selection of delegates or representatives by quotas of voters is equally applicable to the selection of presidential electors. Proportional representation means simply representation in proportion to the number of votes cast as distinguished from the present majority rule, where it is all or nothing. It is secured in this way: divide the whole number of votes cast in any political unit, whether it be a State, county, city, or town, by the number of representatives to be chosen, and the quotient will be the quota or number of votes necessary to elect one representative. This system allows just representation to all parties, regardless of whether they are in the majority or

minority. Whenever any political body casts enough votes to secure one representative, he is chosen, no matter what may become of all the rest. Take the State of New York as an example. In 1884 there were 1,171,312 votes cast for presidential electors. There being thirty-six electors to be chosen, by dividing the whole number of votes cast by thirty-six we have a quotient of 32,536, the quota or number of votes necessary to secure one elector in that State. The Republicans, having cast 562,001 votes, were entitled to seventeen electors, with an unfilled quota or remainder of 8889 votes. The Democrats cast 563,048 votes, which entitled them to seventeen electors, and left an unfilled quota of 9936. The Greenbackers cast 17,002 votes, and the Prohibitionists 25,001. As there are still two electors to choose, and as the votes cast by the two parties last named come nearer to filling the quotas than the Republican and Democratic remainders, they would each be entitled to one elector. Thus the presidential electors of New York would stand, seventeen each for the Republican and Democratic parties, and one each for the Greenback and Prohibition parties. This plan would not be as exact as an honest popular vote, as there would be a loss or gain of an elector depending on the number of votes in the unfilled quotas; but it would be infinitely better than the system now in use, or than such a popular vote as we are likely to have for a long time to come. The gain or loss from the unfilled quotas would be so small, however, when taken the whole country through, that it would not be worth considering. If the number of electors in each State were to be doubled, the quotas would be halved, which would greatly lessen their influence.

Under this system, each party or political body may nominate and vote for its electors as at present. When the votes shall have been counted, the electors

will be apportioned among the several political bodies as their voting strength shall warrant, as in the example given of New York. If any State persisted in clinging to the old method, a constitutional amendment would be necessary, prescribing the manner of choosing presidential electors. It would also be desirable to change the law governing the action of the electors themselves by making a plurality elect instead of a majority, as this system would give electoral votes to the minority or new parties, thus making it more difficult for any party to secure a majority in the electoral college.

This simple plan would as effectually do away with the "colonizing" schemes as would an election by popular vote, since a vote would count just as much in one State as in another; and at the same time it would confine the influence of corrupt voting within the state lines, as it should be. At present there is a great temptation for the Republicans of Ohio and Illinois and the Democrats of Kentucky to send their surplus voters into Indiana, where they may be of use to their respective parties. The fact that it can be done, and that politicians will stop at nothing to gain their ends, is enough to warrant belief in the current stories of political corruption, even if they were not already so well authenticated. By throwing all their strength into New York State, one party or the other may gain thirty-six electoral votes. In 1884 those thirty-six votes went to the Democrats; this year they went to the Republicans; and yet the whole number of popular votes changed in the State was not enough to effect more than one elector, if it did that. The utmost which either party could hope for under the proportional system would be the gain of one or two electors, three at the outside, in any one State. No party would squander the time and

money for one or two electors which was done this year for the thirty-six of New York or the fifteen of Indiana. A large State would have no more influence in the election than a small one, since, when all parties were justly represented, it would be as easy to gain votes in one State as in another.

It is manifest that this plan would be a great gain over our present system. It would correct most, if not all, of the evils of the present method. Every voter in every State would feel that he was voting directly for the President. The result would depend as much upon his ballot as though the decision were by popular vote. There would not be a State in which an elector could not be won or lost according as the parties put forth their best men and best efforts. The famous "close" States, the only ones in which the voters are really allowed at present to exercise the privileges of citizenship, would lose their distinction, and sink to the common level of all the States, since all would be equally "close" and equally uncertain. The stay-at-homes, those first evidences of political dry rot, would come out and vote. The Republicans of Kentucky and Texas and the Democrats of Pennsylvania and Kansas would alike share the responsibility of the whole country in choosing a President. The solid South, that bugbear of our politics, under this system of choosing electors, would immediately disappear, together with many of the attending evils of sectional hatred and race prejudice engendered thereby. Every part of the country and every class of people would have representation in the electoral college according to their voting strength. And above all, this plan would make real what the Constitution of the United States guarantees, — the right of every voter to participate in the election of a President.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. The Strophes of Omar Khayyám, translated from the Persian by John Leslie Garner. (The Corbitt & Skidmore Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) Although Mr. Garner does not say so, his studied silence regarding Fitzgerald's translation and his careful copying, even to typographical effects, of Fitzgerald's manner, point to an effort to render literally what the earlier poet has transfused with his own personality. There is enough likeness in the two renderings, though the translators have not always chosen the same stanzas, to lead us to think Fitzgerald did not wander very far from the Persian's thought, and his form certainly is more impressive than Mr. Garner's, good as the latter is. — The Ulster Guard at Gettysburg, by Henry Abbey. (The Kingston Freeman, Rondout, N. Y.) An occasional poem, which renders not unsuccessfully in verse the adventures of the Guard. — The Poems of Emma Lazarus, in two volumes. (Houghton.) The winning likeness which prefaces this work will linger long in the memory of those who look on it, and will invite many to read the poems who might otherwise shrink, as most do, from tackling the full measure of verse which is gathered after the death of a growing author. We wish that by dates or some special arrangement the development of Miss Lazarus's mind might be more readily perceived; but however one reads this verse, often glowing and impassioned as it is, the nature of the young poet is the resultant of one's reading. It is not so much to be moved by this or that poem as to feel the personality of Emma Lazarus. — The Witch in the Glass, etc., by Sarah M. B. Piatt. (Houghton.) In Mrs. Piatt's poems the reader is quite likely to find what the school-boy finds or misses in his Latin, something *understood*. She starts the reader on the trail of a sentiment, but is not with him always when he comes up with it. Her verse grows more flexible and — with all respect we say it — less morbid. — The Viking, by Elwyn A. Barron. (McClurg.) This drama has the benefit of a somewhat carefully phrased introduction by Mr. Lawrence Barrett. The scene is laid in Norway in 976. The author evidently wrote the play to be acted, and we think he overvalued the declamatory element. — Hesper, by William Roscoe Thayer. (Charles W. Sever, Cambridge, Mass.) Mr. Thayer calls his work "an American drama," and it is true that he has made his plot to turn on the contest for the preservation of the Union, but it is hard to say

wherein the play is characteristically American. The characters are all inspired by the author, and the situations are contrived by him. In other words, the play strikes us as a mechanism for carrying certain more or less obvious truths, but not an organic work of art, justifying itself, and making the reader forget the limitations of the drama. — Volumes seven and eight of Macmillan's uniform edition of Browning's poems embrace *The Ring and the Book*, *In a Balcony*, and *Dramatis Personæ*. — Among the *Millet* and other Poems, by Archibald Lampman. (J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.) There is a frequent loving touch of friendliness with nature in these verses, and a restraint of moralizing which makes the poetry genuine even where it is not noticeably strong. It is not impossible that this writer may yet push into the recesses of poetry. — Verses from the Valley, by E. S. Goodhue. (Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.) — A Reading of Earth, by George Meredith. (Macmillan.) The most effective pieces in this volume are the epigrams, the one on Gordon of Khartoum having forceful phrases. But it is in phrases throughout the book that one must look for the poetic touch. The whole temper is so darkly intellectual as to drive poor Poetry almost out-of-doors.

Fiction. First Harvests; an Episode in the Life of Mrs. Levison Gower; a satire without a moral. By F. J. Stimson. (Scribners.) Mr. Stimson, while still using his *nom de plume* J. S. of Dale, at last comes out flatly with his own name, which we think is of service both to himself and to the reader. — Counter-Currents, by the author of *Justina*. (Roberts.) A pleasant story of contemporaneous life, in which simplicity of style, good taste, and an agreeable optimism render one for a while not very exacting of the author. — The Serpent Tempted Her, by Saqui Smith. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A feverish story, with all the horror deliberately put into it by the writer, who never felt a particle of the anguish which in his autobiographic method he imagines. — One of the Forty is the translation of Daudet's *L'Immortel*. (Continental Publishing Company, St. Louis.) — A Christmas Rose, a Blossom in Seven Petals, by R. E. Francillon. (Harpers.) A spirited story, the scene laid in England the middle of the last century. It is in a falsetto voice, so as to appear a hundred years old. — Under the Maples, a Story of Village Life, by Walter N. Hinman. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A fairly interesting story with a conventionally

improbable plot. — The Professor's Sister, a Romance, by Julian Hawthorne. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) — Florence Fables, by W. J. Florence. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Sixteen tales, some from actual life, some from the life that never was in heaven or earth. — The Battle of the Swash, and the Capture of Canada, by Samuel Barton. (C. T. Dillingham, New York.) A contribution to the *paulo-post futurum* literature, intended to stir up dull minds to look after our naval defenses. — The latest issue in Ticknor's Paper Series is Edgar Fawcett's *The Confessions of Claud*. Mr. Fawcett's latest novel, however, is *Divided Lives* (Belford, Clarke & Co.), which has strength and character, though the work was evidently done in haste. The story is full of action and dramatic situation, and would make an excellent society play. — *Cressy*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) The reader of this book finds himself in Mr. Harte's topsy-turvy moral world. Things are not what they seem, and as soon as the reader is confronted by one of Mr. Harte's apparently sincere men or women he looks out for a somersault of character. Nothing but the go of Mr. Harte's writing keeps his characters, incidents, plot, and morals from going all to smash before the book is quarter done. — *A Stiff-Necked Generation*, by L. B. Walford. (Holt.) A domestic novel, with no very serious situations or intricacy of plot. There is a bustling liveliness about this author which almost compensates for wit. — *A Village Tragedy*, by Margaret L. Woods. (Holt.) A painful and to our thinking entirely unnecessary tale. — *His Two Wives*, by Mary Clemmer, is the latest issue in Ticknor's Paper Series. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. Shorthouse; *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie; and *The Peril of Richard Pardon*, by B. L. Farjeon. — The last Balzac volume (Roberts Bros.) is notable as containing two masterpieces, *Louis Lambert* and Mr. George Frederic Parsons's introduction to that subtlest of Balzac's creations. No one has approached Balzac with the same insight and analytic power as Mr. Parsons. We shall have occasion later to return to his essay.

Politics, Economics, and Sociology. *Physical and Industrial Training of Criminals*, by Hamilton D. Wey, is one of the monographs of the Industrial Education Association of New York. Gradually the principles accepted for the morally sound are found applicable to the unsound. It is not a bad thing to find the man under the subject. — *Essays on Practical Politics*, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnams.) Mr. Roosevelt writes always with freshness, and in this case out of a personal knowledge, which stands him instead of an inconvenient and in-

elastic preconceived system of notions on the subject of practical politics. — *Civics for Young Americans, or First Lessons in Government*; containing a brief description of the different forms of government, and a full and clear explanation of the important clauses of our Constitution, by W. M. Giffin. (Lovell.) In his desire to be interesting and simple, Mr. Giffin makes his book of less use than it might otherwise be. In his desire to lead boys and girls to admire their own country, he uses misleading and disparaging comparisons with other countries. — *Glimpses of the Future*, by D. G. Croly (Putnams), is a series of clever vaticinations on the subject of politics and various social questions. Mr. Croly does not let his imagination fly too high nor too far, and the discussions, thrown into the form of prophecies, have a practical bearing on current issues, since he is concerned in the drift of what is now under the eye. — *True or False Finance*, the issue of 1888, by a Tax-Payer, is Number 55 of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) A party pamphlet, which maintains that "the only present road of escape, for moderate protectionist and for free-trader alike, is through the Democratic party." — *The Economic Interpretation of History*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. (Putnams.) A refreshingly direct, candid, and if you will bumptious examination of the social and economic development of the British Empire. Mr. Rogers has earned the right to speak with authority, and he uses it sharply. The lecture form permits him to use directly his own experience and studies more freely than if he were writing a book, for this is a collection of lectures delivered at his college in Oxford. The energy of his style not only carries conviction, but arouses criticism. — *The Chinese and the Chinese Question*, by James A. Whitney. (Tibbals Book Co., New York.) A temperate and thoughtful examination of the conflict of races which the author thinks to be involved in the Chinese question. He has little faith in any change of the Chinese character, and he believes thoroughly in the complete prohibition of Chinese immigration. — *Business*, by James Platt. (Putnams.) This is a book which has been very successful in England, and is regarded by the writer as a plea for the scientific training of the young in a business career. It is, however, only a better book than many in a class which appeals to the young to follow health, education, industry, perseverance, order, punctuality, truthfulness, integrity, and the like virtues, with a sure result of honorable success.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. J. A. Wilstach, who some years ago published a translation of Vergil's complete works, now issues a translation of *The Divine Comedy of Vergil's*

great disciple. It is contained in two volumes (Houghton), is in rhyme patterned after the original, is as literal as the translator could make it, and is accompanied by arguments, notes, and illustrations. Mr. Wilstach's comments have an individuality which keeps the reader on the alert. His rendering is often compact and sinewy, and he certainly has blinked no difficulties in his task. He seems, indeed, to invite dangers. His translation ought to receive respectful attention from students of Dante. — The Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato, a new and literal translation mainly from the text of Bekker, by J. Wright. (Macmillan.) The translation is idiomatic and clear, but the writer sometimes chooses the less vigorous word, as "requested" for "asked" and "commence" for "begin." — Mr. Charles F. Richardson has completed his work on American Literature, 1607-1885, by publishing the second volume on American Poetry and Fiction. (Putnams.) It is a running comment on the salient features of the development of American literature in these two directions, with rough-and-ready judgments, often shrewd, but rarely very subtle. Mr. Richardson skims the surface of our literature, and by his manner quite as much as by his words guards the reader against a too elevated conception of the actual accomplishment of literary ideals in America. — The Complete Poetic and Prose Works of John Greenleaf Whittier, in seven volumes. (Houghton.) There is a great pleasure to all lovers of good literature when an author who has been writing for sixty years, and has identified himself with his country's name, stops for a while, gathers his work, orders it upon the great lines which it has followed, and sets forth the whole body of his writing in definitive shape, with such brief comment as he might use if he were answering the questions of this or that friendly reader. This Mr. Whittier has done, and the result is in four volumes of poetry, arranged under such heads as Narrative and Legendary, Poems of the Anti-Slavery Conflict, Religious Poems, Poems Subjective and Reminiscent, Personal Poems, and Occasional Poems. Dates are assigned to each, and head-notes add such slight hints of the origin of certain poems as one naturally desires to possess. In the three prose volumes Mr. Whittier has rearranged previously published matter, and has added a considerable amount chiefly upon the great theme which so occupied his thought, not before collected. Indexes and chronological tables accompany the neat, dignified volumes. — Paradoxes of a Philistine, by William S.

Walsh. (Lippincott.) A score of brief essays by a keen-witted lover of literature, whose Philistinism is quite harmless, being rather a cloak than a tissue. — The sixth volume of the Library of American Literature contains passages from Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, as well as a host of minor writers. (C. L. Webster & Co.) It would be unsafe, where other considerations, apparently, than those of chronology have determined the contents of a volume, to draw inferences as to the literature contemporaneous with that of these authors; but setting aside the political passages, how meagre is the showing for pure literature, when one has left out of view the greater names given above! The selections from Emerson are more satisfactory, on the whole, than those from Hawthorne, but in all the cases there is a fair exhibition of the range of work. — Lockhart's Ancient Spanish Ballads and Æsop's Fables are the latest additions to the charming Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. (Putnams.)

Anthologies. The Pilgrim's Scrip, or Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith; with selections from his poetry, and introduction. (Roberts.) The introduction, which is signed M. R. F. Gilman, is an agreeable, well-written account of Meredith's personality and the characteristics of his work. It would be hard to find any modern English writer who would cut up better than Meredith, and we cordially commend this book as a substitute for the more serious undertaking of a full reading of the novels. — Our Glorified: poems and passages of consolation especially for those bereaved by the loss of children. Edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft. (Lee & Shepard.) The introduction is a touching memorial of the compiler, a noble and useful woman. — Songs in the Night Watches, from Voices Old and New, compiled by Helen H. Strong Thompson. (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) The selections are poultices for troubled consciences and hurt souls. Some are curative, or at least emollient, but in a good many cases they are mere bread-and-milk poultices for dangerous wounds. — How Men Propose; the fateful question and its answer. Love scenes from popular works of fiction, collected by Agnes Stevens. (McClurg.) A most useful book, as useful as was Slender's Book of Riddles. We can fancy the owner of a Complete Letter Writer and of a Book of Etiquette adding this to his collection of necessary hand-books. He will have the advantage that, with the exception of Walter Scott and one or two others, all of the writers quoted use the language of the period.